Aug. 29, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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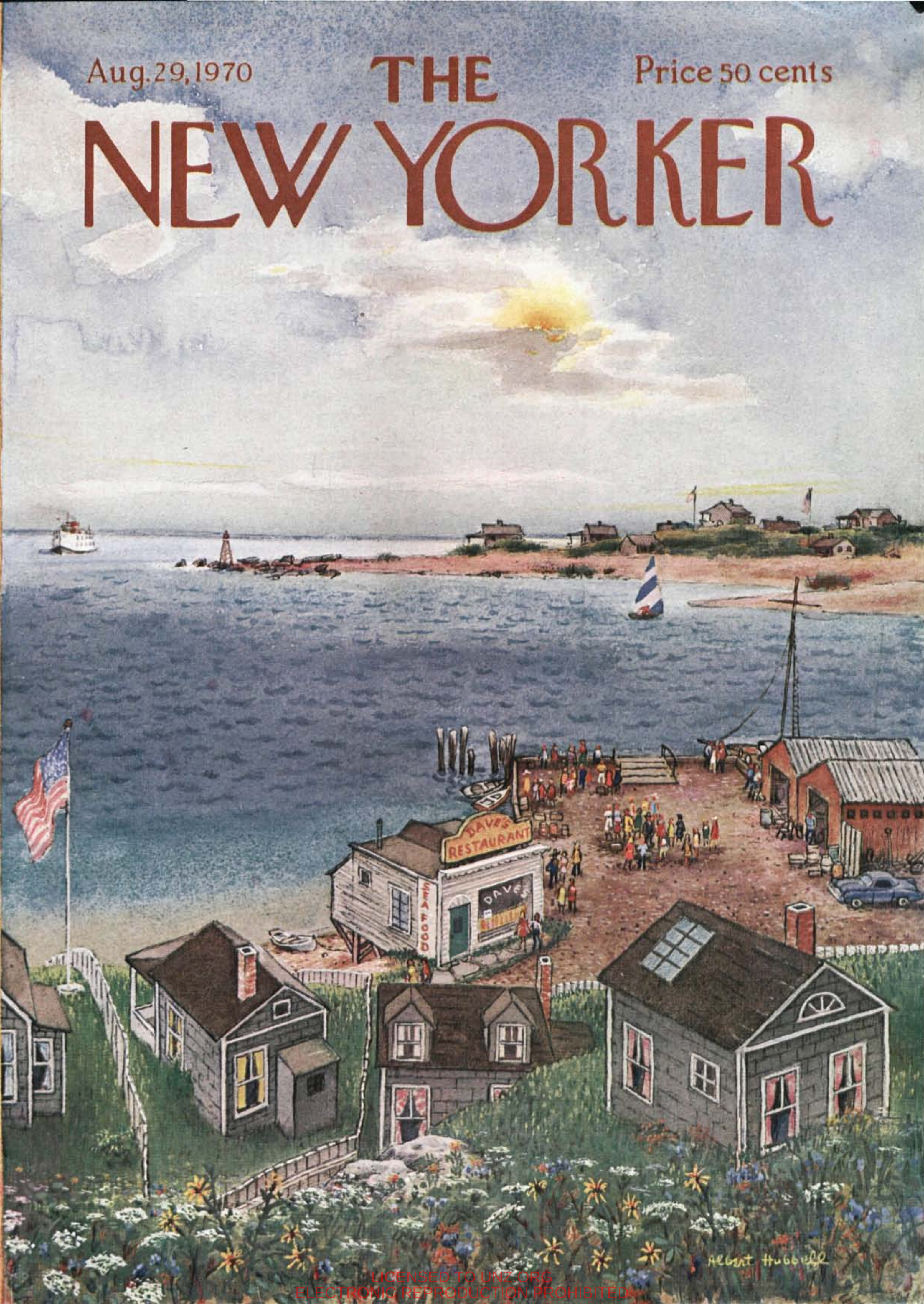
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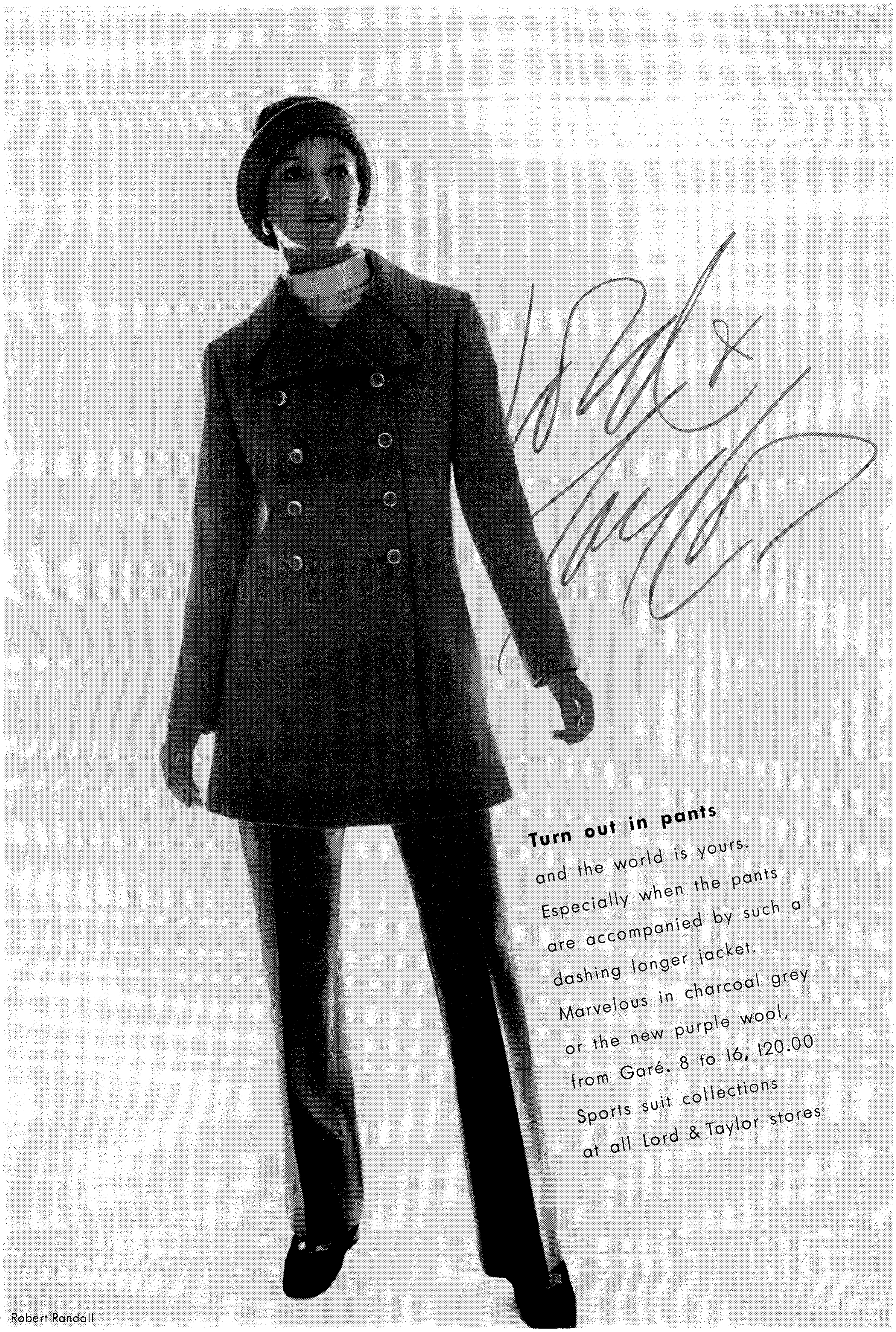
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Judith Lowery, and Swoosie Kurtz. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6.). . . **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 1, Kathleen Miller will replace Miss Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Zsa Zsa Gabor and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Wally Taylor, Henry Baker, Chuck Daniel, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—A curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. *Actuellement*, Danielle Darrieux *joue La Coco*. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

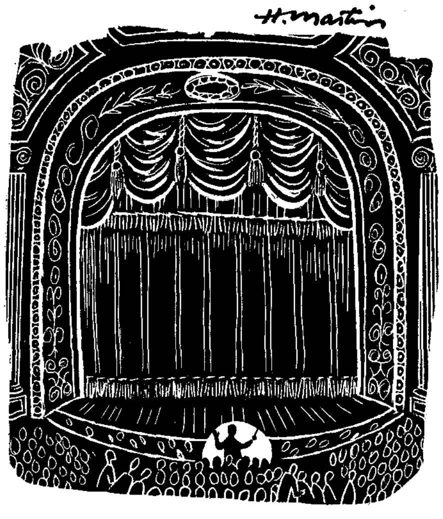
Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Buck Mulligan tossed the fry on to the dish beside him. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Then he carried the dish and a large teapot over to the table, set them down heavily and sighed with relief. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —I'm melting, he said, as the candle remarked when ... But hush. Not a word more on that subject. Kinch, wake up. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Charles West plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. West at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)



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30	31	1	2	3	4	5

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of a two-week non-subscription season—Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Firebird," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 8:15: "Dances at a Gathering," "In the Night," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 8:15: "Serenade," "In the Night," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Agon," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, at 1:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, at 7:15: "Bugaku," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 1, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 2, at 2:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 2, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Who Cares?... ¶ Friday, Sept. 4, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Dim Lustre," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Agon," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 6, at 1:15: "Bugaku," "In the Night," "Tarantella," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre. Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Gary Visconti, Marei Langenbein, and Anna Galmarini. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 26, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 13. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Dance Festival—A two-week series of free performances. Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8: American Ballet Company, Louis Falco and Company, and Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 8: American Ballet Company, Louis Falco and Company, and Donald McKayle Dance Company.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 8: American Ballet Company, Louis Falco and Company, and Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company.... ¶ Sunday and Monday, Aug. 30-31, at 8: American Ballet Company, Murray Lewis and Company, and Black Dance Union.... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 1, at 8: Ballet Brio, Murray Lewis and Company, Bonnie Mathis and Dennis Wayne, and Traditional Jazz Dance Company.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 2, at 8: Ballet Brio, Lar Lubovitch and Company, Donald McKayle Dance Company, and Traditional Jazz Dance Company.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8: Matteo's Indo-American Dance Company, Lar Lubovitch and Company, Donald McKayle Dance Company, and Traditional Jazz Dance Company.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 4, at 8: Ballet Brio, Lar Lubovitch and Company, Bonnie Mathis and Dennis Wayne, and Talley Beatty Company.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 4 (primarily for children): Talley Beatty Company, and Ballet Team.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 8: Twyla Tharp and Company, Cliff Keuter and Carla Wolfangle, Rudy Perez, Ballet Team, Dance Theatre Workshop, and Ellen Klein and Company.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 6, at 4 (primarily for children): Matteo's Indo-American Dance Company, and Ballet Team.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 6, at 8: Rain date for Saturday, Sept. 5. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—John Phillips, a former member of the Mamas and the Papas, will be onstage through Sunday, Aug. 30, in this dark and minimally comfortable coffeehouse. On Wednesday, Sept. 2, singer-composer Bert Sommers will arrive. The Chapins will exchange sets with Phillips, and Hackamore Brick with Sommers. Performances are at nine-fifteen and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visitors. Closed Monday, Aug. 31.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Easy living, listening to Joe Beck's dexterous work on guitar and piano (both electrified), accompanied by Tony Levin's electric bass. Table-hoppers drift about ingenuously. Music from eleven to three. Dinner, from an adequate kitchen, is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Brick walls, candlelight, and mirrors—along with a few intangibles—draw a steady patronage that enjoys cocktails, good cooking, and what might best be described as folk jazz on piano, guitar, and bass. Music from eleven to one, except on Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Dedicated to the proposition that the jazz guitar occupies an important category of its own. The proposition is being demonstrated currently—and well—by the Ron Carter duo (Carter on bass, with one colleague or another on guitar) here through Saturday, Aug. 29. On Sunday, Aug. 30, the guitar will be that of Skeeter Best, and beginning Wednesday, Sept. 2, that of Attila Zoller. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Consistently high-level mainstream jazz from the Zoot Sims quartet (with Mousey Alexander, Victor Sproles, and Ross Tompkins). The room is unpretentious, as a jazz room ought to be. Some light Italian dishes. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Times change, but lovers of the traditional can hear some sturdy Dixieland played by a group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay department, straw-hat division. Beer and peanuts are staples, and the décor includes stuffed polar bears and a fire engine. A banjo band—imbued with enthusiasm and a certain amount of talent—plays nightly. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—From nine till four in Banjoland,/ There strums a cornball banjo band./ Nostalgic folks make whoopee, but/ Not Sundays, when the place is shut.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—The Donald Byrd quintet, with Sonny Red on alto, is on the stand until Tuesday, Sept. 1, when Elvin Jones' thunderous quartet will come in. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, Charles Mingus's trio, which Mingus prefers to call his Jazz Workshop, concentrates on advanced basics. Grilled dinners are served. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, a rock policy prevails. Through Saturday, Aug. 29, Jam Factory and Attila; on Sunday, Aug. 30, 7th Century and Farmer Brown; Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 1-5, the Unspoken Word. Mondays are of a different cloth, with music provided by Latin bands. Things start at ten Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Pharoah Sanders' febrile quintet will perform until Tuesday, Sept. 1, when the Charles Rouse quartet will take over. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and other musicians play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An urbane but relaxed club whose interior is designed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, is given over to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—*Où sont les neiges*, etc., the period being that between the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. Dinner and supper are served from a cuisine that is fairly *haute*. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Sight mixed with sound, and kids on a now-we're-where-it's-at trip, all come to mingle and interact at a pace that sometimes threatens to blow one's psyche. Live groups alternate with 45s. No alcohol. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Glass and metal gleam—but decorously—and the mood is discreetly with-it. The records offer a good deal of variety, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays only.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—The latest of the ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Nothing startling, which may be its attraction for the largely collegiate crowd that comes here. Dim lights, small tables, and low-profile recorded music. Reservations are advisable on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Meanwhile, high above the rooftops of old Manhattan, Dick and Jane are dancing energetically to swinging live groups as well as to records. Between sets, our madcap couple gaze out at the neon glitter of storied Times Square. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—Some discothèques have an aura that causes crowds to flock, and this is one of them. The view is fine, and the trappings are colorful and original. The records, which are generally well chosen, begin at ten. Dinner is served until eleven. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—The Cairo caper, reinforced by sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and loud. Three times nightly, Ken Hamilton and the Oliver Jones quartet do the lavish-entertainment bit. Substantial dining. Will close after Saturday, Aug. 29, until Thursday, Sept. 10.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—It looks like a village street—one that is superior to the real thing by virtue of the absence of motor vehicles. Shops, bars, and an amusement gallery front on the street, and people dance to records on the pavement. Active from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records here, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Frontier is the current group. The club will close after Saturday, Aug. 29, and will reopen Thursday, Sept. 10.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Grooviness merges with aplomb, and hip attains a state akin to quiet well-being. Elysium for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): This community was not founded upon rock; a more mellifluous music is dispensed. The floor is ample, and so is the sound—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): The annual lawn party, right out in what now passes for open air. Every night, music included, from seven-thirty or so until fairly late.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and Yoel Sharr conspire. Ron Eliran, a blithe tenor, will be added on Tuesday, Sept. 1. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, is also a complaint department dealing with what ails our manner of living. Some of the dealings are crisp, some are just burned to a crisp. The cast of six is eager, which is not always enough. Sessions at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday and Monday. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Olga Guillot, the Latin-American soprano here, suffers (and gloriously) a rage to live and to love, and her efforts certainly make this small world go around. Every single night. . . . ¶ Juan Jimenez (guitar) and José Sordiall (tenor), the flamencans in the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Donna Theodore, one more of those record-making (and perhaps record-breaking) singers from the album foundries, finishes up on Wednesday, Sept. 2, and next evening brings along Dick Jensen, a *vox pop* designed mainly for young ears. No silent nights. . . . ¶ The ground-floor lounge, a landing stage at the east end of the New York-Las Vegas shuttle, offers—from ten o'clock on—home-on-the-range music from the New Nevada. No nights off, either.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Illustration, a French-Canadian confederation strong enough (eleven men) to blow you out of your seat and your mind,

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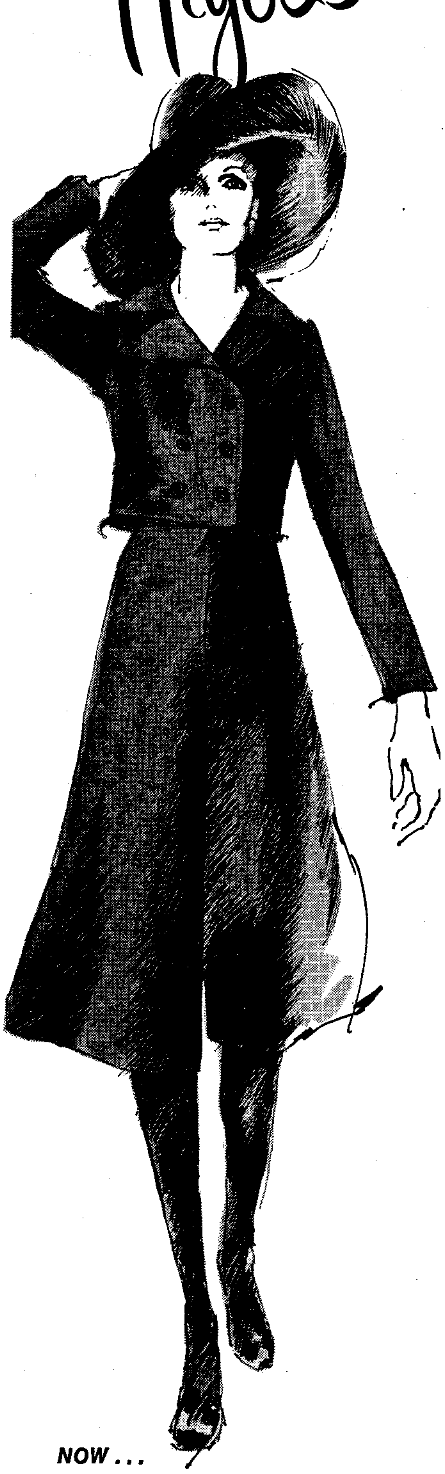

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gets enough jazz instrumentation into its work on the rock-and-roll pile to make it worth listening to. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. Dancing; closed Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Finish your dinner by midnight, for then Duke Ellington's band, which has been prowling sonorously since nine-thirty through a semi-concert, bursts into the best of all possible dance music in the best of all possible hill stations. Other music starts at eight, and Sundays are dark.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. No Sunday activity. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The Palm Court, like all dowagers (however beautiful), must have moments of solitude, so Sandu Marcu's violin is heard through the summer only from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his cheerful piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Lee Evans, who is withdrawing on Saturday, Aug. 29. On Monday, Aug. 31, Dick Hankinson returns to duty. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this posh purlieu is on a summer lease to Tony Gorody. Like the other property holders of the neighborhood, he is all for law and order, as his music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, makes clear. He is invisible on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand-prix*, and distinctly not *prix-fixe*, are the night and the nourishment. Dancing every night (eight-thirty to one-thirty, mostly, but seven-thirty to twelve-thirty on Sundays and Mondays), plus (and a large plus) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube, from five-thirty until ten-thirty every evening but Sunday and Monday. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef. Never a dark night. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): The out-in-the-open sunken living room is in summer bloom, and Pop Concert electronic music sounds (but only for the ear, never for the feet) from noon to two-thirty and eight to one Mondays through Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Dorothy Gillespie and Irene Moss—Abstract paintings; through Friday, Aug. 28. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 8.)

Max Pechstein (1881-1955)—Oils and watercolors by the well-known German Expressionist; starting Thursday, Aug. 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Friday, Sept. 4. (Closed mornings.) . . . **FEIGEN,** 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Friday, Sept. 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.,** 980 Madison Ave. at 76th St.: Sculptures, drawings on glass, and paintings by young artists; through Friday, Aug. 28. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Friday, Aug. 28. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by such gallery artists as Elizabeth Frink, William Pye, Augustine Filipovic, and Sue Fuller; through Sept. 9. . . . **TIROCHE,** 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist and School of Paris artists; through Friday, Sept. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, some exhibited in period rooms; through Sept. 7. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4. On Tuesday, Sept. 1, at 6, 7, and 8, and on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 2-3, at 2, 3, and 4, in the Nineteenth-Century America galleries, the Chamber Players, under the direction of Sonya Monosoff, will perform nineteenth-century American chamber music.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions—a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by

Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evening, Aug. 27, until 10, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged. . . . ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day. Thursday, Aug. 27: "An Interview with Bobby Seale."). . . NOTE: The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, weekdays, 6 to 10, except this Thursday, Aug. 27, when "Jazz in the Garden" will cost $2.75.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth anniversary show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twenty-two large dramatic scenes depicting events in the trek of the Mormons to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, painted by Carl Christensen, a member of the colony who made the trip; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Visionary architecture and city planning exploring possibilities of future living by Paolo Soleri, an Italian-born architect who studied with Frank Lloyd Wright; through Sept. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred color linoleum prints by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one conceptual artists from seven different countries; through Sunday, Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a group of Chicago artists; through Sunday, Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

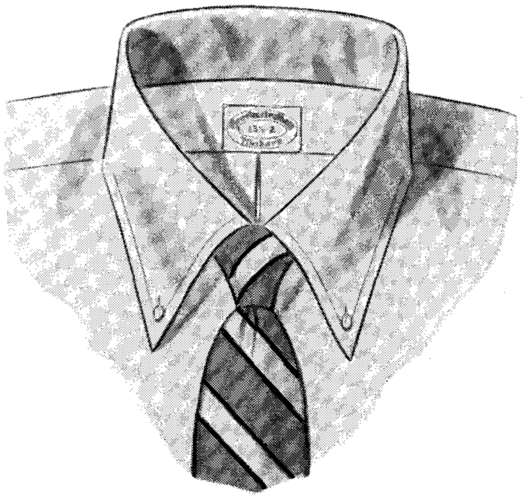
MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 26: Leon Fleisher conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Claude Frank, piano; Gerald Tarack, violin; Leonard Arner, oboe; Joel Krosnick, cello; and Loren Glickman, bassoon. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27: The Allegri Quartet, with Charles Russo, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29: Michael Tilson Thomas directing the orchestra in a performance of Mozart's Requiem, with Benita Valente, soprano; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Bruce Brewer, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:15.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

THREE DOG NIGHT AND PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC—A benefit concert. (Gaelic Park, Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 543-1200.)

JIMMY MCGRIFF AND HIS ORGAN TRIO, AND JAM FACTORY—The final concert of the season in



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 27, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Savoy Brown, Fleetwood Mac, and Fairport Convention—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 8 and 11:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 27, at 8:30: Blood, Sweat, and Tears. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 8:30: José Feliciano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:30: Judy Collins and Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, at 8:30: Oliver and the Young Americans. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 1, at 8:30: Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 2, at 8:30: Hee Haw. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 4, at 8:30: Guess Who. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 7:30: Bobby Sherman. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 6, at 3:30: Sammy Davis, Jr. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by the Jacob's Pillow Dancers and Jean Léon Destiné and his company. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8:40; Thursday, Aug. 27, at 3; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 27, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Aug. 28, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8; and Sunday, Aug. 30, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, at 8; Wednesday, Sept. 2, at 2; and Thursday, Sept. 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 4, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 5, at 2.

Golf—Dow Jones Open Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Clifton. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 27-30.)

Horse Show—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 5-7.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 29. The Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 26, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 29. . . . **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 31, through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 31, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 5. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Buses to the track leave the Consolidated Bus Terminal, 201 W. 41st St., between 9:30 and 11:30, and from the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)

Tennis—Professional matches. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 30.) . . . ¶ Marlboro Open Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 30.) . . . ¶ United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Sept. 2, through Sunday, Sept. 13. Weekdays at 12:30; Sundays at 1. For information about tickets, call 564-4400.)

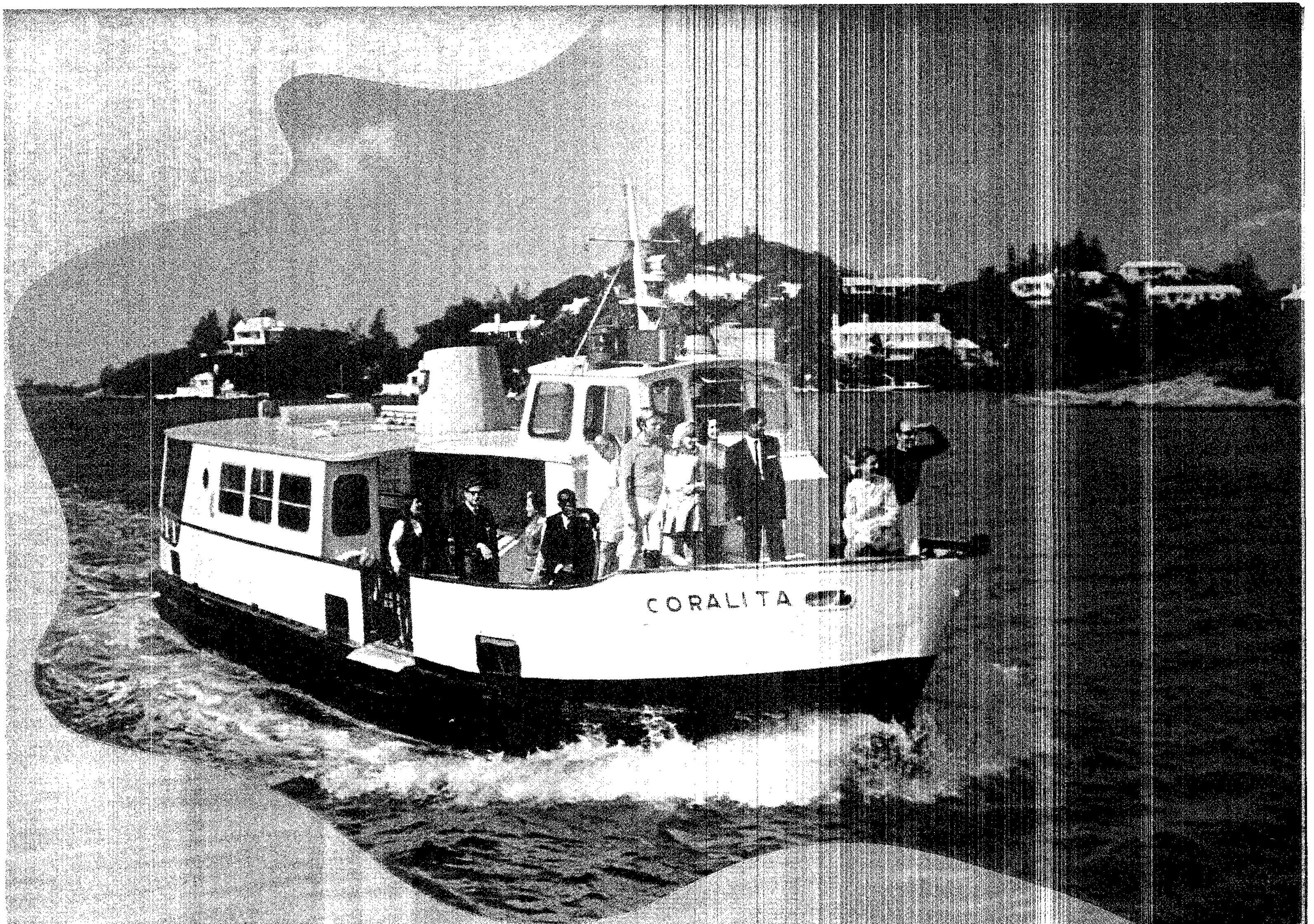
Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 26-30.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "The Ghost That Will Not Return" (1930), a Russian film, directed by Abram Room. . . . ¶ Seven programs in a series of films directed by George Cukor: Aug. 27 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and Aug. 28 at 2 and 5:30, "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1930); Aug. 29 at 3 and 5:30, "Tarnished Lady" (1931); Aug. 30 at 2 and 5:30, "Girls About Town" (1931); Aug. 31 at 1:30, "Tarnished Lady" (1931); Sept. 1 at 5:30, "Girls About Town" (1931); Sept. 2 at 2 and 5:30, "Camille" (1937); Sept. 3 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Dinner at Eight" (1933). . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 11:30: Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" (1941), with Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 3:30: A program of short films shown in connection with the exhibition "Information." . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 6 and Sept. 1 at 2: "The Mother and the Law" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Aug. 26: "The War Wagon" (1967), with John Wayne and Kirk Douglas. . . . ¶ Aug. 27: "The Man from the Alamo" (1953), with Glenn Ford and Julie Adams. . . . ¶ Aug. 28: "The Last Sunset" (1961), with Rock Hudson and Kirk Douglas. . . . ¶ Aug. 29: "The Texas Ranger" (1936), with Jean Parker and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ Aug. 30: "The Lawless Breed" (1952), with Rock Hudson and Julie Adams. . . . ¶ Sept. 2: "Applause" (1929), with Helen Morgan. . . . ¶ Sept. 3: "The Major and the Minor" (1942), with Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St.—The final programs in a five-week series of international films from the Cinémathèque Française, in Paris. Aug. 26 at 6: Gremillon's "Gardiens de Phare" (France, 1929). . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 9: Techine's "Pauline S'En Va" (France, 1969; no English titles). . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 6: Lefebvre's "The House of Light" (Canada, 1969; French titles only). . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 9: Flaherty's "The Land" (United States, 1941), Reynolds' "Berkeley USA" (United States, 1947), and Hill's "Portrait" (United States, 1970; French titles only). . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 6: DeMille's "The Road to Yesterday" (United States, 1925). . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 9: Pennebaker's "Toronto Pop" (United States, 1970). . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 6: Langdon's "The Strong Man" (United States, 1926). . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 9: Grau's "Cantico" (Spain, 1970; no English titles). . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: Ford's "Three Bad Men" (United States, 1926). . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 9: Lewin's "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" (United States, 1951). . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 6: Murnau's "The Phantom" (Germany, 1923). . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 9: Da Cunhatelles's "O Cerco" (Portugal, 1970). . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 6: Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" (United States, 1915). . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 9: Malraux's "L'Espoir" (France, 1939). . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 6: Rossellini's "Apostles, Part I" (Italy, 1969; no English titles). . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 9: Rossellini's "Apostles, Part II" (Italy, 1969; no English titles). . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 6: Schroeter's "Eikka Katappa" (West Germany, 1970). . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 9: A tribute to Darryl F. Zanuck. (For information about tickets, call 879-5500, Ext. 656.) . . . **EISNER AND LUBIN AUDITORIUM,** Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.—Additional films from the Cinémathèque Française are being shown Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 4. For information about programs, call 598-3015.



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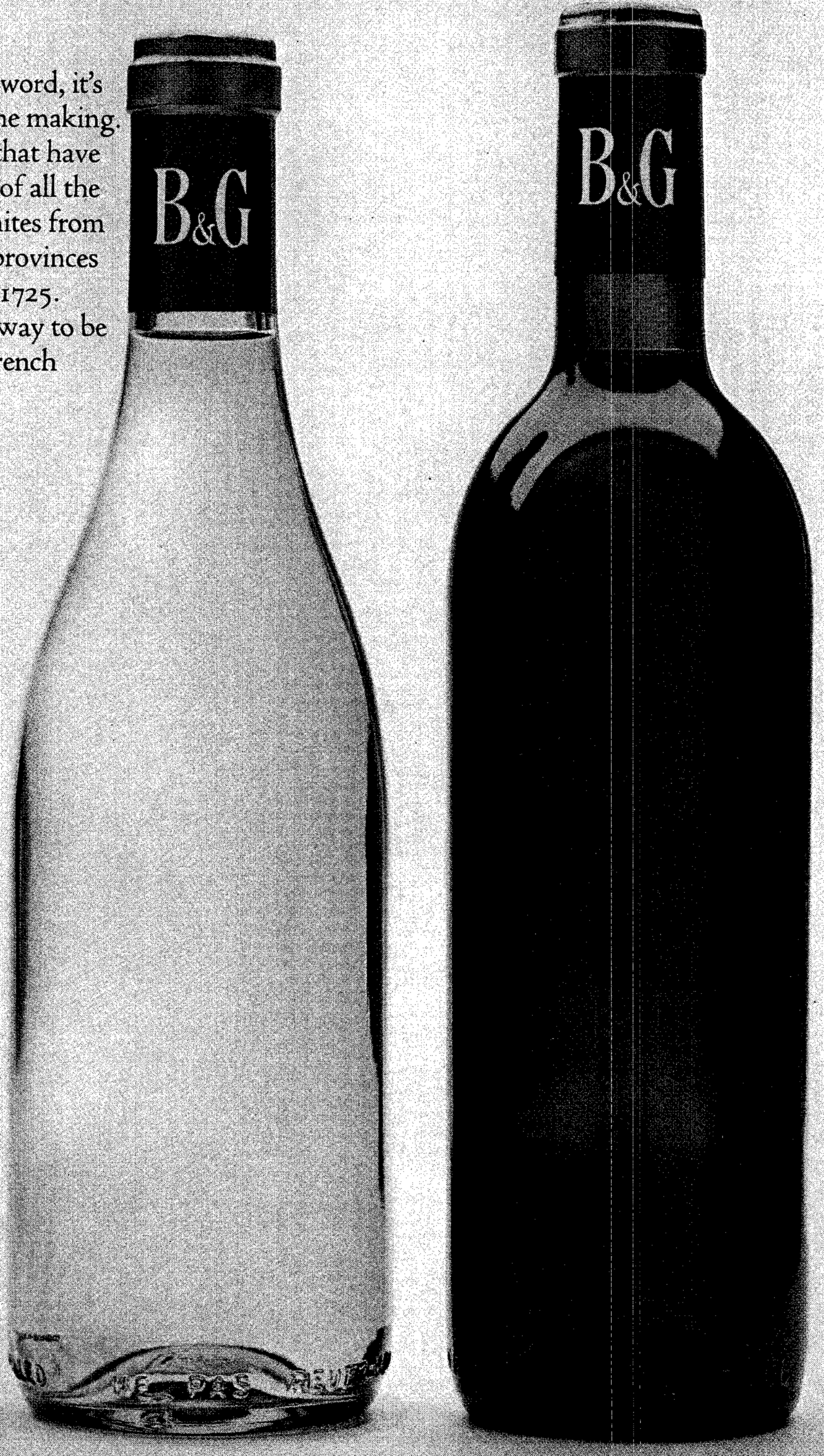

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3		

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 1.)

Aparajito (1957)—Satyajit Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from the village to Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with the school system and the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in school that makes one understand the survival of art in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, revealing that it is not a primitive society but a corrupted society. The protagonist Apu, however, demonstrates Ray's visionary belief that individuals need not become corrupt: Apu remains unscathed through experience and keeps his strength. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 31.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 3.)

The Boys in the Band—A movie of Mart Crowley's play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. Directed by William Friedkin, who emphasizes the suffering and heartbreak. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 1.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a bit refined, and the movie goes soft and romantic, but there's some very funny stuff along the way, especially the cocktail party. With Patricia Neal, George Peppard, and Martin Balsam, and with Mickey Rooney in a wild caricature of a Japanese. Blake Edwards directed George Axelrod's adaptation of the Capote novella. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 3.)

Brink of Life (1957)—Ingmar Bergman directed this study of women in a maternity hospital—and a gory, dreary film it is. With Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, and Bibi Andersson. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 1.)

The Caretaker (1964)—The Harold Pinter play, expertly and entertainingly acted by Robert Shaw and Alan Bates as the brothers and by Donald Pleasence in the title role. Clive Donner directed. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 26.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—A Spanish regiment comes to a town in Flanders; the cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

Catch-22—The great novel, by Joseph Heller, has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols, worth seeing more than once to watch the work of a great actor, Alan Arkin, as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st, 247-5071.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., 674-3210; Aug. 26.)

Don Quixote (1957)—A doggedly faithful version of the Cervantes classic. With Nikolai Cherkassov as the Knight. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in the affected *cinéma-vérité* film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 27-Sept. 2.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. Directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, and a harem. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—It takes genius to shock, probably. Joe Orton, now dead, had only great talent when he wrote this play, here filmed by Douglas Hickox. It is about four people in working-class England. The dialogue is marvellously tuned to signals of lifelong emergency sent out in mid-euphemism, and a lot of it is wonderfully funny, as well as being superbly acted by Alan Webb, Beryl Reid, Harry Andrews, Peter McEnery. But there is something shaky about the voice of the play—something studiously outrageous. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030; through Aug. 30.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 1.)

Hard Contract (1969)—A political killer of the extreme middle, played by James Coburn, goes on a three-victim mission in Europe. Directed and written by S. Lee Pogostin. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 2.)

Hello, Dolly!—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to power. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 1-2.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., 674-3210; Aug. 27-Sept. 2.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it lacks the satirical dimensions. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 3.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633; starting Sept. 2.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's *cinéma-vérité* record of the 1967 Pop festival, with Otis Redding, Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, and Ravi Shankar. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 27-Sept. 2.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' last film. The story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov and Oscar Werner. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

The Music Room (1963)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 31.)

The Naked Night (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

Night After Night (1932)—Mae West in her film début, but no one would mistake her for a débutante. With George Raft. Archie Mayo directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. Directed by Michael Roemer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as the wounded Irish rebel stumbling through the streets of Belfast looking for refuge. Carol Reed directed, and did a fine job. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 26.)

One Plus One—Godard's film about revolution's coming to the crux. The Rolling Stones rehearsing a song, changing it, making something rise to a boil are reported as a metaphor that is deliberately jarred by Godard's own sort of interruptions—interviews with Black Panthers, readings of cant in a bookshop, shots of casual modern carnage. Also called "Sympathy for the Devil." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 3.)

The Out-of-Towners—A Neil Simon screenplay about some of the more notorious perils of life in New York City. Likely to seem funnier to visitors than to natives, but funny enough to keep a native happy for a couple of hours. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis in the title roles. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 2.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Portrait of Jason (1967)—A Negro homosexual hustler talks directly to Shirley Clarke's camera crew in this monologue film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 26.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., 674-3210; Aug. 26.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. Played by a wryly cast unknown actor called Jean-Marie Patte, the King plows ironically through the cold banquets and courtiers' fuss that he devised as his own, Brechtian way of keeping restive nobles quiet. In French.

(5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; Gunnar Björnstrand in his atheist squire. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 27-31.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady-lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of St. Liness. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 27.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Visconti's neo-realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés and yet, in its solemnity and beauty, it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 3.)

Three Strange Loves (1949)—Originally called "Thirst," this is one of the finest and most original of the early Ingmar Bergman films. With Birger Malmsten and Eva Hennings. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—An Ingmar Bergman film with many great images; Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 27-31.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of last summer's Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style, and the standard of sound recording is first-rate, but skeptics would be right to call the picture a media hype. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
z (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Freedom to Love."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
yellow submarine; and "Let It Be," the Beatles.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 1: **the boys in the band**; and "A Dream of Kings" (1969), Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.
From Sept. 2: **the out-of-towners**; and "The Lawyer," Barry Newman.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 1: "Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.
From Sept. 2: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
easy rider.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe," Peter Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
m*a*s*h.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
catch-22.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Performance," Mick Jagger, James Fox.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Aug. 30: **entertaining mr. sloane.**
From Aug. 31: "The Things of Life" (in French), Romy Schneider, Michel Piccoli.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pound," a Robert Downey film.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Move," Elliott Gould, Paula Prentiss.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," Gene Wilder.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Darker Than Amber," Rod Taylor, Suzy Kendall.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Bird with the Crystal Plumage," Tony Musante, Suzy Kendall.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
the boys in the band.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Borsalino" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Alain Delon.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Eldridge Cleaver."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife," Richard Benjamin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 27: **take the money and run**; and "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.
From Aug. 28: "A Quiet Place in the Country," Vanessa Redgrave, Franco Nero.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
hello, dolly!

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"It's Your Thing," the Isley Brothers.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The People Next Door," Eli Wallach, Julie Harris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Angel Levine," Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Aug. 26: **the damned**; and **pretty poison.**
Aug. 27-Sept. 2: **the loves of isadora**; and "Teorema" (1969; in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.
From Sept. 3: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
the rise of louis xiv (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 26: **the caretaker**; and **odd man out.**
Aug. 27-31: **wild strawberries** and **the seventh seal** (both in Swedish).
Sept. 1-2: **ivan the terrible, parts i and ii** (both in Russian).
From Sept. 3: **the magnificent ambersons**; and **l'avventura** (in Italian).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
woodstock.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Sept. 1: "Up in the Cellar," Wes Stern, Joan Collins.
From Sept. 2: **m*a*s*h.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
hello, dolly!

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Darling Lili," Julie Andrews, Rock Hudson.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Soldier Blue," Candice Bergen.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
women in love.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
m*a*s*h.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Carry It On," a documentary film on Joan Baez and David Harris.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Ann and Eve," Gio Petré.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
8½ and **nights of cabiria** (both in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Something for Everyone," Angela Lansbury, Michael York.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
catch-22.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 1: "The Boatniks," Robert Morse, Stefanie Powers.
From Sept. 2: "Sabata," Lee Van Cleef.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
the out-of-towners; and "The President's Analyst" (1967), James Coburn.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 26: **portrait of jason**; and "Lonesome Cowboys" (1969), an Andy Warhol film.
Aug. 27-Sept. 2: **monterey pop**; and **don't look back.**
From Sept. 3: **one plus one** (also called "Sympathy for the Devil"); and **breathless** (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 1: **alice's restaurant**; and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.
From Sept. 2: **hard contract**; and "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!," Sidney Poitier, Martin Landau.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 26: **nothing but a man**; and **point of order!**
Aug. 27: **don quixote** (in Russian); and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (1960; in Russian).
Aug. 28: **the naked night** and **three strange loves** (both in Swedish).
Aug. 29: **she done him wrong**; and **night after night.**
Aug. 30: **lola montès** and **carnival in flanders** (both in French).
Aug. 31: **aparajito** and **the music room** (both in Bengali).
Sept. 1: **the exterminating angel** (in Spanish); and **brink of life** (in Swedish).
Sept. 2: **breakfast at tiffany's**; and **some like it hot.**
Sept. 3: **la terra trema** (in Sicilian dialect); and **simon of the desert** (in Spanish).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
z (in French).

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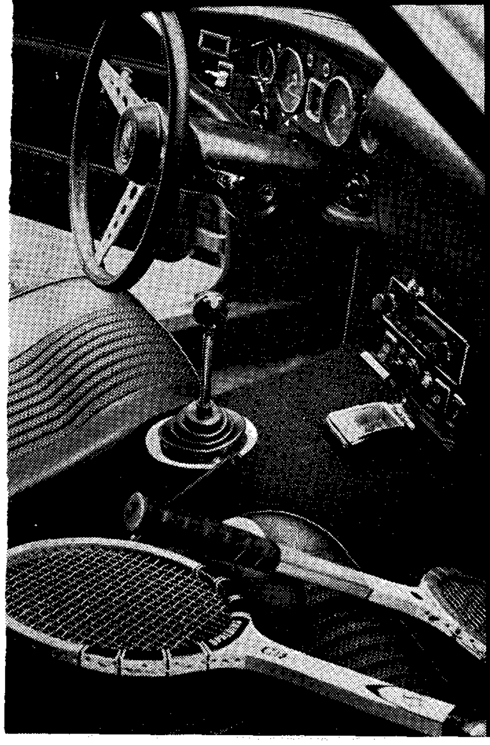

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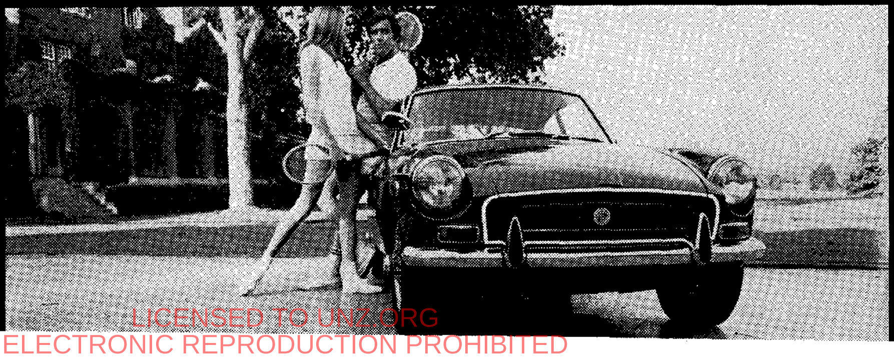

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Used aluminum is valuable.

What makes the program work is the basic value of aluminum itself. Scrap aluminum is worth $200 a ton, because it can be melted down and reused so readily. Scrap steel, by comparison, brings only $20 a ton; paper, $16 a ton.

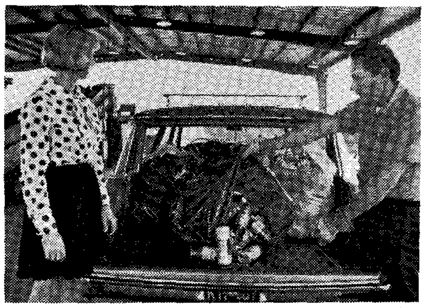
So used aluminum cans are worth picking up, worth saving and taking to a reclamation plant. Reynolds is able to offer ½¢ per can, and to suggest that Boy Scouts, hospital charity groups, and other organizations—and individuals—raise funds by collecting and returning aluminum scrap.

They're taking our suggestions. One million cans that don't show up in Los Angeles garbage heaps every month prove that.

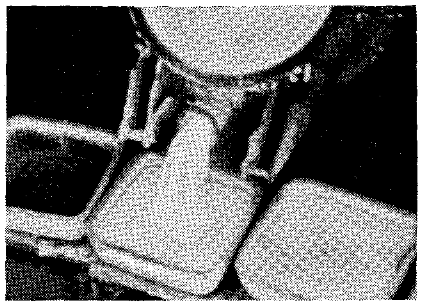
Letters for anti-litter.

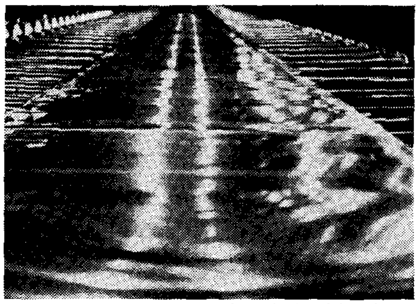
Our anti-litter efforts have brought us much applause from Boy Scout officials, Congressmen, Keep America Clean groups, civic leaders, and many others. But our chief satisfaction is in being able to help with this most difficult and important problem. We intend to keep at it, and to work even harder. Reynolds Metals Company, P.O. Box 2346-LV, Richmond, Virginia, 23218.

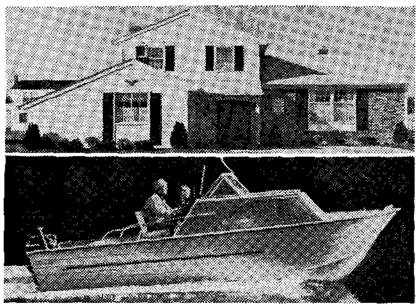
REYNOLDS
where new ideas take shape in
ALUMINUM

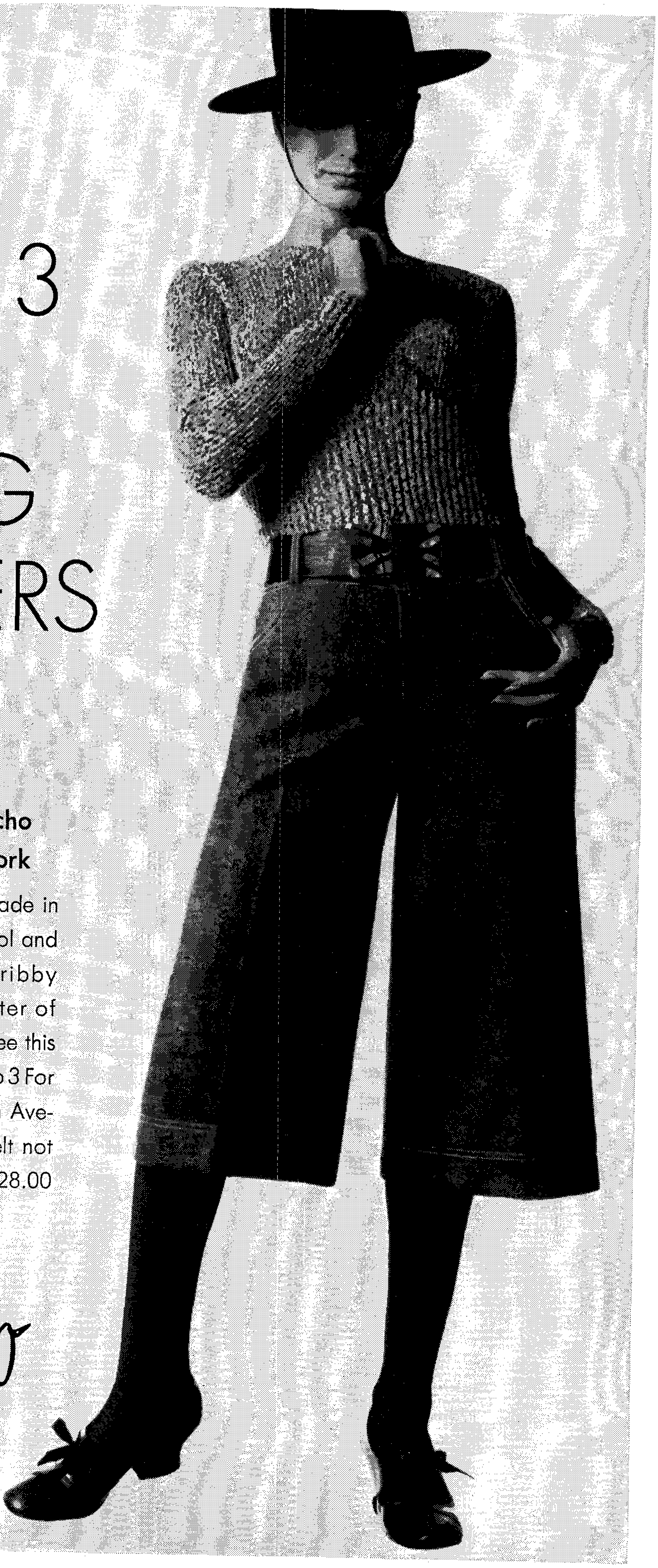

Individuals and organizations bring all-aluminum cans to the Reynolds reclamation center.

Used cans pass through a magnetic separator and are then shredded.


After shipment to reclamation plants, the shredded aluminum is melted and cast into secondary ingots.


Ingots then move into other Reynolds plants to be formed into sheet, plate or other mill products.


The recycled aluminum re-enters the economy in a variety of attractive, durable new products.



STUDIO 3 FOR YOUNG DESIGNERS

Anne Klein brings the gaucho to the sidewalks of New York

Pants translated for the new decade in handsome white stitched grey wool and nylon flannel, teamed with a ribby brown, beige and black sweater of wool, rayon and nylon tweed. See this pampas-fire collection in our Studio 3 For Young Designers, third floor, Fifth Avenue store. Gauchos, 6 to 14 (belt not included), 68.00. Sweater, s-m-l, 28.00

B Altman & Co

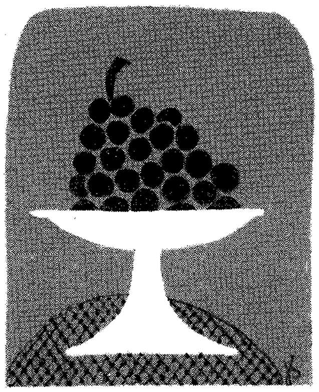
THE NEW YORKER

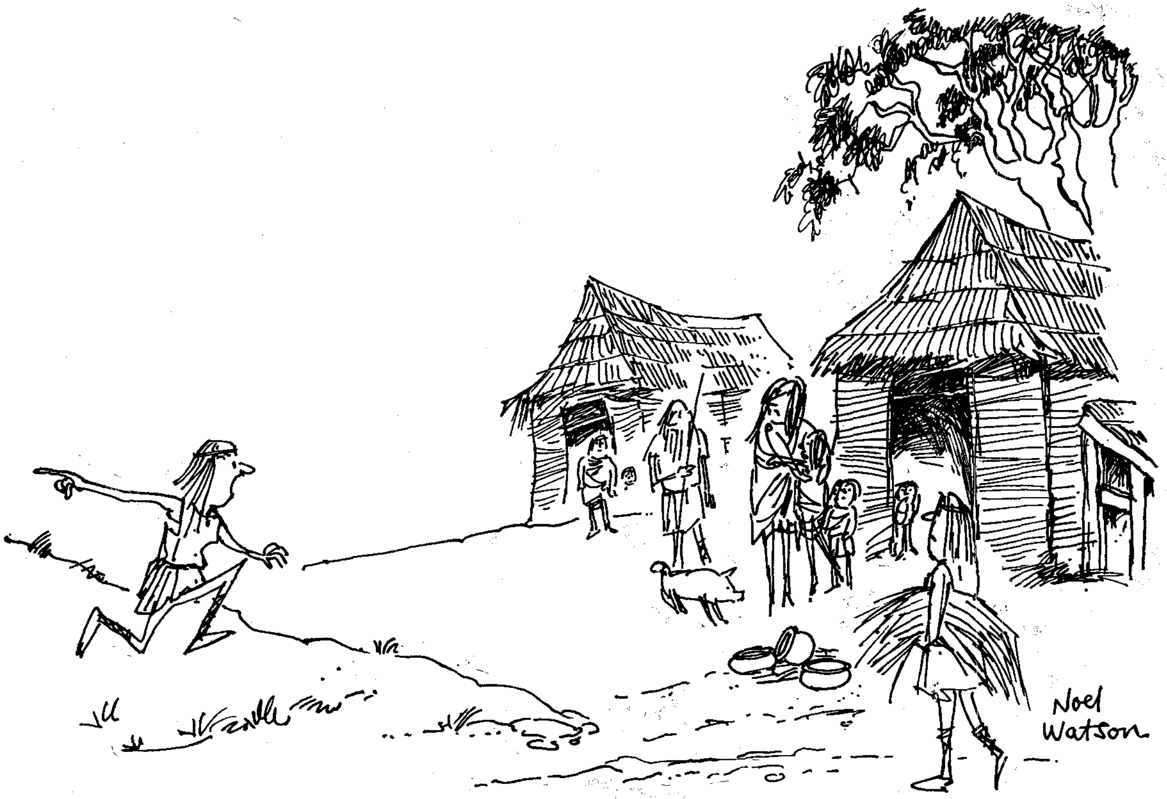
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

UNTIL quite lately, we had all been used to believing that, generally speaking, it is easier to destroy things than to create them. This rule still holds true for governments, schools, and other institutions of society, but it no longer holds true for a steadily increasing number of our material artifacts. The pollutants that are currently endangering the environment have taught us that in many cases it can be much harder to destroy something than to create it. This lesson was forced home in a particularly striking way by the recent dilemma over how to dispose of several hundred nerve-gas rockets that had been stored for some three years at Defense Department ammunition depots in Alabama and Kentucky. The gap between our talent for manufacturing and our talent for dismantling has rarely been so clearly displayed. Presumably, it took great technological ingenuity to create the rockets, and, as for the gas, we had to turn, after the Second World War, to the files of the Nazi scientists to learn how to make it. When it came to getting rid of the rockets and their gas, however, the cleverest thing the Army could at first think of to do was to encase the rockets in blocks of steel and concrete—a solution that failed to insure against leaks while preventing anyone from getting at the rockets in order to detoxify the gas. Finally, of course, the Army got rid of the gas, the rockets, and their steel-and-concrete cases by the singularly crude method of loading them all onto a ship and sinking it in the ocean off Florida. Spokesmen for the Pentagon have assured us that the dumping will not cause any damage to the ocean environment, but many civilian scientists have argued that it may. The only thing that seems certain is that no one really has any definite information on what its effects will be.

At an earlier stage of the summer's pollution-power-transportation crisis in this city, it was noted here that one difference between the "natural" environment and a man-made environment is that complexity, which is a strength in the natural world, is a weakness in the man-made world. The incident of the nerve-gas rockets suggests some further differences between man's works and nature's. One thing we have all learned recently is that in birth, in life, and in death each species of animal and each species of plant performs innumerable functions that are crucial to the other species and to the environment that supports all species. For example, in "Silent Spring" Rachel Carson wrote of the earthworm, "Of all the larger inhabitants of the soil, probably none is more important than the earthworm. Over three-quarters of a century ago, Charles Darwin published a book titled 'The Formation of Vegetable Mould, Through the Action of Worms, with Observations on Their Habits.' In it he gave the world its first understanding of the fundamental role of earthworms as geologic agents for the transport of soil—a picture of surface rocks being gradually covered by fine soil brought up from below by the worms, in annual amounts running to many tons to the acre in most favorable areas. At the same time, quantities of organic matter contained in leaves and grass (as much as twenty pounds to the square yard in six months) are drawn down into the burrows and incorporated in soil. Darwin's calculations showed that the toil of earthworms might add a layer of soil an inch to an inch and a half thick in a ten-year period. And this is by no means all they do; their burrows aerate the soil, keep it well drained, and aid the penetration of plant roots. The presence of earthworms increases the nitrifying powers of the soil bacteria and decreases putrefaction of the soil. Organic matter is broken down as it passes through the digestive tracts of worms and the soil is enriched by their excretory products." Of course, the plants and the animals are, as far as we can tell, unaware of the multiplicity of services they perform for the environment. The earthworm probably has no conscious intention of enriching the soil as he progresses through the existence charted for him by his instincts. And quite certainly he has no intention of becoming a meal for a robin—another of his crucial roles. It is only man, apparently, who has "intentions" and "purposes." However, as it has turned out, man's purposes—in the area of material production, at least—serve ends that are much narrower than those served unthinkingly by other living things. Usually, man's artifacts are produced with only one end in mind, such as the provision of fuel for engines or of containers for food, and most of what he makes is useful for only a moment or so of its long sojourn in the environment. One inevitable consequence of man's producing things for such narrow ends is the necessity of "throwing away" what he has made when it has served its purpose. In the past, when we threw something "away," we pretty much considered that it had disappeared. But now, because of the ecological crisis, we know that there is no such thing as throwing something "away." There is only throwing it into the sea or into the soil or into the air. And what happens to a milk carton or a gallon of oil or a nerve-gas rocket when it gets there is as much our concern as what these things did when they were sitting in our iceboxes





"Attila's coming, and he's doing his thing!"

• •

or driving our engines or killing our "enemies." Today, when we consider making something, we must expand our knowledge and concern beyond the moment of its service to us and take responsibility for its entire career on the earth. We must consider the effect it will have on all living things as it travels down our sewers or rises up our chimneys and makes its slow but inevitable circular progress through the chain of life back to our dinner tables or into our lungs. In short, we must learn the unknowing wisdom of the worm.

Fireman Smith

ONE Sunday a while back, a piece by Joyce Carol Oates called "The Formidable W. B. Yeats" appeared in the *Times Book Review*. The cult of Yeats has become so widespread, and the viewpoints of the poet's champions are so diverse, that any article about Yeats is likely to stir up contrary feelings. We weren't surprised, therefore, to see a letter in the *Book Review* a few weeks later that read, in part:

> I cannot understand how she [Miss Oates] could make a conclusive statement about Yeats (and her statement was conclusive) without dealing with the concept of Messianism that so preoccupied him. Besides being Asian and mystical (which he certainly was) Yeats was foremost an Irish poet. The essential Yeats was not, as Miss Oates says, "refined of the . . . follies of Irish history," but rather a man who was obsessed by those same follies—and constantly searching for an Irish "savior."

The letter was signed "Dennis E. Smith, Fireman, Engine Company 82, New York Fire Department."

We phoned Mr. Smith at his firehouse, which is on Intervale Avenue, in the south Bronx, and he agreed to meet us for lunch at a midtown restaurant. He is a chain-smoking twenty-nine-year-old native New Yorker of Irish descent who quit high school when he was fifteen, spent two years in an assortment of odd jobs, and then put in four years with the Air Force in Nevada, where he passed his high-school-equivalency examination. In 1963, he joined the Fire Department full time and started attending New York University part time for a B.S. in English, which he received in June. Now he is working for an M.A. He has been writing poems (unpublished) for quite a while, but he became interested in reading Yeats only a couple of years ago. "I have an Irish hangup," he admitted cheerfully over lunch. "I play the bagpipes. My three sons are named Brendan Kearney, Dennis Emmet, and Sean Patrick, and I like to sing Thomas Moore's poems. I think it's very respectable to be Irish today. I want my kids to have an understanding of Irishness. That ethnic identification is important in today's world."

Mr. Smith's letter to the *Times* was his first to that paper, and he has enjoyed the response to it. "It's been nice, even if some of the people I've heard from are guilty of reverse snobbism," he said. "I got eight or ten letters from college students who wrote that they were tired of seeing letters in the *Times* signed by associate professors."

We asked Mr. Smith what kind of reaction his letter had produced at the firehouse.

He prefaced his reply by saying that it was dangerous to make generalizations—one fireman he knew was a real expert on Baroque music, for instance—and then he told us that none of his colleagues at the firehouse had much interest in Yeats, poetry, college, or the *Times*. One of them did happen to see his letter in the *Book Review*, and put it up on the firehouse bulletin board. When Mr. Smith got to work that night, several of them told him that the only thing they understood in the letter was the signature, and they asked him what he'd said after "To the Editor." "They wanted to know 'Who the hell is Yeets?' and 'What's this Messasus stuff?'" Mr. Smith said. "Around the firehouse, we usually talk about things like kids and cars. I'm careful not to be overbearing about reading poetry, and I told my friends they wouldn't be interested. They insisted, so I explained Messianism and told them who Yeats was. Most of their comments were unprintable. I said I'd warned them that they wouldn't be interested, and the subject was dropped. I've worked at that firehouse for four years now, and if you do your job, and pitch in with fixing the meals and cleaning up, and take an interest in the other men, the guys accept you for what you are."

We asked Mr. Smith how he came to be a fireman, and he answered that seven years ago, when he joined up, he was interested primarily in the security the job offered. "My father died when I was three, and my mother worked at part-time housecleaning and baby-sitting jobs until I was twelve, when she felt she could go back to working full time," he explained. "But gradually I've come to love the job for its own sake. It's probably the most unpredictable job there is. You never know what's going to happen in a fire. You go down a long hall, you have no idea where the doors are, you have to crawl in, G.I. fashion, on your belly. It's always dark, smoky, and hot. You hear voices behind you, but many times you can't recognize the voices. It takes moxie, skill, and self-reliance, but you also have to have confidence in the people you work with. I love the camaraderie that comes from working closely with people you trust, and risking death together, but mostly I love the not knowing what's there."

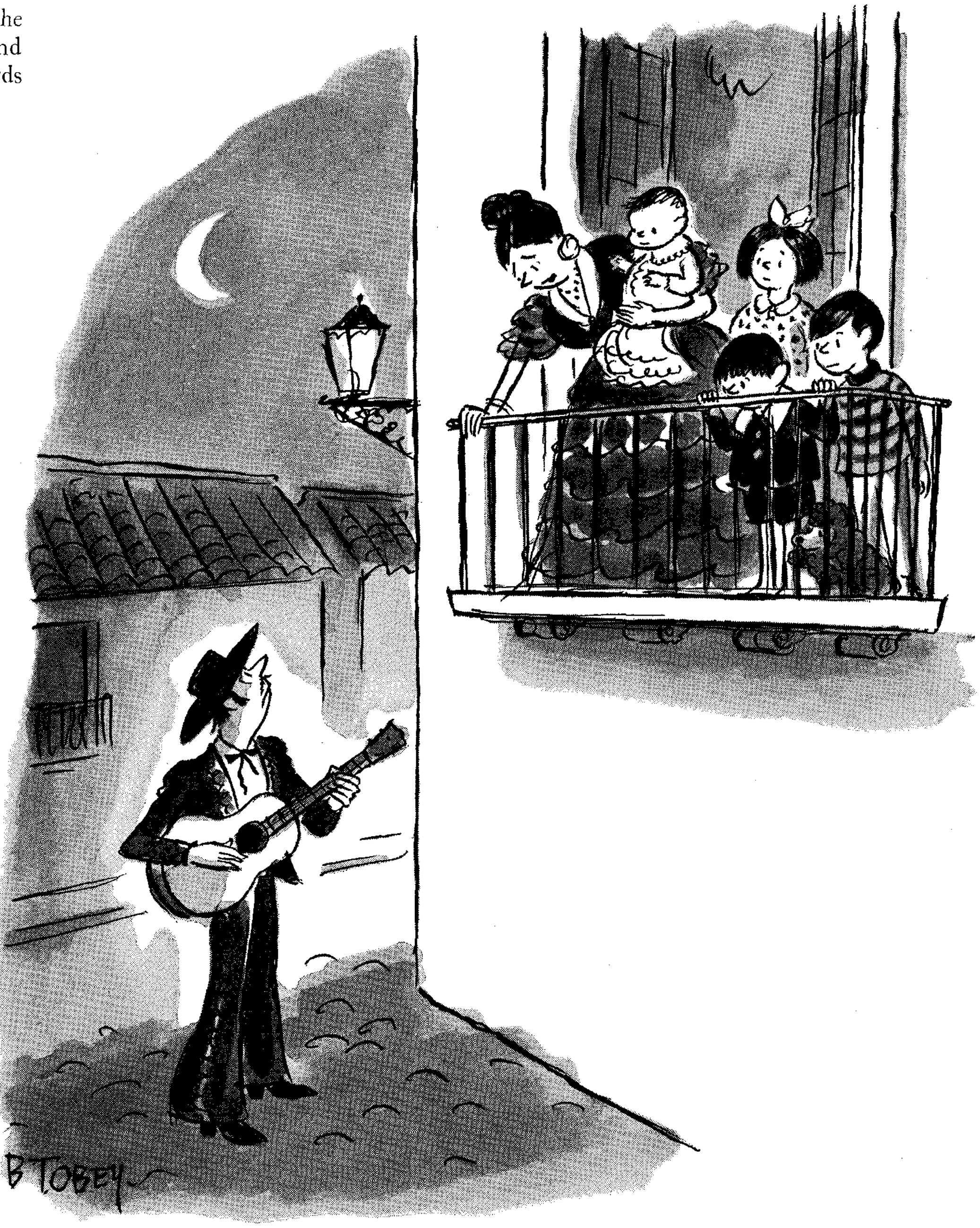
Eight or ten firemen are killed every year in New York City, and inconspicuously posted in Mr. Smith's firehouse there is a properly ambiguous sign that reads, "This could be the night," but Mr. Smith said that he and his friends didn't talk about the hazards of the trade. He has been burned a number of times, and he was also hurt once on the way to a fire when somebody on the street hit him in the eye with a rock. Most of the men in Engine Company 82, which is in a half-black, half-Puerto Rican neighborhood, are white. The firehouse is in the Forty-first Police Precinct, which has one of the highest homicide and drug-traffic rates in the city and has the highest fire rate. "The residents of ghetto areas may understand that their houses could catch fire someday and that they would have to depend on firemen to get their kids out, but that understanding of our possible value is a lot less real to them than the abstraction of the white man as oppressor," Mr. Smith said. "To them, we're primarily white representatives of the white establishment. It's unfortunate, but it's something we live with. Like Yeats, I don't believe too much that words are going to change things. Doing things is more important. Rather than have Mayor Lindsay say we must clean up the south Bronx, I'd like to see the city tear down the old buildings and put up decent, constantly maintained housing, taking into account the destructiveness of children from broken homes and their lack of discipline."

Many of Mr. Smith's friends are studying to be lieutenants in the Department, but he has no such aspirations. "The outline they give you to study is fifteen hundred pages," he said. "It's filled with facts you have to memorize about how chemicals burn and how high a fire escape should be from the ground. I find concepts much easier than facts. The proper height of a fire escape doesn't mean anything to me." Mr. Smith is the union delegate from Engine Company 82, and one of his prosaic interests is firemen's salaries. "The top salary is now eleven thousand five hundred and seventeen dollars, including fringe benefits," he said. "Our firehouse is the busiest in the city, which means it's the busiest in the world. We went out on over nine thousand runs last year. If I were paid two dollars for every run, I'd be earning between sixteen thousand and eighteen thousand dollars a year. That doesn't seem unreasonable to me."

Before we left, Mr. Smith recited Yeats' lovely "Host of the Air" to us in a lilting Irish voice, and then we said goodbye.

Arch

MODERN cities are seldom known for their arches. Unlike Rome, which in the fourth century A.D. had thirty-six triumphal arches, New York City has only two arches of consequence—the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Arch, in Brooklyn, and the Washington Memorial Arch, at the foot of Fifth Avenue, on the northern edge of Washington Square Park. (Triumphal and memorial arches are indistinguishable in appearance, the



"It's over, Manuel. Can't you see? It's over."

only difference between them being their builders' sentiments.) Of the two, the Washington Arch is the better known. As arches go, it is not a bad one. It was designed by Stanford White, who was not a bad architect, and it has been called, by a guidebook of 1917, "the chief pride and glory of the Village"—a designation we do not feel like arguing about. Recently, we decided to delve into its seventy-eight-year history.

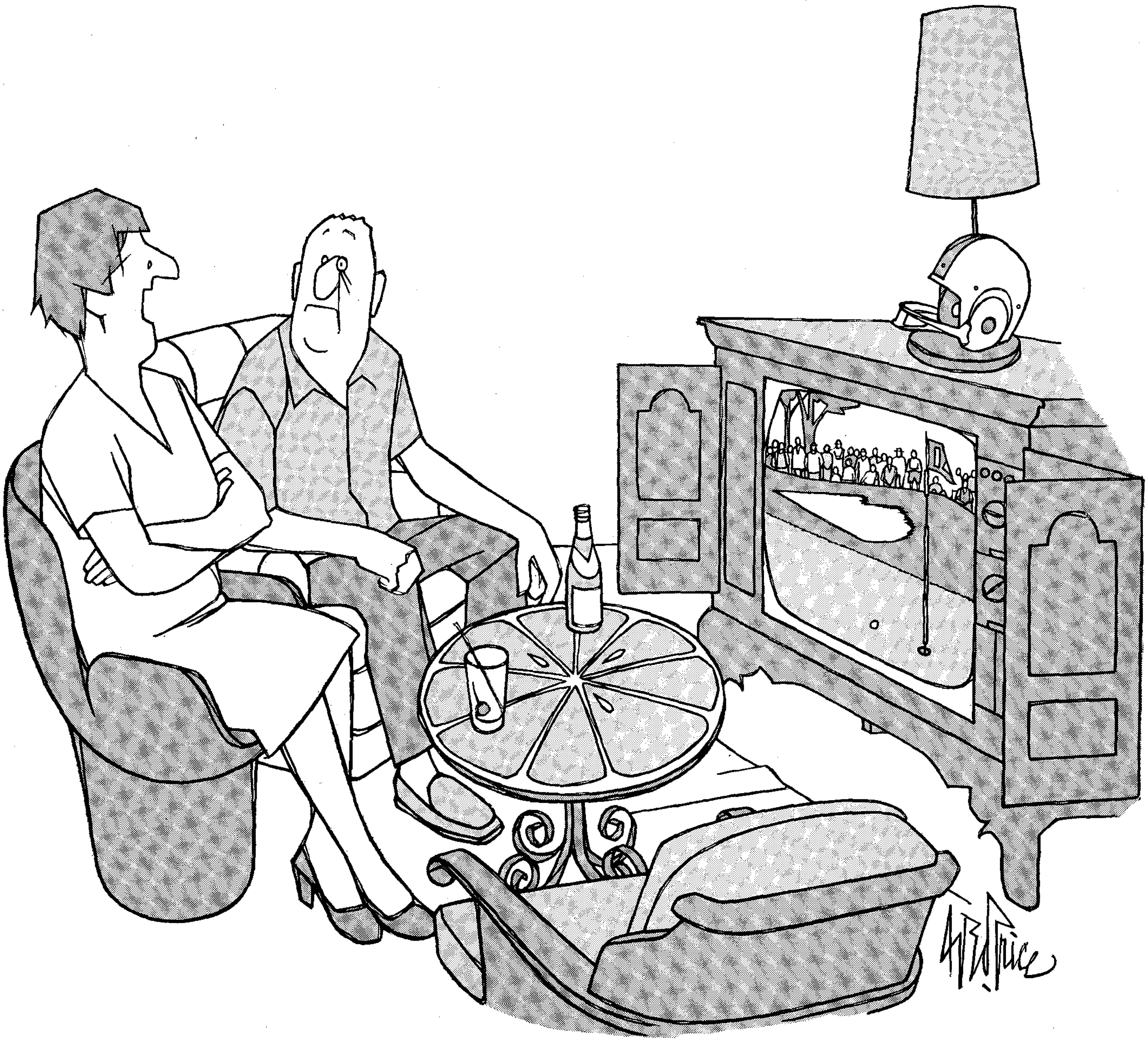
To backtrack, that history should perhaps be stretched to eighty-one years, since the Washington Arch now standing wasn't the city's first Washington Arch. The idea for an imposing celebrative structure arose in 1889, when the city was working itself into a patriotic fever over the hundredth anniversary of George Washington's inauguration as President. Local residents contributed twenty-seven hundred and sixty-five dollars for a Washington Triumphal Arch, and Stanford White designed one, which was put up across Fifth Avenue about a hundred feet north of the Square. This arch looked a good deal like the present one, except that it was of plaster-covered wood, was surmounted by a wooden statue of the Father of His Country, and had a stuffed bald eagle secured to each of the keystones. So successful was this temporary structure that the citizenry, spurred on by a newspaper called the *Commercial Advertiser*, demanded that the whole thing be redone in marble. A Committee on the Erection of the Washington Memorial Arch was formed, White agreed to do the designing at cost, and contributions began to pour in. The cornerstone-laying, on May 30, 1890, must have been an event to behold. William Rhinelander Stewart, the guiding light of the project, presided, and former President Grover Cleveland looked on. Mortar was laid with a silver trowel. An orator declared, "This is the arch of peace and good will to men." The ceremonies soared to a climax when a choir of two hundred voices, led by Frank H. Damrosch, sang an ad-hoc hymn that included the lines "Back we look across the ages,/Forward Thou beyond the sun;/Yet no greater gift we ask Thee/Than another Washington." To no one's surprise, another Washington failed to appear.

The firm of David H. King, Jr., set to work on the Arch, using marble from the Tuckahoe Quarry, in Westchester County. On March 27, 1892, Ignace Paderewski gave a benefit concert at the Metropolitan Opera House that netted forty-five hundred dollars for the Arch Fund. On April 5th of that year, another historic point was reached. Fifteen dignitaries, including Stewart, in striped trousers, and White, with a floppy mustache, ascended long ladders to the roof of the Arch and watched while the last three stones were set. This event was marred only by an attack of vertigo that seized the official photographer as he was climbing a ladder. He had to be replaced. The Arch Fund eventually reached its goal of a hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars, and on April 30, 1895, the Arch was turned over to the city. Four days later—while a mammoth American flag was held aloft by six kites—five regiments, two battalions, and two batteries of the National Guard marched under the Arch, marking its official opening to traffic. (Vehicles went under the Arch until the nineteen-thirties, when, in order to protect the structure, traffic was shunted around it. Automobiles were banned from Washington Square Park in 1959, and buses, which had continued to use the Arch as a turn-around point, were expelled in 1963.)

The Arch has been called "a poem in stone"—another statement we do not feel like arguing about. In style, it is what can be described as modified Roman eclectic. In size, it is middling, being seventy-three feet six inches high and fifty-six feet ten inches wide, with an opening forty-seven feet nine inches high and thirty feet across. (The Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, in Paris, is more than twice as high and nearly three times as wide.) Though the Arch is, in White's words, "distinctly classic . . . in contradistinction to the less robust, more fanciful, and more 'personal' style of the Renaissance," it does have some fancy touches. A statue, by Hermon A. MacNeil, on the north face of the east pier is of a pacific-looking G. W. in military uniform. A statue—this one by A. Stirling Calder—on the north face of the west pier is of a bellicose-looking G. W. in mufti. Engraved on the south side of the attic are some words of the honoree: "Let Us Raise a Standard to Which the Wise and the Honest Can Repair." Various other sculptural devices, including Washington's coat of arms and a couple of eagles, adorn the north and south façades.

Since its eventful beginnings, the Arch has had a fairly placid history. While it was being completed, someone suggested that a tearoom be put on top, but the idea was vetoed. On a winter night in 1916, six Village residents, including the painter John Sloan, managed to get inside the Arch and make their way to the roof. They strung up paper lanterns, fired toy pistols, and declared Greenwich Village an independent state. Little else happened to the Arch until the middle of the Depression, when a homeless young man also figured out how to get inside. He set up housekeeping in a large room that spans the area above the opening, and even brought in a sofa, but he gave himself away by hanging his washing on the roof, and was asked to leave.

Nowadays, almost no one enters the Arch except members of the Department of Parks, who go upstairs about four times a year in order to clean off the roof. We managed to get permission to enter it, however, and went down there one afternoon. It was a gray day, and the Arch looked splendid—a trim, clean-lined structure of eggshell white. A Parks Department employee unlocked a steel door in the west pier for us, and we stepped into a narrow passage lined with red brick. With the aid of a flashlight, we started to climb a spiral staircase of masonry, counting the stairs as we went. As we neared the top, we began to see a pale glow illuminating the stairs ahead, so we switched off our flashlight. We reached the eighty-sixth stair and stepped into the room above the Arch's opening. The floor was of concrete, the walls were of red brick, and the ceiling, some twenty-five feet above us, was pierced by four small skylights. Amid a pile of debris on the floor were a small, battered saucepan and a bottle that had once held orange soda. We tried to imagine what it would have been like to live there, but we experienced only the solitary feeling that one gets in deserted houses. We went back to the west pier and climbed another tortuous staircase, this one of twenty-five stairs. This time, we emerged from a low green turret onto the roof. Though the sky was overcast, we could see far up Fifth Avenue. Across from us, on top of the building at 14 Washington Square North, was a penthouse with a green awning. To the east we could see evidence of construction and new landscaping work in the park. Looking westward, we could see one of the clocks in the tower of the former Jefferson Market Courthouse. Below us, people were walking around slowly, and a pair of children came wheeling by on bicycles. We waved at them,



"I did not say it wasn't a super-shot. I merely said that I, personally, was not electrified."

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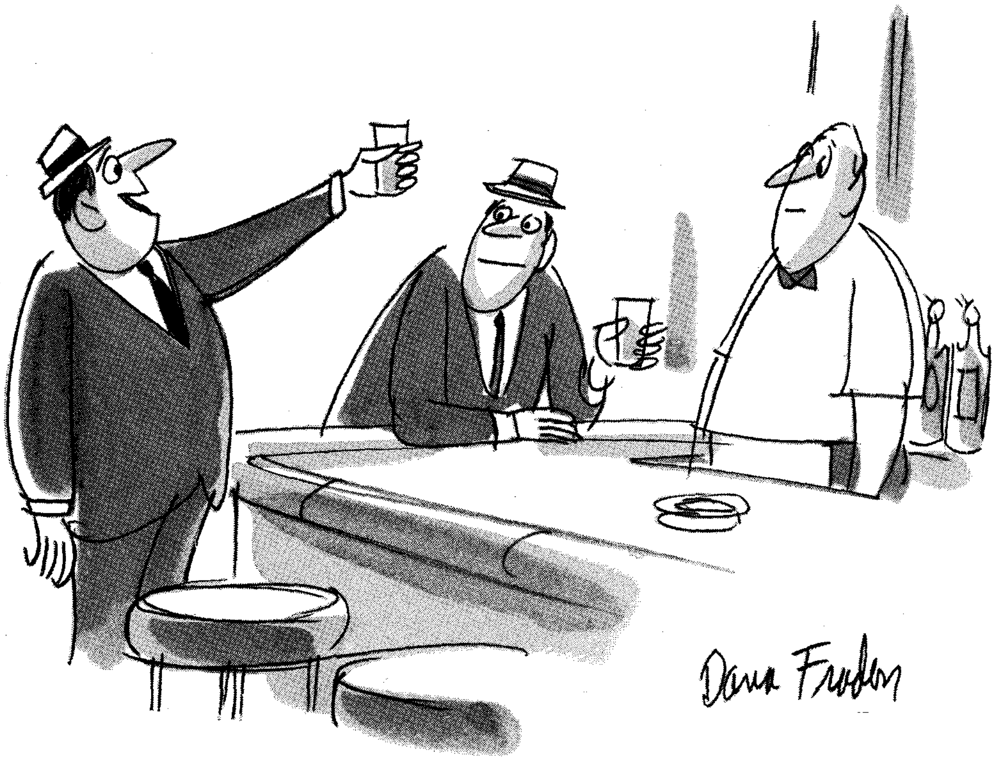
but they didn't see us, so we waved at a third cyclist and let a clarion "Hi!" waft down. He looked up, and though we couldn't see his expression clearly, it seemed to be one of moderate stupefaction. He waved back. We returned to the turret and started down the staircase, counting again. A hundred and eleven stairs—we had been right the first time.

Rolf Liebermann

OPERA is a conservative art based on a fixed repertoire of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and early-twentieth-century tonal music. Contemporary composers, on the other hand, tend to prefer to express themselves in tone rows, electronic beeps, and various kinds of computerized noises. When these musical ideas collide, as they often do, tradition usually wins. Not, however, in Hamburg, where Rolf Liebermann, the tough-minded, energetic director of the State Opera (and a composer of considerable stature himself), has augmented the standard operatic fare with a staggering number of specially commissioned modern scores.

Herr Liebermann is also Germany's leading creator of operatic films, and in this capacity he came to New York not long ago to supervise the showing of six of his productions at Lincoln Center. We arranged to meet him in Philharmonic Hall, and, peering through the gloom of the auditorium one recent afternoon, observed a strong-featured, immaculately tailored gray-haired man pacing up and down the center aisle with an expression of concentrated dismay on his face. A Philharmonic aide whispered that Herr Liebermann was checking sound levels for the third act of "Die Meistersinger," a film that was scheduled to have its world première the following evening. On the screen, in living color, a gigantic Walther began singing his prize song, and an equally gigantic Hans Sachs began to write it down. Herr Liebermann puffed nervously on a cigarette and asked a technician if the speakers hidden behind the screen could be moved. "The sound is too distant," he said, in mellifluous English. "We must have more *presence.* If we lift the speakers three feet off the floor, to the height of the screen, we will get an increase in the low register. At the moment, we're losing part of the orchestra."

The technician vanished to see what could be done, and Herr Liebermann paused to shake hands with us and explain that Europe and America use dif-



"To that great melting pot of silent Americans and effete snobs, of unconscious racists and bleeding hearts, of reaction-aries and liberals, hawks and doves! To the good old U.S.A.!"

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ferent sound systems. "We generally use magnetic sound, which means film synchronized with magnetic tape," he said. "Here we have to use optical sound—printed down the side of the film. It's monaural instead of stereo, and the quality is not so good. I am particular about sound, because musical balances are the key to a good opera performance—on the stage or on film. The visual problem is more complicated. Opera is the most unnatural art that exists, and film is one of the most direct and realistic of mediums. So we try to make this stylized art as natural and believable as possible. Our films are shot in a studio, but we make it clear to the audience that they are watching a performance. Otherwise, people will say, 'What's all this nonsense? Why do they sing? Where have you hidden a ninety-piece orchestra?' Now, if I were to do 'Meistersinger' purely as a film, I would scrap the music and present it as a realistic comedy set in the actual town of Nuremberg."

When the lights came up, a few minutes later, we asked Herr Liebermann how he had achieved such success with contemporary opera in Hamburg. "We attract young composers, because we are able to cast their librettos a year or two in advance, giving them the opportunity to work out vocal lines with the singers who create the roles," he said. "Mozart and Bach wrote for special voices, special ensembles, and, as any composer knows, that gives one an enormous advantage. When I wrote 'Penelope' for the Salzburg Festival, in 1954, I went over every note of the vocal line with my soprano, Christel Goltz. It is this experience that I always try to share with my colleagues. At the same time, I am convinced that any state-subsidized opera company has an obligation to hire the most advanced composers and risk an occasional flop. Since two-thirds of our funds come from the City of Hamburg, we can afford to lose money in order to see in which direction contemporary art is moving. We have had great successes—Gunther Schuller's 'The Visitation,' Igor Stravinsky's 'The Flood,' Giselher Klebe's 'Jacobovsky and the Colonel'—and there have been other occasions when I thought our subscribers were going to tear the house down. I don't expect the Hamburg audience to like every new production, but I don't like to be predictable and boring, either. Recently, I commissioned a jazz opera, because I think that is a way to make contact with a whole generation of young people who might otherwise be lost to us."

We asked Herr Liebermann about his own work, and learned that he has written a symphony, a couple of concertos, a piano sonata, several song cycles, and three operas: "Leonore 40/45" ("A retelling of the 'Fidelio' plot in terms of a German soldier and a French girl"), "Penelope" ("A modern version of the Greek myth, about a woman whose first husband is missing in Russia"), and "Schule der Frauen" ("An experiment to see if I could write modern Baroque music"). The first two operas were atonal—Herr Liebermann's normal style—but the third, an *opéra bouffe* based on Molière, was deliberately old-fashioned. "After all, what is melody?" said Herr Liebermann. "When Berg wrote 'Wozzeck,' in 1925, everybody said it was just horrible noise. Now we hear melodies, and the score is as familiar as 'Tosca.' When a composer writes a vocal line, he hears it as a melody. The difficulty is that the audience does not, because it is not accustomed to his style."

Although Herr Liebermann's responsibilities at Hamburg keep him too busy for major projects, he has produced one avant-garde work in recent years—the four-minute "Symphonie des Échanges," for a hundred and fifty-six machines and a computer. "I was asked to do the music for the Pavillon des Échanges," he said. "It was a section of the Lausanne Exposition of 1964 that was sponsored by banks, transportation companies, and an insurance firm. I decided to use the machines employed in those fields as the orchestra, and so I taped all the noises that they made. Using this sound material, I wrote a simple, rhythmical score—including some counterpoint, because I discovered that one machine could take over a theme from another one. We programmed the score onto computer cards, and finally, after seven months of work with ten computer engineers, we had everything playing what I had written. The machines were then mounted on a platform in the middle of the building—typewriters as first violins, military telephones as woodwinds, and so on. Out in front, instead of a conductor, stood the computer. Then, on the day when the entire Swiss government arrived for a preview, the computer gave the signal to play, and nothing happened. Nothing at all! Eventually, the workmen discovered that the rats of Lake Geneva had eaten away the insulation around hundreds of cables underneath the platform. Think of it! I may go down in the history books as the only composer whose music was ever sabotaged by rats."

THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF R.

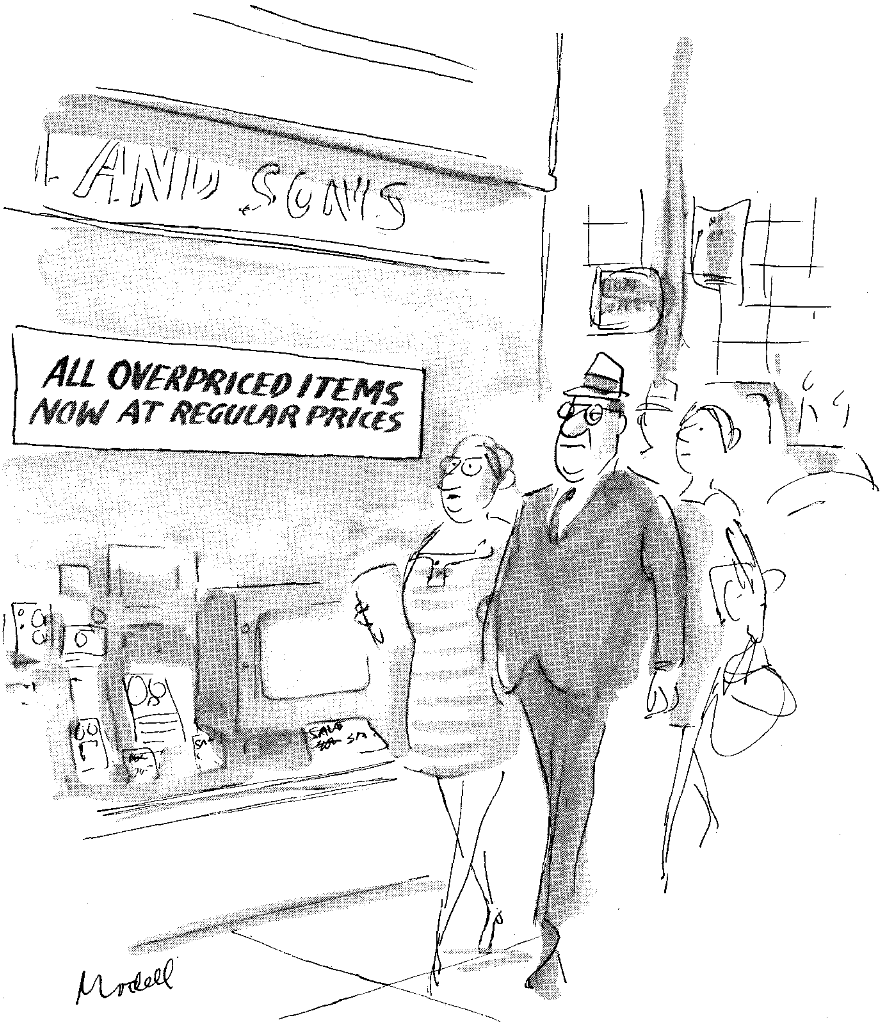
Dear Colleague,

Despite the obvious hazards of disclosure, I can no longer keep silent, as I have these many years, about the strange occurrences surrounding the case of R., one of my first patients when I took up practice in this country during the war. Those were lean years, as you doubtless recall, and I did not question R.'s assertion that he had picked my name at random from the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association* in the public library. In fact, I counted myself lucky, since he estimated his wealth as somewhere between twenty and twenty-five million dollars, and insisted, with the sort of idiosyncratic behavior toward money so common among the rich, on paying in cash at the end of each session. It was perhaps wrong of me to allow this arrangement. Nor did I examine closely enough my own slightly fugued state—a vague sense of well-being—when, at ten minutes to four every weekday for almost three years, a crisp one-hundred-dollar bill was removed from an elegant ostrich-leather billfold and placed on the corner of my desk. The regularity of the ritual was enormously reassuring—far more, indeed, than I permitted myself to realize at the time. At any rate (correction—at that rate), allow it I did, and subsequent events suggest that it made no difference to R., while at the same time it enabled me to take on B., the penniless Armenian composer with the shrinking-genitals syndrome whose cure did so much to establish me in those circles in which I now move.

R. was a particularly charming boy of twenty-seven, intelligent, articulate, and talented. He was the author, despite his youth, of two well-known novels (published under a pseudonym) remarkable for their poetic style and purity of conception. As an artist he strove for only the highest aesthetic accomplishment, never compromising, never losing sight of his goal, which was, in his own words, "the creation of an art which both contains and transcends life." He entered analysis as the result of an acute anxiety attack precipitated by six months of continuous drinking and indiscriminate drug usage. His history—orphaned at two, reared by professional nannies hired by the executor of his parents' estate—in conjunction with his symptoms (recurrent anxiety, suicidal tendencies, somatization) and his first dreams indicated classical therapy, which commenced immediately.

He responded well. The more powerful of his self-destructive behavior cycles broke apart quickly, and as anxiety abated he moved into the familiar stage of object hunger—specifically focussed, in his case, on a desire to make love to beautiful women. But, after a fast initial year, analysis slowed down gradually, in exact parallel to a smaller and smaller output of prose from his pen, and in direct relation to his voracious sexual appetite, the size of which was one of the first clues as to the extent of childhood deprivation experienced by this sensitive boy. It was clear that a brilliant career lay before R., and I felt it my duty, not only to him but to society at large, to get him out of bed and at his desk. Further, since work provided the only extra-analytical continuity in his life that could possibly contain his energies, analysis could not end until a life style based on work had been firmly established. Therefore, in the third year I began, very gently, to push him in that direction. To my complete surprise, and for the first time in his analysis, I met total resistance.

You are aware of the work I have done with artists. Three-quarters of my patients have been artists. I have learned more about the relationship of the conscious to the unconscious, more about the dynamics of that quintessential mystery, from my artists than from the literature of our own field. I have analyzed a leading poet, four of our best novelists, two painters, two composers besides the Armenian, a sculptor, and half a dozen actors. I am familiar with the special problems of creative people, and, as you know from my published papers, I would be the last to insinuate myself into the mysteries of creation. Contrary to the opinions of some of our colleagues (most specifically that group over on the West Side, what's-his-name's group), I assume that the reluctance of artist-analysands to delve too deeply into their work is entirely appropriate. The unconscious cannot be taken apart like a watch and spread out in so many shiny pieces on a table. The artists are correct. The source is unknown and will forever remain unknown. You can imagine, then, the extreme care with which I introduced the subject. R. resisted every step of the way. After explaining that I was well aware of the dangers of any attempt to analyze the creative source, I suggested that he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might not have been working because he was using all his energy in bed. He denied any connection, maintaining that he was not working because at that moment in his life there was nothing to work on. The girls were simply to pass the time until inspiration returned. He spoke of the Muse as an actual being, and diverted the rest of the hour into a lengthy free-associative screen about certain rhapsodic sexual events recent in his life.

During subsequent weeks, I became obsessed with R.'s case. I know now that, on his part, it was all carefully planned. He was, I should be ashamed to admit, my favorite patient. Indeed, he still is. You cannot imagine how charming he was, or what a tonic it was for me that first year to see him respond precisely the way patients are supposed to respond, making me the father he never had, his ego growing, strength and confidence building in him daily, guilt and anxiety draining away. Every analyst should have a patient like R. once in his life. I was led into loving him, and, as it turned out, that was the point.

On Tuesday, September 2nd, I used (for the last time in an analytic situation) the expression "writer's block," hoping it would lead to something. R. laughed aloud, clapping his hands smartly in the air as was his wont when something amusing occurred (he was refreshingly at ease on the couch, having developed a whole set of gestures with which, although supine, he could express himself), and said there was no such thing as "writer's block." There were assuredly writers who at certain times could not write, but that was as it should be and was due to the intercession of particular gods whose special interest was the prevention of bad prose on earth. This seemed to me a significant fantasy, and I drew him out. To write without authentic inspiration, he said, was hubris—hubris in the original sense: a sin against the gods. A somewhat confused dialogue followed, during which it gradually became clear to me that R. was not speaking metaphorically. He meant every word. At the end of the hour, he announced that he was an angel, rose from the couch, put a hundred-dollar bill on the corner of the desk, and left.

I ask you, Doctor, to put yourself in my place. The rest of Tuesday and the beginning of Wednesday were a nightmare. I dealt with my other patients as if in a dream. How was it possible? After almost three years of analysis during which R. showed not one schizoid symptom, not one single delusion, he seemed suddenly on the brink of disintegration. An angel! Had the ease with which we dealt with his neuroses been nothing more than an unimaginably elaborate schizophrenic ploy? Had I ever really known R.?

I concealed my emotions during the Wednesday hour. Despite the danger of driving him deeper into his angel role, I was determined to discover if it had been my insistence on discussing his work habits that got him there in the first place. Accordingly, we associated to his inability to start the next novel. He explained that he could not write because he was disharmoniously placed in relation to the Muse. I suggested that he might begin working nevertheless, in hopes that the Muse, and her favors, might somehow be attracted. At that point the following extraordinary events took place.

R. announced that the gods were pleased with my work with artists, whom they loved above all mortals, and that he, R., had been sent to dramatize a point, in the clearest possible terms, that I would otherwise have known only abstractly. It is right, he said, to help them collect their energies for art. It is right to clear away whatever stands between them and the full use of their talents. But it is wrong to suggest to them that they should work in order to attract the Muse, not only because it displeases her to be called but because such work tends to destroy the artists who create it. You must never forget, he said—and after this hour you never will—that the artist who works without inspiration creates a dead child, a child he nevertheless loves as he would a living one, and that the sensation of all one's work and love going into something not alive, as nothing can be alive without the Muse, is very much the same sensation you would feel if a patient you had worked your painstaking, dedicated work with for years, and come to love, were suddenly to raise his hand in the air, snap his fingers, and disappear. So saying, he raised his hand in the air, snapped his fingers, and disappeared. I remained motionless in my chair for some time. Eventually I got up and examined the couch, which was empty except for a crisp hundred-dollar bill where his head had been.

I write this to you now, Doctor, without further comment except that, as you know, I have recently undergone a series of operations on my lungs with no more than minimal success. I may be seeing R. in the near future, and I want to be able to say I had the courage to tell someone.

Yours,
HERMAN FRIMMLE, M.D.

—FRANK CONROY

WAKING IN WESTCHESTER

I wake in a cold sweat
Remembering Asia, the days we
Spent together, travelling
All over.

Remember
Our motel in Cambodia
Where there were no cars at all
And only a few French tourists?

I remember crawling
Up some steps on all fours
With you behind me until
We reached the jaws
Of the great stone Buddha.

"We are here!" I said,
Out of breath, frightened
By the smoothness of the stone
Lips. Then I began to
Swallow tears, dust—

That's all in the past. But
Remember this: what we saw
Was an abandoned city. The jungle
Took over immediately.

Nights like this, I think
Of New York, New York, the garbage
And plastic growing in
Fields, broken summer bottles
In pyramids, the garbage winding
Around the apartment houses.

And here I sleep
On borrowed air, in sheets
That are not ours.

I can feel your breath as you
Sleep. Do you remember the grass,
The sun, the linnets in the dark
And mysterious houses? I remember
That we were climbing in Cambodia
To renew our lives. Hold me!

Beyond us is the highway. And the cars
Never ending in their flight from cities.

—SANDRA HOCHMAN

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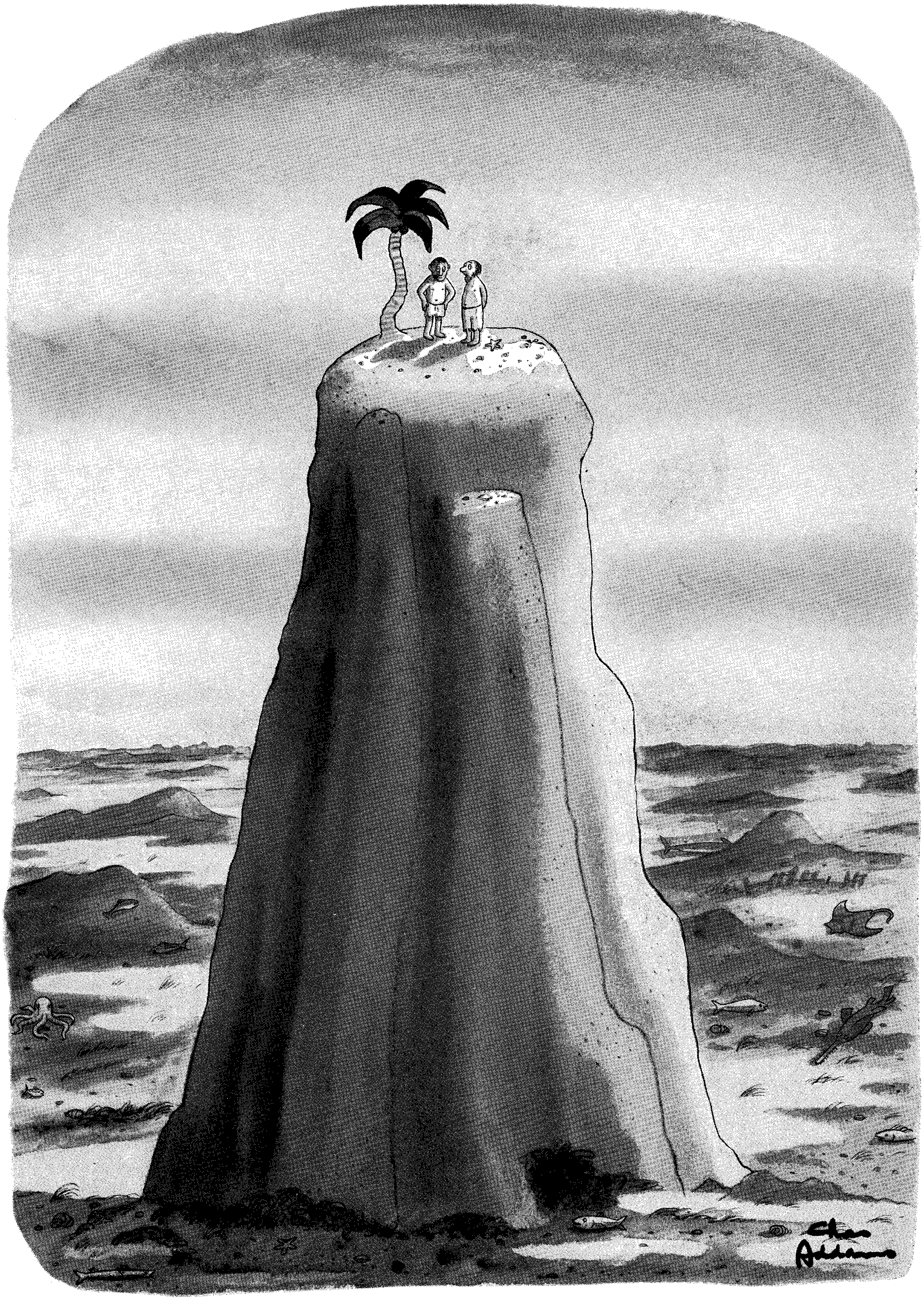


Chas Addams

"I don't see that our situation is especially improved."

NORA'S FRIENDS

WHAT hid the house from the road was not trees (those were in the far background) and not the shape of the land (it was very nearly flat) but distance, acres of pasture parted by a straight, dirt avenue. Nature—Cecilia Bell felt as if she were sinking in it, she felt as if she were disappearing in the beautiful day, the perfect place. She roused herself and said, "I'll get the gate," and was out of the little, brand-new white sports car before the driver could raise an objection. Not that Brendan O'Connor objected. This was the first dry day after a solid week of the national product, the famous Irish rain. The ground was soggy, and Cecilia's rubber-soled shoes could take the punishment better than his good Bally loafers, the one thing he had on worth saving and the one thing, he saw now, that was bound to get mucked up today, maybe in a matter of minutes, for Cecilia was having to struggle with the lock. He was wondering whether he ought to get out and help when she suddenly swung the gate open. "There's another," she said as she got back in.

"How far?"

"Halfway there."

"I didn't realize it was a genuine farm." He'd known Nora Lynch, the poet, longer—he being Irish and Cecilia American—but he knew her less well; he'd been to the house in Dublin but never here. "I thought 'farm' was only a manner of speaking."

Cecilia glanced at the fine loafers—in her mind seeing them spoiled, sympathizing with him. "That's what I thought the first time I came. Nora said tea." It was tea today. "So I wore a white *bainin* dress with a white Aran-knit coat and patent-leather shoes."

"They must have roared."

"No, no one even mentioned it, not then, anyway." But now, every so often, Nora or one of her two daughters would bring up that day and laugh. Were they making open fun of her or did they think she considered herself in on the fun? It was baffling, but then Ireland itself was more or less that for Cecilia Bell, a problem she brooded about endlessly and in the same terms of longing and confusion that she brooded about the Irishman she was in love with who was not Brendan O'Connor.

From the second gate you could see smoking chimneys; just beyond that point, a dark-red roof showed and then the neat, fat, cream-colored stucco building. Cecilia said, "It always makes me think of a storybook house."

"The wee cottage in the forest?"

She let it pass; her own irony would take care of his. "It's strange, isn't it, when you think about it."

"About what?"

About what had happened in that snug, pretty house—the worst that *could* happen. "About Robert." Nora's husband, seven years dead.

They drove in silence until the car passed from the dirt onto gravel paving; then he said, "The place looks deserted," but he spoke too soon. There was a scream, and a girl of fifteen or sixteen, the younger Lynch daughter who was also named Cecilia, came hobbling around from the back lawn. When she saw the sports car, she yelled "Cecilia!" and hobbled over, still yelling. "Cecilia, Jack Stephenson has one of my shoes and he and Harry and Isabel have gone off without me!"

The name they shared drew attention to what might otherwise have been too obvious to be noticed—the world of difference, apart from the twelve years' difference in age, between the two Cecilias. The Irish girl was all bloom, rounded, rosy-cheeked, and with a kind of studied petulance that was charming because it was transparent and because high spirits, not any spirit of grievance, were behind it. The American, on the other hand, was thin, though you had to judge that from her face, for the rest of her had a misleading bulk—layers of sweater under a tweed coat. She also looked subdued but agreeable, possibly agreeable at all costs. What they had in common besides the name was the nervous intensity that Cecilia Bell so clearly kept in check, and Cecilia Lynch even more clearly let play, at every opportunity and in every direction. "Brendan," she half whined, half sang, "aren't they mean? I hate them. What will I do?"

"You don't need me to tell you."

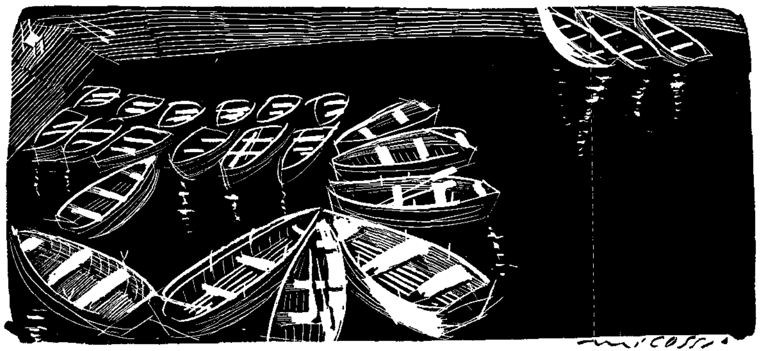
She took hold of the long braid that lay over her left shoulder and began brushing her chin with the end of it. "The car's lovely," she said. "Give us a ride."

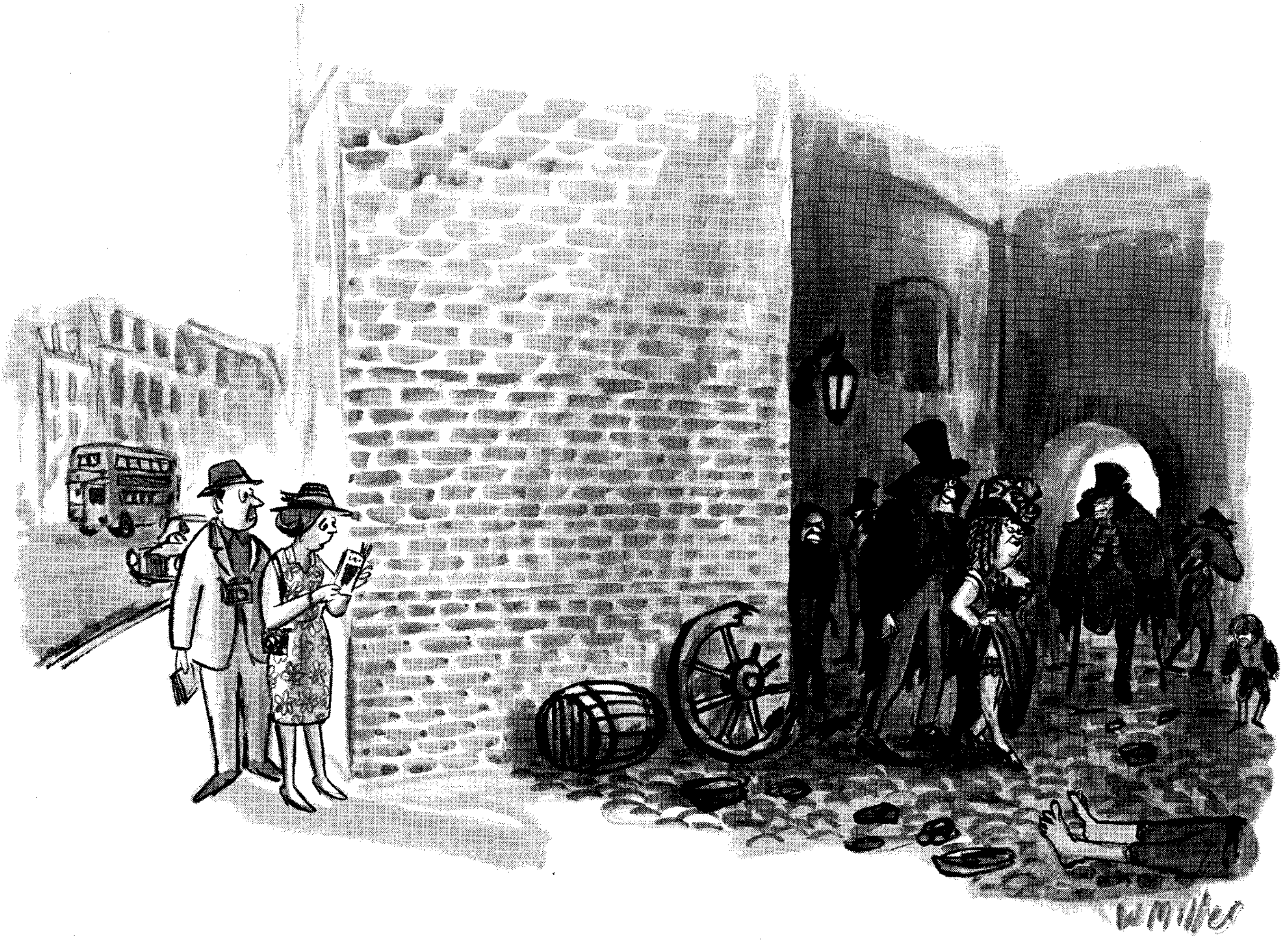
"Later. Now, if you don't mind—out of the way, let me park."

PEOPLE who can bring their skill and talent to bear on life itself become a focus for other people, and those with great skill and great talent run the risk (unless they accept their own and other people's limitations) of also becoming the victim of their gifts. Nora Lynch accepted everyone's limitations but then she forgot about them, though her two girls, Isabel and Cecilia, were always reminding her, always laying down the law. They wanted her to be more selective about people who turned up at the house—which, naturally, made sense. Isabel and Cecilia made a lot of sense; that was how Nora had brought them up, to examine life or, at any rate, the life at hand—hers. She never kept back anything that happened to her or anything she felt, and whatever else that did it gave them a highly developed sense of judgment, but second-hand experience doesn't make for perfectly sound judgments. If Nora often took the girls' advice, she just as often (there was so much of it) didn't, certainly not when it came to turning people away. Her own experience, that central experience—having chosen someone and been chosen by him and then lost him—had made her not more tolerant than they but at least more of a gambler. She'd take a chance on almost anyone, and surely Cecilia Bell had been worth taking a chance on—introduced by a letter from their American publisher and before that by a small book of poems. In the last six months a second small book had come out. What the poems revealed, face and manner made a largely unsuccessful effort to conceal—the quality that was so disheartening and sometimes so irritating.

"Here you are!" Nora called, meaning to sound pleased, meaning to look glad, not cross, the way she knew she looked and sounded, unfortunately.

"Are we very late? It's my fault. I made Brendan take a wrong turn and we got lost. I'm awfully sorry."





"It says, 'So rich in literary associations is this quarter of town, so vividly evocative of the characters and events with which it is inevitably linked in our minds, that we are half prepared to see them spring to life before us as we walk its streets.'"

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Cecilia Lynch said, "Cecilia Bell, stop it!"

"Stop it, you, Cecilia Lynch," said Nora. But the child was right, there was no need to go on like that. And then the look—no orphan, no refugee could have a more real air of deprivation than Cecilia Bell. It drove the girls wild. Isabel said, "Would you please tell me what she's deprived of? Nothing!" But Isabel was too hard; she had no patience with people's flaws; it was her own great flaw. Nora herself could never resist tracing what it was in someone that didn't work. Not that you could fix people, you could only discover them; sometimes you could discover them to themselves. "Is there anything," she'd once asked Cecilia Bell, "any one thing it would make a difference for you to be that you aren't now?"

Cecilia Bell hardly hesitated. "Hopeful," she said, of all things.

And why wasn't she hopeful, Nora wondered. Young, pretty, with some talent—people who had far less went a lot farther on it. Apparently there'd been trouble in the family, but that was no reason to give up. What family didn't have trouble? Maybe some families, some few families like the Stephensons.

Nora turned to the man and woman beside her on the grass. "Everyone's met," she reminded them, but vague smiles all around made her add the names, "John and Sheila Stephenson, Cecilia Bell and Brendan O'Connor. You *have* met."

"Of course." John Stephenson was prompt but still vague; he had to refer to a better authority. "Last Christmas, wasn't it, Sheila?"

"Stephen's Day." What kept Sheila Stephenson from being plain was an extremely vivid air of well-being, the ideal combination of self-possession and self-forgetfulness, almost as attractive as good features. She also had a lovely smile and a lovely, low, but very clear voice. "What a fine party that was, Nora!"

The party where Cecilia Bell met Patrick Butler, who was leading her such a dance. And where Brendan O'Connor met Cecilia Bell. Nora suddenly despaired of bringing people together, of having brought these people together today. She reached up with both hands to the waves at either side of her forehead—white wings that were a striking effect since the rest of her hair was still dark. But Nora Lynch's really striking feature was her eyes, their expression, which was of someone passionately critical but passionately fair, as well. "What was I thinking of," she said, "giving a party on Stephen's Day?"

"Why didn't you think of it sooner?"

Something—the way John Stephenson lifted his head when he said that, or maybe just the blondness—struck Nora; it brought to mind Robert. And at the other extreme, no more like Robert Lynch than shade is like the sunshine, was poor Brendan, planted there, looking the farm over as if he were the tax accountant. "A lovely bit of land," he said. "A grand piece of property, Nora."

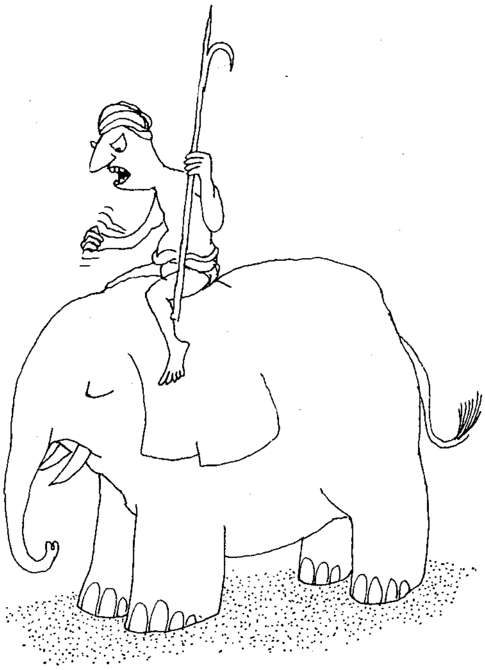
"Robert always used to say the best

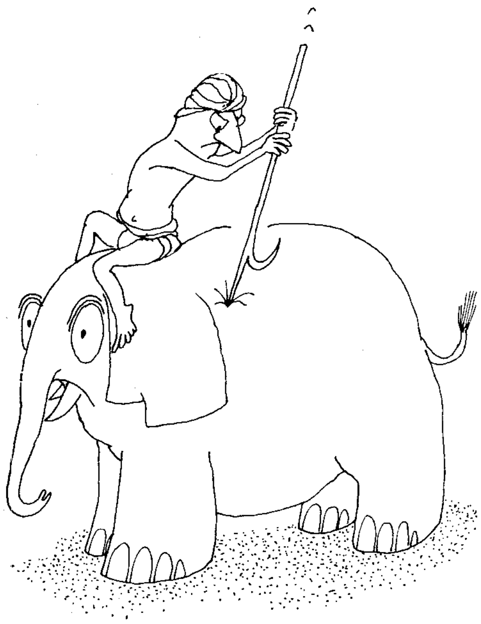
land in Ireland was in Kildare, and the best land in Kildare was his."

"I suppose you leave off at the priory." He waved away the fields between the house and the ruined monastery that distance, coming into play here, had ruined even further; it looked like a heap of rubble on the edge of the far field.

"That's ours, too. We'll walk over there, since you've never been, Brendan."

"Ah, you mustn't trouble yourselves for my sake."





Nora noticed the shoes—what in the name of God had made him wear anything that good here? He ought to have known better and he'd have to take the consequences. They couldn't sit around for the afternoon. "It's not trouble," she said, "it's the rule." Or practically. "Someone here for the first time has to see the priory."

He wasn't able then to keep from glancing down.

"There's an old pair of Wellingtons inside you can have."

"No, I'm all right this way." He looked off toward the woods; he might have been in there himself, lost, trying to conjure up the rescue party. "I was only thinking of your Isabel and the others."

"They'll know where we are—or Cecilia, you can go find them and tell them."

Cecilia Lynch said, "Cecilia who?"

"You, of course."

"For a change. Whenever anyone in this family says Cecilia, it's always Cecilia Bell they mean."

UP close, the priory was a more impressive ruin—not just a pile of gray stones but the recognizable remains of a building, a building that also gave the impression, up close, of a fortress rather than a place of prayer. The towers were like lookouts, the terrace walls like battlements, the rooms, with their low ceilings and narrow windows, could have been dungeons. Cecilia Bell thought of the days when the monks in Ireland had had to be able to defend themselves—strange, rough, powerful men they must have been, but holy? The only sense of that she ever got here was her own desire to be off by herself. Now she trailed after the others through the broken rooms, the sunken passages, followed quietly along and then, as they passed a staircase, quietly dropped out, went up the short flight of shallow steps and onto a balcony. And found that she hadn't escaped. "Brendan! You scared me!"

"Why were you stealing off?"

"I feel like a monk here."

"I don't." He kissed her.

He didn't look like a monk. He looked like a pirate. He had thick, wiry black hair and little, blue eyes, and he came from a district where Irish was still the spoken language. "*Tráthnóna maith*," he'd said when they were introduced at the Stephen's Day party. All it meant was "Good evening," but it had the sound of an incantation. He was so completely authentic. He was the one who'd appealed to her that night; he was the one she'd left with. Then, weeks later, came a call from the other fellow—funny to think that was the way it had been, Brendan and the other fellow, the one who'd lived in Finland for a while, the one whose suit coat was too small, the one with the mocking way about him, Patrick Butler.

"What are you thinking?"

"If I'd been born here, what would I be?" It wasn't much of a lie; she was always thinking that.

"You'd be a bloody great scandal," he said. "This is holy ground."

"You know what I mean—in Ireland." A half mile away, the Liffey cut crookedly through the long grass; across the river was a Georgian house painted bright peach; past that were the woods. Cecilia caught a flash of red among the trees. "There's Cecilia Lynch," she said.

"That's what you'd have been like."

"No, I'd be poor, for one thing."

"Then you'd have gone up to Dublin and got a job and improved yourself."

"I'd never have left for America, though."

"Why not?"

"I wouldn't do that to my children."

"What children?"

The sky was packed with clouds that occasionally opened just enough to let a little sunlight through, for the purpose, it seemed, of guiding the attention to the water, the trees, a patch of field, the terrace where they stood. "How old is this place?" Cecilia asked.

"Hundreds of years."

Time—it was like one of the elements here. The priory was old the way the air was clear, and the soil rich, and the sun bright. Cecilia felt herself sinking again, tumbling backward through the generations to her ancestors who'd been born in Ireland, had planted potatoes, cut turf, walked these fields.

"What children?"

"No children."

"How do you mean?"

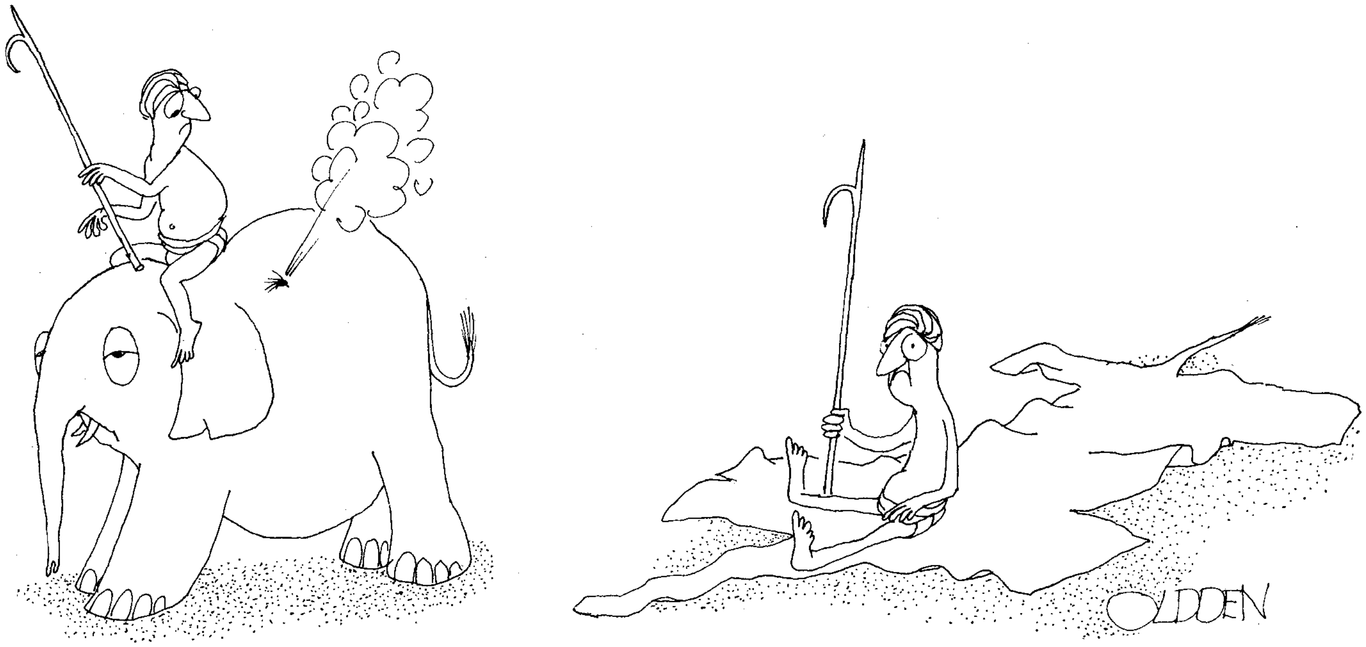
She meant not his but she also meant something more acceptable and more complicated. "I can't picture them."

"Why are you so indirect, Cecilia?"

He pronounced it "in-die-rect," an Irishism that touched her need to get across, as she felt she rarely did, to anyone Irish. "They're not real to me," she said.

"They're not born yet!"

"I can't imagine children of mine



ever being real—not the way that is," she nodded in the direction of the river, "or these," she laid a hand flat on the stone wall, "or," pointing with the other hand to the house with the dark-red roof, "that."

"That's not real," he reminded her. "It's the wee cottage in the story."

Take the Irish seriously and they started making fun of you. Cecilia said, "The story's real."

"You know how the ancient Celtic version goes, don't you?"

"No, how?"

"A beautiful young woman comes to the door and tells you her husband is away for the night."

"Nice for you."

"For you we'd make it a good Irish bachelor."

"Good Irish bachelors are all seventy-five years old."

"Not all of them," he said, and gave her another kiss. Make fun of an Irishman and he took it for encouragement. "Besides, an Irishman is a thing of beauty and a boy forever."

Cecilia smiled and thought, *I'll try that on Patrick when I see him.* And then she thought, *When will I see him?* and felt herself sinking again, this time through love, and she wasn't so much sinking as spinning crazily out of control.

IT was not enchanted; there was, strictly speaking, no magic spell attached to it and certainly no marvellous history of the happiness it deserved, but all the same Nora Lynch had great faith in this house in Kildare. "Come to the farm," she was always saying, offering it the way you'd offer a load of flowers or fruit, the way you'd ask someone to sit down to a wonderful meal. What it sometimes seemed she was trying to do was bring enough people and bring them often enough so that these rooms that had been planned with so much love would be what they were meant to be, or at least might not to such a devastating degree be what no room was meant to be, wasted. It usually worked. There were terrific times here, but there were also times like today. Not the house or the land or Nora herself, all her skill and talent and energy, had been enough to bring the day off, keep the party together. For it had subdivided; some of the company were in the living room, some of them were still off somewhere, and in the kitchen were herself slicing bread and the semi-company, Cecilia Bell, buttering it. "I wish to God there was a bit of cake," Nora said. "Or biscuits, anyway."

"I'd much rather have Irish brown bread."

"Where can the girls be all this time?" From a window the size of a shilling notebook, Nora was keeping an eye out—people said Isabel and Cecilia were too dependent on her, but the fact of the matter was they did what they pleased, and she could never count on them to be there when she needed them. "If only they'd come bursting in."

"They'll come bursting in for tea."

"I should never have sent our Cecilia. She has no notion of time."

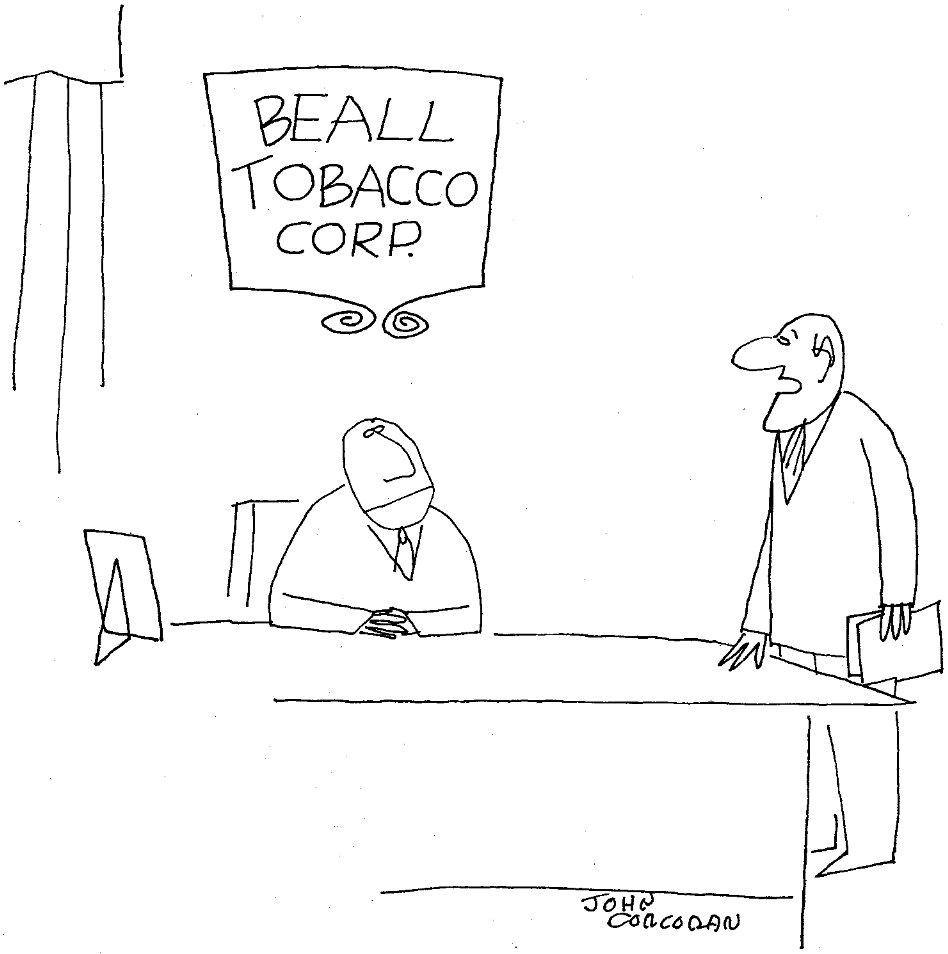
"It's so easy to lose track of"—the voice had a heavy dose of wistfulness, an extra heaviness on the last word—"here."

When a person lacked what you had to spare, you gave it; when what was lacking was a hold on life, you gave a hold on yours, on the detail of it. Making sense of someone else's details was a way of getting the sense of your own. "Time," Nora said, "is the least of it. Cecilia Lynch loses everything—last week her good sheepskin gloves, this week the pound I gave her to get her hair cut and buy stockings, the whole pound! Isabel says I'm a fool to let her have money, and I am, I know it." Nora put down the bread knife to let Cecilia catch up; Cecilia Bell buttered bread as though she were taking a course in it and had to pass an exam. "The worst part is she won't eat. She's not meant to be slim but she's forever slimming. The other day I sent her to the shop to get something for our lunch, and she came home with nothing but two heads of broccoli, the first of the season at four shillings a head. She ate broccoli for two days, broccoli and coffee, and never mind about anybody else. She thinks of no one but herself and she thinks of herself the whole time, and the bills, Cecilia—the hot water alone. She'd wash her hair every day and bathe twice a day if she thought no one would find her out."

"It's awful," Cecilia said, "but I think young people have to be selfish."

And to the extent that she was young Cecilia Bell had to be selfish. Nora knew where the conversation was going to land; best to get straight to that point and, with any luck, past it. "Where's Patrick this weekend?"

"Limerick." Cecilia blushed; to the extent that she was not so young she had to be aware of her own selfish-



"An additional twenty-six hundred quacks claim to have stopped smoking."

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ness. "He's giving a speech there on Wednesday."

But this was Sunday, Nora thought. What would send anyone—even a politician—four days early to Limerick? Something. Or someone. She said, "I never knew anyone so convinced of his own ideas as Patrick. I'd say he'd be a marvellous speaker."

"He is, he's marvellous."

"Though he does go on about Ireland. The country isn't all that magnificent."

"Living in Finland seems to have made him more Irish than he was to begin with."

"Which isn't totally, you know. He grew up in the North. You have to take that into account, Cecilia."

"How?"

"It means he's not one thing nor the other."

"Like me."

"Yes, I suppose," Nora said. "In a way." A way that worked against poor Cecilia Bell. She wasn't what Patrick Butler was looking for. When he married, it would be a girl who'd give him the birthright he felt cheated out of; he'd marry an Irish girl, a girl, she couldn't help thinking, like either of her own two if they'd been the right age. At the Stephen's Day party, when her Cecilia let him in, he was clearly taken back at the sight of her—he'd been almost a year in Finland and it was his first week home. "You've grown up," he'd said. But not enough. He had to turn to someone else, poor Cecilia Bell. "Still and all," Nora said, "it sometimes strikes me there's nothing much behind his talk. Half the time I think it's for the effect."

"I think that myself," Cecilia admitted, "sometimes."

"Tell people they're better than they are and they'll think you're better than you are. Robert"—just as in life he'd been always rescuing her, now his name, thrown into a conversation, could make it come right—"Robert used to say that was the oldest political game in the book."

"But I don't really believe Patrick's insincere."

"What, then?"

"Maybe extreme."

Nora began slicing again. Extreme—that reminded her of something else she knew about Patrick Butler, something that raised a whole new lot of questions, one of which was did Cecilia Bell know it. And if not, would she be the better or the worse for the knowledge? The better, Nora decided. You were always better off knowing than you were not knowing. "Did he ever tell you that when he was younger he belonged to Opus Dei?"

"No, what is it?"

"A half-priest sort of thing. They don't marry—some of them, anyway."

Cecilia left off buttering for a minute. "I wouldn't think that would suit Patrick," she said with a mournful smile.

Beyond a shadow of a doubt, Nora thought, Patrick Butler wasn't going to marry Cecilia Bell, and, that being so, what was the point? What was the good of all the talk or anything else? No matter how the young people thought or how they acted, you weren't meant to let yourself get stuck in love, you were meant to see your way through it or out of it, you were meant to get married—for whatever good it did, for whatever was gained or lost on account of it, and however you ended up. Nora was stirred by the old terrible feeling of bitterness that was so frightening; it was like being deathly sick. "Where can those girls be?" she said. She was looking out the shilling-notebook window when the kitchen door did burst open.

Cecilia Bell said in amazement, "Isabel!"

The profile might have been taken from a medallion—fine nose, fine chin, auburn hair that the wind had set streaming. Front-face, Isabel Lynch was one of the Furies.

Nora said, "For God's sake, what's happened you?"

"I'm going to kill Cecilia Lynch," the Fury answered.

STANDING behind Cecilia Bell, looking over her shoulder into the upstairs-hall mirror where both of them were combing their hair, Cecilia Lynch coolly noted the three things she admired about the other Cecilia: her thinness, her straight hair, and her being twenty-eight, free to cross an ocean and live in another country, free to wear what she pleased and eat what she felt like, to spend money, and go after men. Of the three things, Cecilia Lynch would have liked first freedom; then, she'd have liked straight hair and to be able to lose five pounds quickly and forever. She sighed and said, “I'm so hungry. I'm *always* so hungry.”

“Eat, then.”

“I can't. I'm too fat.”

“You are not.”

“It's well for you, Cecilia Bell. Why are you so nice and thin?”

“Because I can't help it.”

“And why is your hair so nice and straight?”

“Because it won't curl. What was Isabel mad about?”

“She says I was after Jack Stephenson, but I couldn't help it if he was chasing me.”

“Couldn't you?”

“Don't you give out to me, Cecilia.”

“All right, I won't.”

“Mother and Isabel always are.”

“I'm not surprised.”

“You said you weren't going to give out!”

“I'm doing my best.”

Less of a difference in their ages would have forced them into competition; instead, they'd established this respectful alliance, a companionable distrust that was partly the result of each of them having learned how the other set her off and also having learned, in this roundabout way, something fundamental to the other. It was as though at some point they'd exchanged confidences. They sometimes almost did.

Cecilia Lynch said, “Do you like Jack Stephenson?”

“I like Harry better.”

“I don't like either of them. Harry's dull, and Jack is a fool. Make Brendan keep his promise.”

“What promise?”

“To give us a ride.”

“Just try and get out of it.”

“Why don't you like him?”

“I do.”

But not as much as Patrick Butler. Cecilia Lynch didn't blame Cecilia Bell for that. Patrick Butler was lovely—tall and a bit shabby and tremendously dangerous-looking. To get off with him you'd have to be more dangerous than he was, but Cecilia Bell wasn't dangerous at all, not even with Brendan O'Connor. She wastes him, thought Cecilia Lynch, the way I waste time, the way I waste money. “Well, I think Brendan's grand and I love his little car.”

“So does he.”

“He ought to love you.”

“I don't want him to.”

“What difference does that make?”

“All the difference.”

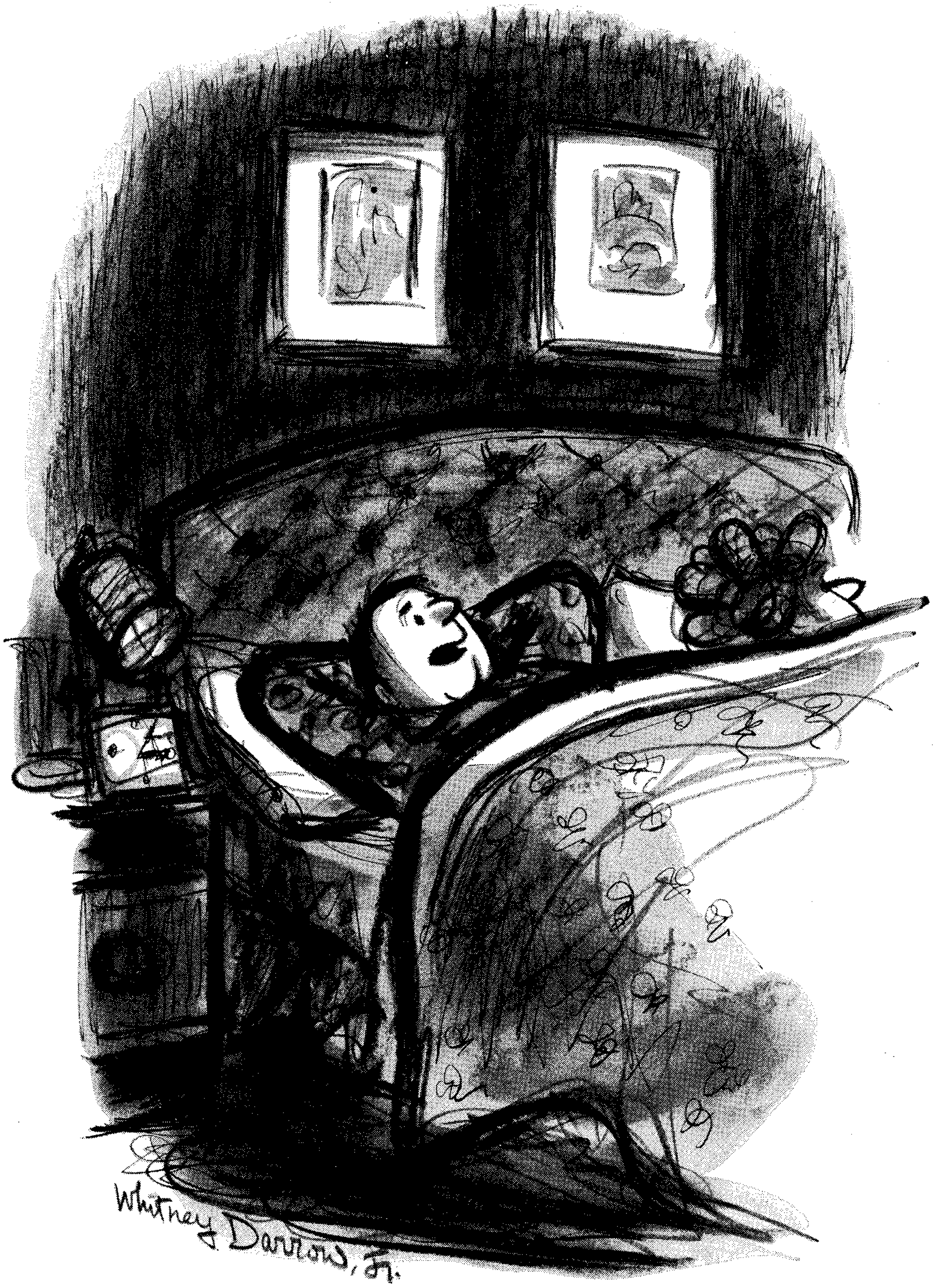
To be thin. To have straight hair. To be on your own. Cecilia Lynch sighed. “Cecilia Bell, you're so lucky,” she said.

“*You're* so lucky.”

“Why?” Her coloring? Her upturned nose? (Said to be the sign of an amorous nature.) Her wickedness?

“Not to be just yourself.”

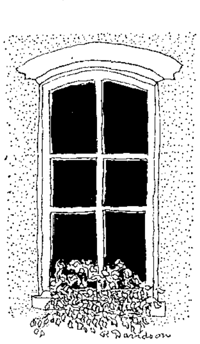
IN young people, an air of well-being needs really good looks or charm or cleverness or the hint of character, otherwise it can be incongruous, like premature gray hair or wisdom beyond one's years. Jack and Harry Stephenson were tall, good-natured, unexceptional redheads, and in them well-being had become a quality beyond awkwardness and yet not quite stiff that made them seem young and old both, for it suggested an inability to make the most or perhaps even enough of a given situation—something their mother had recently begun to notice and worry about. Comparing them with Brendan O'Connor, she wondered whether they didn't come off badly. Give them time, John would have said, but Sheila Stephenson felt it was more than just a question of the boys' youth and their inexperience. Brendan O'Connor was simply not sure enough of himself, so he was more alert, more responsive to the possibilities around him. Or it might have been that he was not sure


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

“You know how David Frost always asks what your most memorable experience was? Well, I've been lying here for three solid hours and I can't think of a single damn thing.”

enough of other people—by no means sure enough, for example, of the American. Whereas Jack and Harry had the clumsy ease, the almost insensitivity of a pair of jolly young uncles as they kept pointlessly teasing Nora's girls. There in the living room, with everyone collected and oddly attentive—oddly sedate, for Nora's—it was almost embarrassing.

"You'll be roasted if you don't come away from there," said Jack. Cecilia Lynch, sitting by the fire, only shut her eyes. "You can't be cold, it's April." He sat forward and peeled off the rust-colored sweater he was wearing. "This room is baking!"



"Leave off, Jack," his mother said. "You're being a big nuisance." But, of course, it turned out he wasn't quite.

"I don't mind," Cecilia Lynch said sweetly.

Sheila turned to the window beside her. It was enormous and it made the fields an enormous painting that always struck her as very like one that hung over the mantelpiece in the house she grew up in, except that the actual painting had sheep grazing not cattle and, in the distance, not a ruined priory but a stout-looking thatched cottage. As a girl she'd loved that picture, loved to sit dreaming herself into it, but never dreaming—no one would have in those days—that it was she who'd have the happy life and not Eileen, the popular one, the beautiful younger sister. But Eileen never married. She still lived in the old house; the painting still hung over the mantelpiece. You never knew how things would turn out, and very few people could alter a bad situation once it set—and how quickly trouble did set. But happiness was always shifting. It held you up only if you learned to move with it, and even then you weren't safe. Take Nora, who'd had everything there was to have and now had . . . Well, when you thought of Nora, it wasn't in terms of what she had or what happened to her but of what she was—someone you could tell a small thing to and know she'd understand the whole of what it came out of, someone who'd always take the time, always make the effort. How many people could you say that of? How many women, under the circumstances, would be able to be what Nora was? How, Sheila wondered, would she herself be if one day, all of a sudden, without any warning, John . . . She drew her suit jacket closer around her; she took a drink of tea.

"Sheila, you're the one ought to be at the fire," Nora said.

"I'm fine here, thank you very much."

"You're certain?"

"Don't, for God's sake and all our sakes, try and make my wife do something that isn't her own idea, because I promise you it's wasted effort."

"John," Nora appealed to him, "tell the story!"

"Which story is that?"

"You know. How you and Sheila—"

He smiled. "That story so." He was a man with a lot of good stories, and if most of them were about himself that might not have been necessarily a matter of choice—of his own choice. People will make you be what you seem to be, and John Stephenson looked the part of the hero, handsome in a romantic way (the lock of blond hair falling over the forehead) and, in the same affectingly obvious way, good, kind, funny, open, and obliging. "I'd always known Sheila," he said. "The Stephensons and the McEvoys were old friends, we were all the time back and forth between the two houses, and Sheila was my great favorite. We were the same age, and Sheila was good at games; she was hard to beat, but you never minded if she won, she was that good and that nice about it. This particular time, we were no older than your Cecilia or our Harry, if we were that—I very much doubt it. At any rate, over at their house this day, I walked into the parlor and found her standing alone in front of the fire and I got an idea. 'Sheila, will you kiss me?' I said. Said she, 'Why?' Then and there I decided to marry her."

Cecilia Lynch let the laughter go on as long as she could stand it; then she broke in with "I'd have said, 'Why not?'"

"You?" cried Isabel. "You wouldn't have bothered saying anything!"

Jack Stephenson let out a roar. "Your sister's got you down, all right! She has you taped!"

Brendan O'Connor turned to Cecilia Bell. "What would you have said?" he asked her.

"I don't know—what would I have said?"

"Something that had nothing got to do with anything."

She gave her attention to the others again. "I think," she said—with all her heart—"that being able to come right out with your true response is a real gift. Like perfect pitch, or something."

"It's a gift I've had to learn to suppress," Sheila Stephenson said.

"You can't be thinking," her husband said, "that you *have* learned to, love, because only last Friday, if you'll recall, when we were in the Shelbourne bar with Dan Foley and Desmond Haughey . . ."

The afternoon had come to life. Looking around with relief and pleasure, Nora was struck by the realization that there was no one in the room she'd have wanted not to be there, no one she didn't feel warmly toward and wasn't ready and willing to take trouble over, no one, not even big, slow, happy Harry, that suddenly she could bear the thought of having to part with for another little while yet. "Sheila," she said, "more tea, a drop of the hot. Cecilia Lynch, let me have Sheila's cup. Cecilia Bell, you'll have another drop, sure you will. John?"

—Elizabeth Cullinan

VALEDICTION

I who witnessed the nail's desire
for a blind hammer
and kept account books of rain

have got through the day without hope
what an accomplishment
now I can drop my eyes like stones
into the black water of night

I am taking myself apart
like a puzzle

this must be an ear this must be
a piece of my coat
or is it sky which there is so much of
and all the same color

I am resigning from my shoes
they are worn out
and will fit anybody

whoever wears them
his job will be to harvest
the delicate shells of walnuts

he must remember the signals
how to speak
to ducks about their carelessness
how to remind trees they have
a certain responsibility

he must prevent the sleepy road
from stumbling into the river
and watch for tiny fish
who swim past
carrying great burdens of light

—Richard Shelton

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HONOR TO THE BRIDE—I

Honor to the bride like the pigeon that guards its grain under the clove tree.—*Berber wedding refrain.*

IN Morocco, this story would probably be called a love story. It took place one year when I was living in that country, and it concerned an Arab by the name of Omar ben Allel, his wife, Dawia, and their thirteen-year-old daughter, Khadija, who was lost on a pilgrimage in June, found in a brothel in July, and properly married off in August. They were by no means exceptional Moroccans. Nor was their story really an exceptional one. It was sentimental, complicated, cruel, and a little crazy, but it was a thoroughly Arab story, and it plodded along in time like an awkward arabesque, always elaborating on itself and never appearing to be going anywhere. Its lessons were the familiar lessons of shame, face, favors, and the pocketbook. And its moral was simply that everything in the end depends on Allah's great and inexplicable will. Most Moroccans would say that it was too mundane to bear retelling. By the time I left the country, Omar himself was starting to forget the details.

Omar and Dawia came from a tiny tribal village in northern Morocco, but, like hundreds of thousands of other Arab *fellaha* whose tribal land was broken up during the French protectorate, they had drifted out of the countryside and into one of the sprawling urban squatter settlements that the French call *bidonvilles.* Omar had chosen the old imperial city of Meknes, where his father, his stepmother, a half sister, two half brothers, and a good number of his tribal cousins were already living. The city lies on a spur of a rolling barley-and-wheat plain called the Sais, southwest of Fez and just north of the foothills of the Middle Atlas, and it is only sixteen miles from the Jebel Zerhoun, Morocco's holy mountain, on which all of Omar's favorite saints are buried. Once, Meknes was a fortress for the early Alaouite Sultan Moulay Ismail. The Sultan was a sort of Ivan the Terrible of Morocco, and people in Meknes liked to say that he had harbored three great hopes in his heart when, in 1672, he put his slaves to work constructing his capital. First, Moulay Ismail hoped that the walls of his city, snaking for miles around the land that his seers and wise men had selected, would be the thickest, highest, mightiest walls in all Islam. Second, he hoped that his palace would be the most splendid and imposing palace ever to house a true descendant of the Prophet. And, third, he hoped that his dungeons, deep in the earth beneath the palace, would be the dankest, most alarming dungeons in which a Christian hostage, a Berber assassin, or a treacherous concubine would ever be put in screws.

Meknes turned out accordingly. The French soldiers who arrived at the city gates in 1911, at the vanguard of the protectorate, used the fortress to their own advantage, adding barracks and armories and drill fields, and eventually turning what had been a small *medina* of some thirty thousand Arabs into what was probably the largest French garrison in Africa, with twenty thousand permanently quartered troops. Then the *colons*, who came to Meknes next, put up a *ville nouvelle* on the site of the old royal olive groves, which had been levelled during a battle with the Berber tribesmen who still surrounded the city. The colonists' Meknes lay safely across a deep dry riverbed from the *medina* and the mad labyrinth of alleys that teemed with the native Meknasiyyin. It had blocks of squat, diligently whitewashed houses, clipped hedges, potted bougainvillaeas, and a little cement fountain, at the crossing of the two main *boulevardes*, that sprinkled colored water each Bastille

"On the other hand, if we don't go to the meeting, how will we be able to walk out in protest?"

• •

Day. The *fellaha* came last, looking for day labor. They spread their vast *bidonvilles* over what were once the Sultan's fields and grazing grounds. By 1953, when Omar moved his family to the city, nearly a hundred and twenty thousand people were living in an ungainly conglomerate of *medina*, barracks, *bidonvilles*, and French provincial town. From the Sais plain, Meknes looked like a thread of bright, white light on the horizon; inside the city gates it was heavy, gloomy, and oppressively flat. Squatters were keeping their chickens in Moulay Ismail's dungeons, there were shanties banked on his reflecting pools, and row on row of little clay-brick houses stood in the cool shadow of his walls.

Since 1962, Omar and his family had lived in one of these little brick houses. It was built, like the traditional Arab house, around a tiled courtyard, and it sat on the edge of a relatively new outlying quarter—most of it a *bidonville*—called Sidi Yussef, a few miles down a winding road from the tomb of a famous holy man who was called Sidi Lhadi ben Aissa but who preferred to go down in history as Sheikh el Kamel, or the Perfect Saint. (Moulay Ismail is also a saint now, and he is revered by the Meknasiyyin, who expect him to use his persuasive powers on their behalf on Judgment Day.) The house cost Omar six thousand dirhams, or roughly twelve hundred dollars. He bought it with a check that came in the mail from France one day and that he took to be some sort of compensation for a year he had spent fighting Germans and Italians in the French Army. The French drafted Omar in 1941, when he was sixteen. He was sent to the Tunisian front, and he came home to his family with shrapnel in his side and a badly mangled right hand. Since then, much to his satisfaction, Omar had been unemployed. His settlement check, his fine new house with three rooms and a courtyard, and the monthly checks for two hundred and fifty dirhams that he had suddenly found himself receiving as a disabled *ancien combattant* of the French Republic were the envy of Sidi Yussef. Capital like Omar's was rare in the post-protectorate Moroccan kingdom, where most people got their wages daily, and where there was no reasonable credit system, either private or governmental, by which the poor—who were practically everyone—could borrow. His neighbors considered Omar, with his pension and his house, to be something of a man of means, but at the time I knew him, as it happened, he needed extra cash, because he wanted his own mule, too. Now, for most Moroccans who wanted to buy a mule, finance a circumcision feast, or start a business there were very few sure ways of raising money. One way, which was popular, was for the man of the family to take a stroll down the nearest highway and permit a car to run over him, trusting in Allah and the Prophet that he would live to collect his compensation from the driver's insurance company. Another way was to have a daughter, to guard her well, and, as early as nature and the law allowed, to give her in marriage, a certifiable virgin, to whoever bid the highest for her hand.

When I knew her, Khadija bint Omar was a gaunt, irritable adolescent with big yellow teeth and dirty hair. For the moment, she was also the most negotiable piece of property that Omar and Dawia had.

•

FRIDAY, JUNE 16TH: The sun was setting over the Jebel Zerhoun, and fifty thousand pilgrims to the mountain were pulling up their tent stakes and rolling their carpets, when Omar ben Allel announced to Allah, the Prophet, and all the saints of the land whose names he could remember that his daughter Khadija had disappeared. Omar was squatting in his own small tent, wrapped in a gray jellaba and desolately cracking a cone of sugar into a pot of mint tea. The tent was pitched just off a footpath on the south face of the mountain, between the tombs of Sidi Ali ben Hamdush and Sidi Ahmed Dghughi, the two saints whose *musem*—yearly festival—the pilgrims had been celebrating, and from it Omar could hear Sidi Ahmed's followers singing and chattering as they led their burros down the path on the first leg of their journeys home. The pilgrims had travelled to the *musem* from the four corners of Morocco. Some of them had walked their burros, loaded with blankets and babies, and slung with pots and pans and clattering couscous platters, from as far to the south as Marrakech, Goulimine, and Essaouira, and one tiny tribe of Bedouins, anxious to cushion fate with a little of the saints' blessedness, had even come up out of the Sahara in a camel caravan. Omar himself was only twenty-five kilometres from his house in Sidi Yussef, but now that everybody else was leaving he was eager to find his daughter before dark and head for home. There were always devils, demons, and assorted invisibles lurking about at night near holy places, and Omar was reluctant to go to sleep on a lonely mountain path with no other pilgrims around.

Dawia was sitting at the back of the tent, modestly enveloped in a ragged Cannon beach towel that had found its way to the *souks*—the markets—of Meknes in a batch of seconds from America. She had been wearing her towel for the last three days. Her *hayk*, the long, shroudlike cloth with which she generally protected herself, on trips, against the inspection of strangers, had been put in service as the right half of the family's makeshift tent, and she had told her husband earlier that she was looking forward to a change of clothes. Dawia was a plump and handsome woman of thirty-one, with red, leathery cheeks, long black braids, and a crisscrossing of blue tattoos between her eyebrows, but all that was visible of her at the moment was a hennaed hand, a nipple, and one teary eye that had been rimmed with kohl. She was nursing her latest baby, Jmaa, and looking after four of her other children—Abderrahman, Ali, Sidi Mohammed, and Saida. Sidi Mohammed, who was six, was nibbling on a date he had swiped from a little girl in a tent down the footpath. His sister Saida, who was four, was pouring holy water from a jug into a couple of empty Coca-Cola bottles. And Ali and Abderrahman, who were nine and ten and wanted to be acrobats, were standing on their heads. Omar's whole family was accounted for except Khadija, of course, and her older sister, Fatna, who was a married woman of nearly eighteen. Fatna was very modern, and she had no use for saints and pilgrimages.

Omar had just returned from a grotto near Sidi Ali's mausoleum where Aisha Qandisha, the most terrible lady devil in Morocco, lived. A few of the pilgrims were still in the grotto, paying their parting respects to Aisha with offerings of henna, black chickens, and scribbled verses from the Koran, and Omar had sat among them for an hour, hoping for a sign as to Khadija's whereabouts. He was on solid, intimate terms with Aisha Qandisha. She came to him in dreams, giving orders to follow and little bits of advice. Some of the neighbors, in fact, claimed that he was Aisha's lover, and they always laughed and said, "Aisha is jealous," when they heard that Omar had taken up the thick oak stick he kept in his house and beaten his children or his wife. Everyone knew by now that Aisha did not love Omar's missing daughter. She had struck Dawia with a madness on the day Khadija was born, and she had made the girl herself sullen and mysterious. Omar had searched for Khadija, who had been gone since morning, in four saints' tombs and a fair number of mountain villages, but he did not admit to Allah that his child was missing until he had visited Aisha's grotto and come back alone.

Dawia tucked her breast back into the folds of her towel, put Jmaa down, and stared sadly at her husband. He was a spindly, odd-looking man, tall for an Arab, with round, melancholy brown eyes, rotting teeth, and a bald scalp that was dappled here and there with iodine. Last year, at forty-one, conceding defeat to some ringworms that Aisha sent him in a fit of jealousy, he had shaved his head.

Omar poured the mint tea, which had been steeping on a clay brazier, into two glasses on a small brass tray. Then he lifted one of the glasses, murmuring "*Bismillah*"—"In the name of Allah"—and pointing toward the path. The sun had set, and the pilgrims had started to light their way with torches and candles.

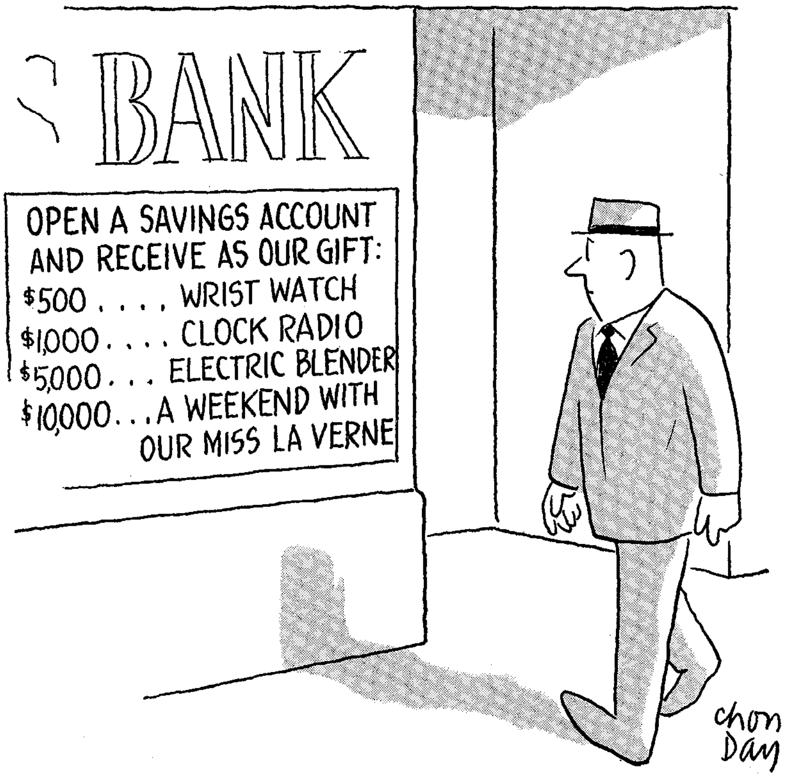
Dawia moaned for her daughter. "She has been struck by the devil—by *her*," she said. "It is certain."

"Perhaps she laughed at her father," Omar said, nodding.

"Perhaps she laughed at her mother, too," Dawia said.

Omar peered out at the slow procession of departing pilgrims. "We will wait until tomorrow morning," he said bravely. "Allah willing, I will have a dream tonight."

SATURDAY, JUNE 17TH: Omar had four half brothers. Two of them were shepherds and still lived in the country. The others, Mokhtar and Mustafa, were merchants of sorts, who travelled from *souk* to *souk* across the Sais with trunks of stolen clothes and contraband fabrics from Gibraltar, and they lived near Omar in Sidi Yussef, with their father, their mother, their wives, their younger sister, and their assorted children, in a small mud hut that was sided and roofed with hammered-out tin cans. Their mother, Zahur, had once been the second, subsidiary wife in their father's family, but she had been able to finish off her predecessor, Omar's mother, with various charms and magic potions, and now she devoted herself entirely to preserving her husband's fortune—an armoire, three carpets, a round brass tea tray, a silver-plated teapot, and some old French francs sewn into a straw mattress—for her own sons. For the past several years,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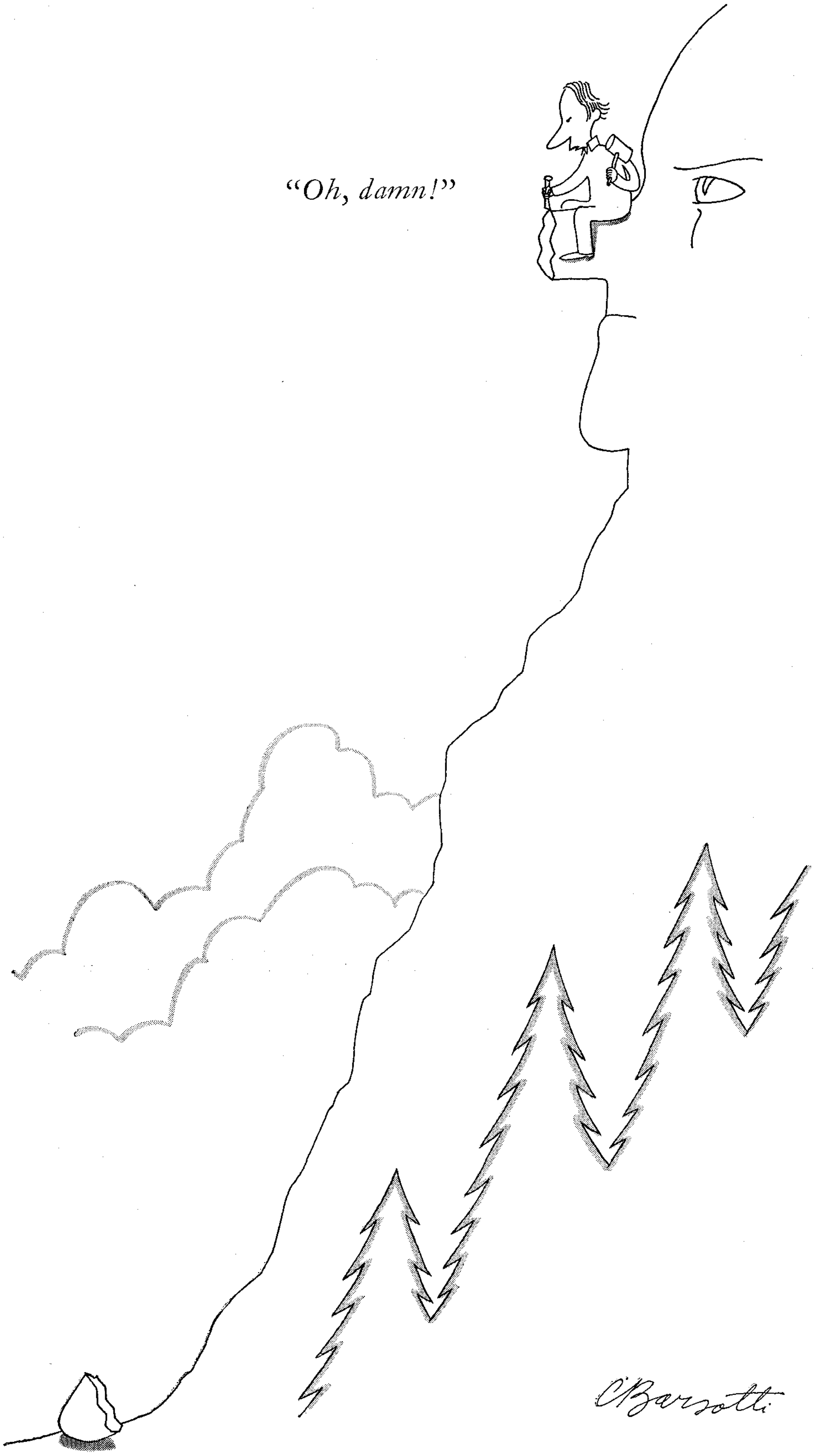


"Oh, damn!"

she had managed to keep her husband safely in the house, where he occupied himself by praying all day long in order to accumulate the good points he would eventually need to get to Heaven.

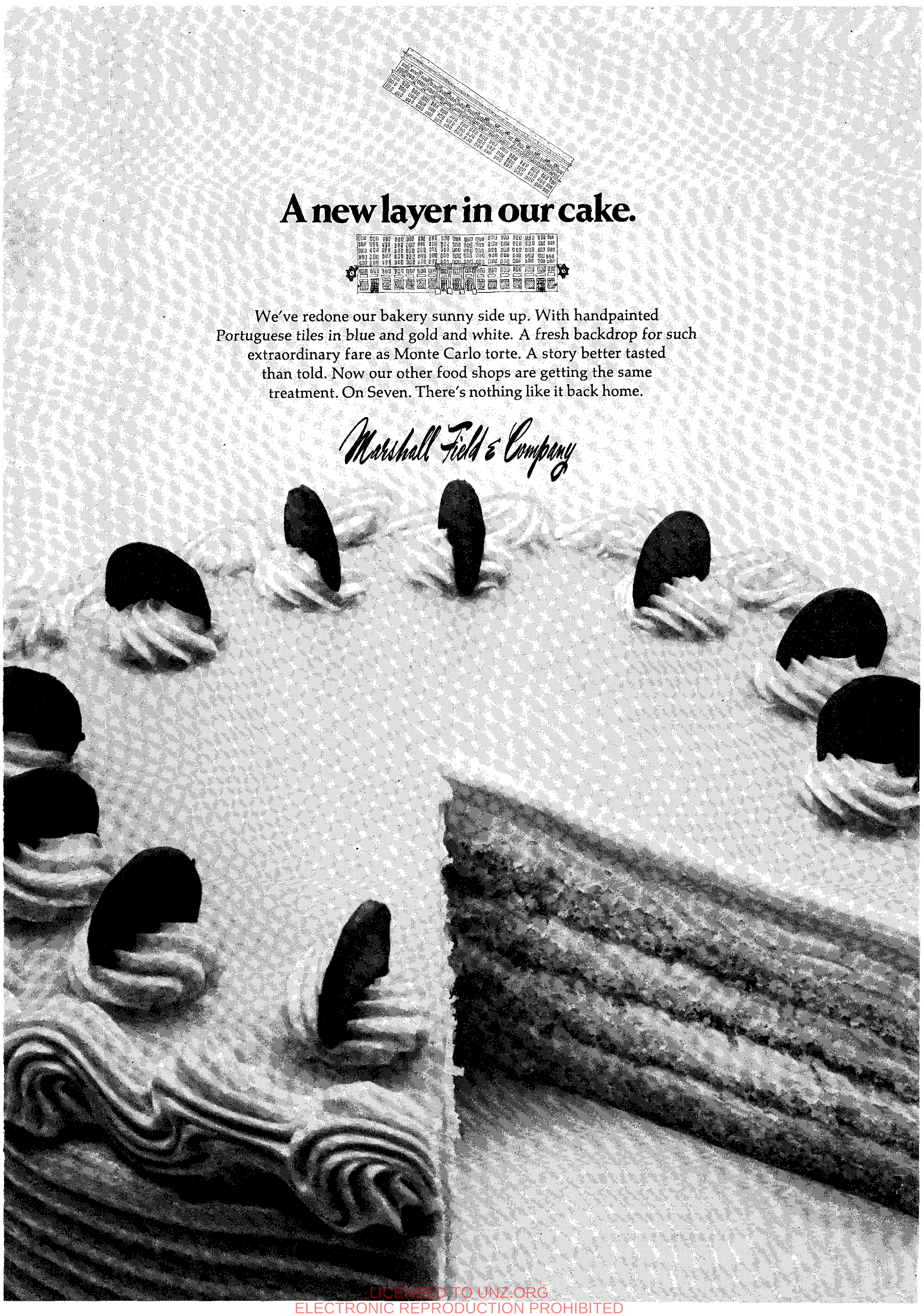
Omar could hear his father praying this morning, when he knocked and waited politely at the door to his brothers' hut. He had just come home from the Jebel Zerhoun. He was wearing his best clothes—a gray post-office uniform, which he had owned since 1946, when he was arrested for taking a bite out of a neighbor during a dispute over a stray sheep and was sentenced by a French *contrôleur* to four months as a janitor in the local Bureau de Poste—and he was clean from a bath in Sidi Ali's sacred spring. Mokhtar and Mustafa rarely bathed. Omar never saw them at the *hammam*, which was the public steam bath, and he often said to Dawia that the way to intimidate his brothers was with the smell of soap.

Omar called out his name when his brothers, inside, began to squabble loudly over who was at their door. They had promised their sister, Zahara, to an old man from the *medina* who was offering five thousand dirhams for a virgin under sixteen, and, according to the old man's instructions, no stranger was to enter their hut until the proper consummation of the marriage.

Finally, Mokhtar opened the door. He was a stubby little man with bushy black hair and a sweeping mustache, and he appeared invariably in a torn undershirt and a pair of baggy green trousers.

Mustafa came to the door behind him. He looked a great deal like his brother, but his hair was plastered down with water, his mustache was oiled and glistening, and he was wearing a trim gray suit and a tattersall vest. The clothes had turned up recently, much to his delight, in a package of smuggled acetate, and Mustafa had appropriated them. He had a weakness for dancing girls, and, despite his aversion to the *hammam*, he always tried his best to be sporty and irresistible.

There was no light in the hut, because the old man, whose name was Bushta, had ordered the tiny courtyard boarded over to prevent competitors from climbing onto the roof and staring down at his fiancée. Omar had been there for several minutes before he saw that Bushta himself was sitting next to him. Bushta, who was guarding Zahara for the morning, was peering suspiciously at Omar out of a pair of red-rimmed, astigmatic eyes. Last week, one of the neighbors had told him that Khadija was carrying messages from her Aunt Zahara to a handsome young melon merchant in the quarter, and Bushta suspected that the girl had not been duly punished for her treachery. Zahara herself had promptly been confined to a small, damp room across the courtyard, which the family used for sleeping and for storing grain. She was there now, hiding in a corner from her future husband, whom she had never actually met but whom she seemed to regard, according to her brothers, with an appropriately maidenly combination of terror and loathing. Her father, Allel, was praying in the room with her, and the various wives of the family, who were not permitted in the courtyard when the men had visitors,



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were huddled there around a brazier, making tea.

"Khadija has been struck," Omar told his brothers after he had drunk a guest's obligatory three glasses of mint tea.

Bushta looked up, pleased. He was a dark old man with greasy white whiskers and the smell of rancid olive oil on his jellaba.

"And now she has disappeared," Omar went on. "She left the tent to take a walk, on Friday morning . . ."

"Let us hope that all the virgins of the family are not in the habit of taking walks," Bushta said. Zahara had spent two days at the *musem* with her brothers, and Bushta had not forgiven them.

"I am happy to say that our sister was always in the tent, under the eyes of her mother," Mustafa said quickly.

"She does not think of such things as taking walks," Mokhtar added, glaring at Omar.

"I am surprised that Khadija's father permitted her to take a walk," Bushta muttered.

"It was the devil who made her walk, not her father," Omar said, shaking his head sadly. Then he turned to his brothers. "I dreamed that *you* had seen her."

"The girl will come back," Mokhtar told him. "The daughter of our neighbor Ahmed was lost for a whole year. They found her begging at the Oujda *souk*."

"And then she died," Mustafa said cheerfully.

"That is what comes of taking walks," Bushta remarked.

Omar stood up to go. He embraced Mokhtar, who was chewing his thumb, and Mustafa, who was fiddling with the dial on a purple plastic transistor radio. Agadir was beating Kenitra at football.

"There is nothing in the world like football," Mustafa said.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18TH: This morning, after Omar had his bread and coffee, he left his house and walked up the alley to ask the advice of his neighbor Musa u Adja. Musa was a Berber from the mountains near Marrakech. As a boy, he had learned to read and write from a French soldier who was stationed in his village, and now he spoke not only Arabic, French, and three Berber languages but a little Spanish, English, and "American" as well. All the neighbors respected him. He had the only library in Sidi Yussef—it consisted of a collection of every prisoner-of-war story that had appeared in *Paris Match* between 1960 and 1967, a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in colloquial French, and a finely illustrated manual of Arabian eroticism—and the most distinguished job. Musa earned five hundred dirhams a month as an interpreter for a young American who had come to Meknes to write a book about the Roman ruins near the Jebel Zerhoun. In keeping with his position, he had given away his jellaba, bought a pair of plaid trousers and a black turtleneck sweater, and announced that he was twenty-seven years old. Musa was forty, according to an old birth certificate, but twenty-seven was his favorite age.

Musa was in his courtyard with his wife, Habiba, when Omar knocked. Habiba was a dimpled, cross-eyed girl of nineteen, with beautiful blue tattoos and a passion for beads and bracelets and the red, orange, and yellow dresses of her mountain tribe, and Musa was entirely satisfied with her. He had chosen her carefully. Her heels, according to his manual, were precisely the sort of heels that signified hot blood and great fertility in women. She had already given Musa two daughters, and at the moment she was pregnant again. This time, Musa was keeping her well draped with charms and amulets and scribbled verses from the Koran, which he hung on strings around her neck, tucked into the pockets of her bloomers, and pinned to the front of all her caftans. He wanted a son.

While Omar was settling down on a mat in Musa's courtyard, he remarked that the King had not come to the *musem*, as the blind seer who lived across the alley had predicted, and had therefore avoided spending a night in town in Moulay Ismail's drafty palace, where a company of the Royal Army had been observed putting the plumbing in order and mending chips in the mosaic tiles. Omar loved his King, he said, but he knew that whenever His Majesty Hassan II planned a visit to a city, his ministers would precede him, quickly constructing walls around the factories and the *bidonvilles*. There were already two such walls in Rabat, where the King usually lived. One of them went up in a single day, and it had brought much confusion to the workers who came home that night to find a long, high wall in the very place their neighborhood had been that morning. Omar and Musa were modest men. They knew that Sidi Yussef could be said to constitute a menace to the royal eyesight, and they had talked, before the *musem*, of Omar's returning to a "wall of shame."

"Perhaps he will not come to the *musem* at Moulay Idriss, either," Musa said, smiling. He was a skinny fellow with bright, black eyes and a pointed nose, and in his new black sweater he looked a little like a grounded crow.

"Or the festival of Moulay Ismail," Omar added.

"Still, a visit from the King would be a great honor," Musa said.

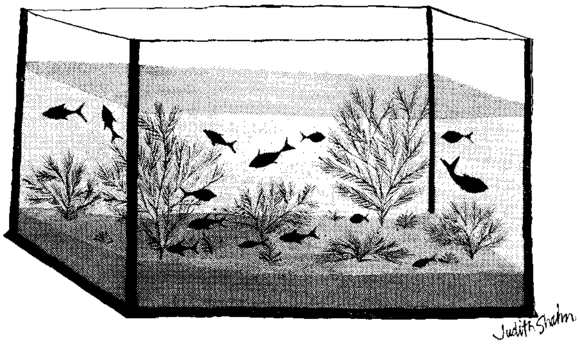
Omar looked at him. "I have come to the conclusion that Khadija was not struck by Aisha Qandisha," he said.

Musa leaned forward on his mat.

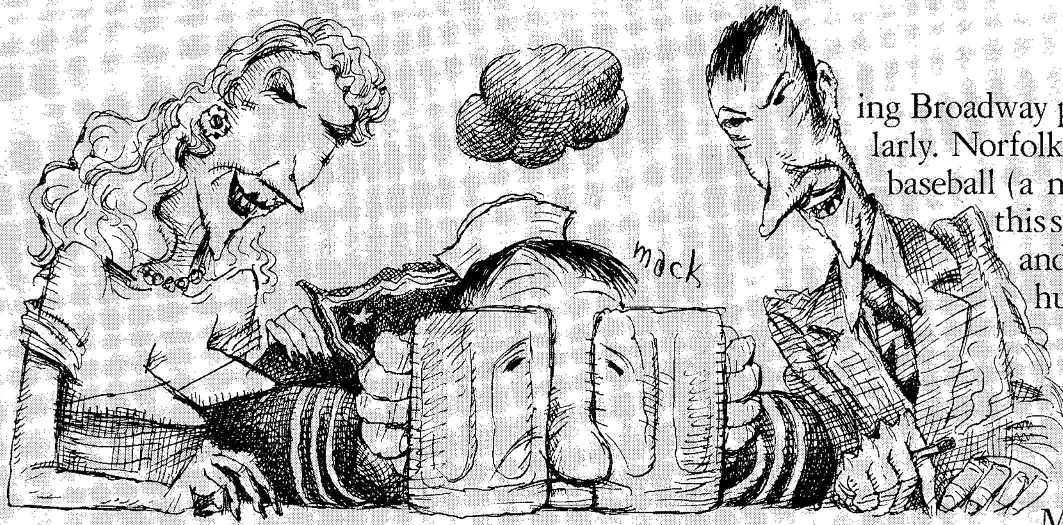
"She was stolen by Abdeslam ben Ali," Omar whispered. "I have had a dream about it all, and now I know."

Musa clucked sympathetically. He knew Abdeslam ben Ali well. Abdeslam was Bushta's tribal cousin, and he worked for the old man, driving a Volvo dump truck that Bushta had got hold of for a few hundred dirhams when a nervous French trucker fled the country in 1956, on Morocco's independence day. The Volvo was battered and rusty. It had been collapsing regularly for the past ten years, but Abdeslam still managed to see it through a weekly run from Meknes to Casablanca, transporting wares from merchants in the two cities to various *souks* along the route, and he was making his rich old cousin even richer than before. Sometimes he carried Mustafa, Mokhtar, and their fabrics in the truck with him. The men were friends, and, in fact, it was Abdeslam who—out of his friendship for the brothers, and for a small consideration—had steered his cousin to Mustafa and Mokhtar when the old man first spoke of his desire to find a fresh young wife. Abdeslam himself had two wives, one in Casablanca and one in Meknes, as well as a woman along his route in the town of Khemisset.

"Ah, Abdeslam," Musa said, finally. "You know what they



A couple of drinks made Norfolk easier to take.



BUT YOU COULDN'T buy a drink in Norfolk during the war. The bars served beer. Period.

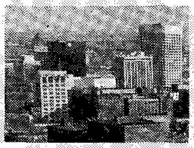
So bored sailors cried in their beers, and we cried along with them. Because our town had become dull, dirty, and corrupt.

And that's how most people remember us. But we've changed.

Norfolk builds a city.

After the war, we dried our eyes and started changing things.

We tore down 1,000 acres of slums and a dilapidated waterfront. Then we put up 5,300 public housing units, hotels and motels, and six skyscrapers in a financial district that's becoming the Wall Street of the Mid-Atlantic region.



We're growing bigger and taller.

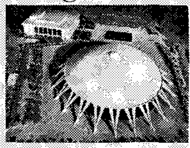
We've also added an ultramodern public library, several shopping centers, a fine museum, and a lot of good restaurants.

Last year, the city had over 250 major cultural events. We have three professional theaters, our own symphony orchestra and ballet, and touring Broadway productions are sold out regularly. Norfolk has professional football and baseball (a new baseball park just opened this spring), fifteen miles of beaches, and some of the best fishing and hunting on the East Coast.

Not long ago, the Federal Government gave us a big vote of confidence by choosing Norfolk as one of the first participants in the Model Cities Program.

The future looks great.

Soon, we'll open a $30,000,000 convention and cultural center designed by Pier Luigi Nervi. Named "Scope," it'll seat up to 12,000 people for conventions, concerts, basketball, ice hockey, boxing, or a three-ring circus. The adjoining theater will seat 2,500 for Ray Charles, Yehudi Menuhin, or the Bolshoi Ballet.



"Scope" to open in 1971.

Our airport's being completely made over; and surrounded by 125 acres of botanical gardens. The experts tell us it'll be the most beautiful and passenger-oriented facility anywhere.

We have a citizens' group working on a zoo expansion project, and the city has plans for a cultural enrichment center complete with planetarium, marine science laboratories, and a theater for the performing arts.

And to top things off, today you can get any drink you want in Norfolk. Only you won't be buying it to relieve boredom. There isn't any.

NORFOLK: the great comeback.

say about *him*? They say that when Abdeslam has a woman before his eyes, he cannot rest until he has taken her."

"It is that way with the blacks," Omar replied philosophically.

Musa nodded. He had great sympathy for Uncle Tom—Musa had read his book, weeping profusely, seven times since his American friend presented it to him—but the sympathy did not extend to black Moroccans. Black Moroccan tribes from the Sahara surrounded his mountain village every summer, taking the finest pastures for their starving sheep. Musa had been warned against them, just as his father had been warned, and his father's father, and all his ancestors. He had often observed that both Abdeslam and his cousin Bushta were the color of a sheep's liver, and he and Omar had had many long discussions of whether men the color of a sheep's liver were to be considered black or white. They had agreed that Bushta was black, but until this morning Omar had always maintained that his good friend Abdeslam was very white.

"She was with Abdeslam the day before she disappeared," Omar said.

"Ah," Musa replied, frowning.

"She was with him in the afternoon, and even at night, after the sun set," Omar continued. "I knew nothing. I was at Sidi Ahmed. I had heard the music of my tribe, and it drew me. I danced. I could not stop dancing—it had been a long time since I had heard my proper *rih*."

"And then?" Musa interrupted. He knew that Omar liked nothing better than talking about his *rih*, which was the rhythm that drew him. Omar was convinced that only the old drummers and flutists of his scattered tribe could play his *rih* correctly, and often, at night, he would keep his neighbors up for hours, praising them.

"Then, when I had finished dancing, I returned to my tent," Omar said. "Do you know what I found?"

"What did you find?" Musa asked him. "What did you find?"

"I found Khadija, naturally," Omar said.

"Ah," Musa said.

"She had just come back," Omar went on. "Her mother had called her uncles, in the next tent, and she had confessed to her Uncle Mustafa that she had driven alone with Abdeslam all the way to the El Hajeb *souk*."

"Driving to El Hajeb takes a lot of gasoline," Musa remarked.

"Her Uncle Mustafa tied her up and beat her with my stick," Omar said.

"What a fine uncle," Musa said. "He thinks of the honor of his brother's family."

"No, no, no." Omar shook his head. "Mustafa thinks of the money he is getting for Zahara. He knows that if there is a scandal in the family Bushta will take the part of his driver, and there will be no marriage."

"And abandon Zahara?" Musa broke in. "It is not possible." Word of Zahara's bride price had already reached him, and some of the neighbors were saying that Bushta, in his passion, had thrown in two sheep and a European mattress. Musa himself had got Habiba in the country for a hundred dirhams.

"Why not?" Omar said. "The driver is a cousin from his father's tribe."

"Still . . ." Musa said.

"And Abdeslam works for almost nothing," Omar added. "He does not even ask for a boy to do the loading."

"That is true," Musa said. "Most drivers ask for a boy."

"Bushta can always find a virgin," Omar said. "But where will he find another driver who works like that?"

"I will think on the problem," Musa promised.

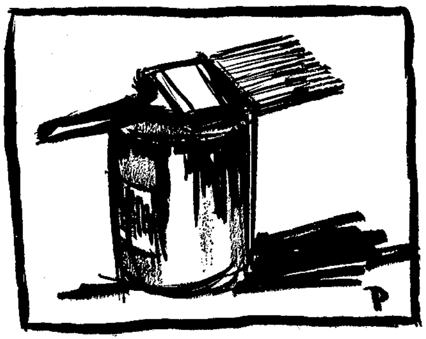
"It is certain that Abdeslam came back to the mountain on Friday morning and stole my daughter—with the help of Aisha Qandisha," Omar said, walking to the door.

"You must ask him," Musa said.

Omar looked startled. "But that would be *hshuma*," he said. *Hshuma* was the word for "shame."

"You are right, that *would* be *hshuma*," Musa said quickly. He opened the door, and as soon as Omar left, he hurried down the alley to tell their neighbor the Widow Rabha the news.

MONDAY, JUNE 19TH: This morning, Omar told Dawia that he was of many minds on the subject of their daughter. Now that she had been stolen, he said, he could not help thinking that perhaps she should stay stolen forever and spare him a reconciliation that would bring great *hshuma* to everyone. Still, yesterday the blind seer claimed to have "seen" Khadija in a white hut near a lemon tree somewhere to the south of the city, and *he* was insisting that it was Allah's will that Omar go looking for her there. (Like most of the men in Sidi Yussef, Omar often said that the seer, the *shuwwaf*, had no power—"If he is blind, tell me, how can he see?" Omar would ask whenever Dawia slipped a dirham from the mint money into her pocket and paid the seer a visit—but already, since Khadija's disappearance, he had sent Dawia down the road for a consultation five times.) And Musa, for his part, wanted to overlook the will of Allah for the moment and report the black abductor Abdeslam ben Ali to the police.



Finally, Omar came to the conclusion that he could not abandon Khadija entirely. Dawia had been refusing food as a mark of grief, and Sidi Mohammed had been bawling all morning for his sister, who had always been next to him at night on the family's sleeping carpet. Omar told Dawia that he was going to stop at the Commissariat of Police—after all, he was a man who could deal with policemen—and that then he would borrow Mokhtar's and Mustafa's mule and head south. Leaving her with another dirham for the *shuwwaf*, who had promised them a fresh vision by lunchtime, he put the family *hala madaniyya* in an old leather pouch—a *hala madaniyya* was an official family-status declaration, and nobody could do business with the government without one—and started walking toward the center of the *ville ancienne*.

The Commissariat in the *medina* was a gloomy concrete compound with a dusty courtyard, and its only distinction lay in the fact that it stood beside the Bab Mansour, Moulay Ismail's most imposing city gate. When Omar walked in, a group of black-booted policemen were standing around the courtyard, playing with their pistols and arguing loudly. For a while, none of them noticed the tall, bald man in the French post-office uniform who waited by the door, at a respectful distance, and smoked his way through a pocketful of cigarette butts. They were discussing the merits of James Bond's laser gun, which they had all seen yesterday at the movies for the first time.

Finally, Omar approached them, with his last butt burning between the fingers of his left hand. "My daughter has been stolen," he said.

The policemen shrugged. One of them asked for Omar's *hala madaniyya*,

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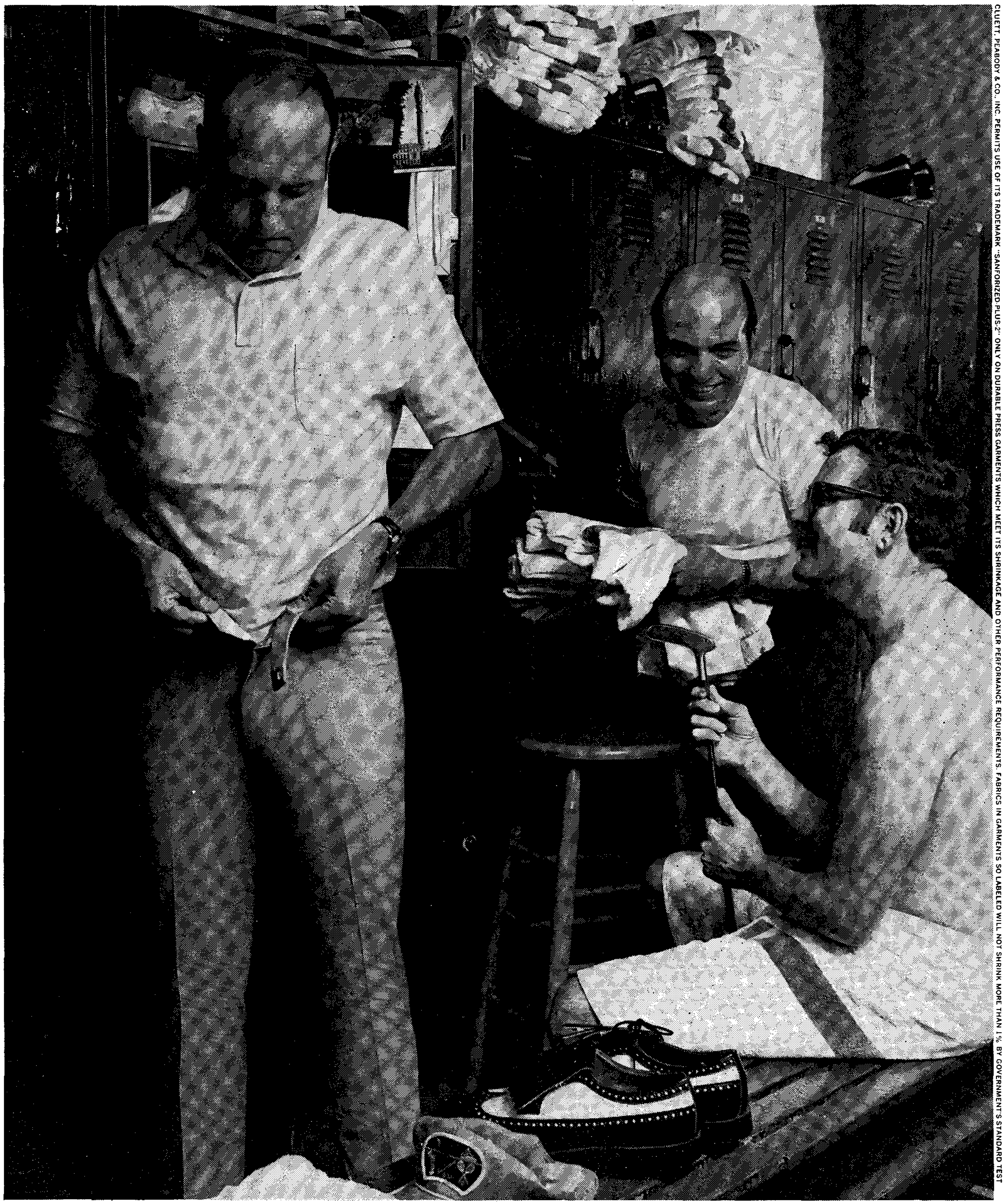

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flipped through the torn gray folder, and tossed it back to Omar, frowning. He had seen that Omar lived in Sidi Yussef, and could tell that he was not likely to have relatives in the government. "Why do you bother us with these things?" he said. "We have important work to do here."

"She has been gone since Friday," Omar said.

"Come back tomorrow or next week," the policeman said, turning away. "We are very busy."

Omar waited until another policeman spoke to him.

"How can I help you?" the second policeman asked politely, folding his hands across his belly. His belly was enormous.

Omar smiled. He knew that policemen who wanted to stay as fat and as healthy as the one in front of him usually took bribes—bakshish—to pay their debts at the sugar *souk*, and were bound to be more agreeable than the strict, thin ones. "She was stolen by a truck driver during the *musem* of Sidi Ahmed Dghughi," he told the fat policeman.

The policeman looked at Omar's *hala madaniyya*. "That is to say, she was stolen on the mountain," the policeman said.

"Exactly," Omar replied.

"Then, my friend, you must know that the mountain is not in the jurisdiction of the Commissariat," the policeman said. "Only the city belongs to the Commissariat. Crimes committed in the country belong to the Gendarmerie Royale."

"My daughter *lives* in the city," Omar said.

"But she was stolen in the country, was she not?" the policeman asked.

Omar nodded.

"So it is up to the Gendarmerie to find her," the policeman said.

"The driver also lives in the city," Omar cut in.

The policeman shook his head. Omar, he said, would have to travel, at great expense, to the Gendarmerie Royale in the town of Moulay Idriss, on the Jebel Zerhoun.

Omar tapped his leather pouch and listened to the dirhams jingling inside it. Then he looked up bashfully and grinned. The policeman grinned at Omar. In a minute, Omar and the policeman were shaking hands in a little office off the courtyard.

"All told, it will be a great saving," the policeman whispered, nodding in the direction of a big black telephone on a desk in the middle of the room. Then he called to a guard who was standing at attention in a corner, and told him to phone the Gendarmerie at Moulay Idriss right away.

The guard marched up to the telephone and began to dial with slow, elaborate flourishes. He stopped suddenly. "You are not permitted to call the Gendarmerie!" he shouted, slamming down the receiver.

"And why is that?" the policeman asked him.

"The telephone is only for official business"—the guard reached into the top drawer of the desk, pulled out a sheet of paper, and waved it around—"and, as you can see, the Gendarmerie is not on the official-business list."

"But my daughter has been stolen on the Jebel Zerhoun," Omar began again.

"Surely that is not *my* affair," the guard broke in.

"You will telephone the Gendarmerie," the policeman ordered.

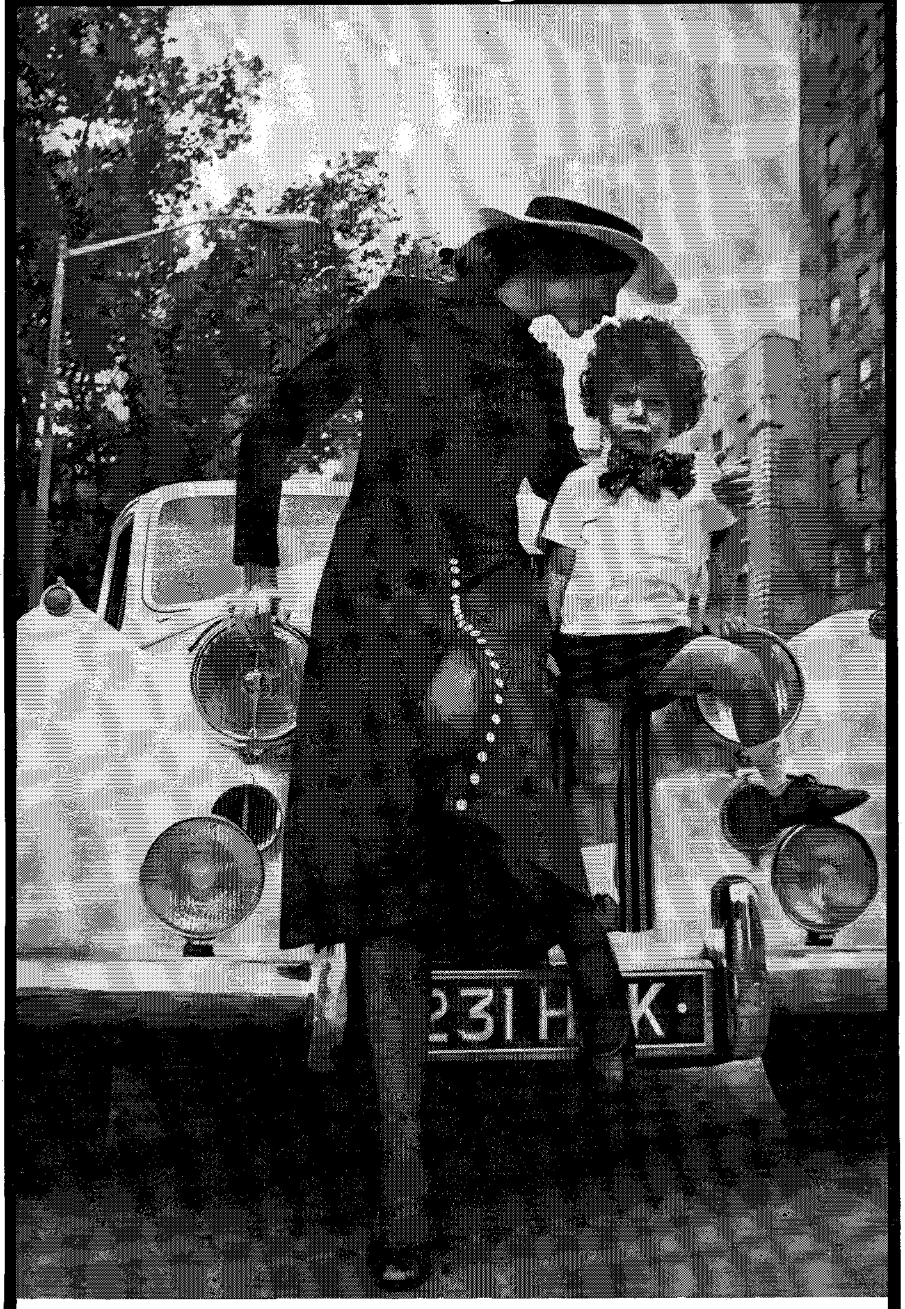
"There can be no question of telephoning the Gendarmerie," the guard said. "It is not listed on the budget."

The fat policeman started jumping up and down. Omar walked softly out of the room, so that his new friend would not lose face in front of him. He waited by the door, but after ten minutes the policeman and the guard were still screaming at each other, so he left the Commissariat and walked home.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20TH: Omar rode out of the city on his brothers' mule this morning, stopping to ask about Khadija at villages with whitewashed huts and lemon trees. He travelled for several hours, and then, riding home alone toward late afternoon, he overtook Musa on the Sidi Yussef road. Musa was walking down the road with a tin of Bulgarian apricot jam tucked under his arm. Habiba, he explained, had developed a strange and often implacable craving for this rare preserve, which she had tasted once at the American's house. Only this morning, she had refused to make his bread or sift the couscous until he promised her a new tin. He had just spent two hours in the *medina* bargaining down the price with a sugar-and-jam merchant, and a third hour at the home of a certain *fqih*—a scholar of the Koran who could work powerful magic with the Koranic texts and who was famous throughout Meknes as a specialist in pregnant women. The *fqih* had instructed Musa to burn two spices and a short verse from the Koran in a new brazier. Musa's marriage would then be safe from further extravagant expenses, and his wife would be relatively

Doesn't look like Peck & Peck, right?

Wrong.



Can you think of a more marvelous time to stop putting off the midi and start putting it on? The dress is here—a streak of mobile black wool knit, 'pearl' buttoned to a fare-thee-well. Just fail to fasten a bunch of them and you'll not only keep in swingin' step, you'll keep the men in your life happy. 8 to 14 sizes, 75.00*

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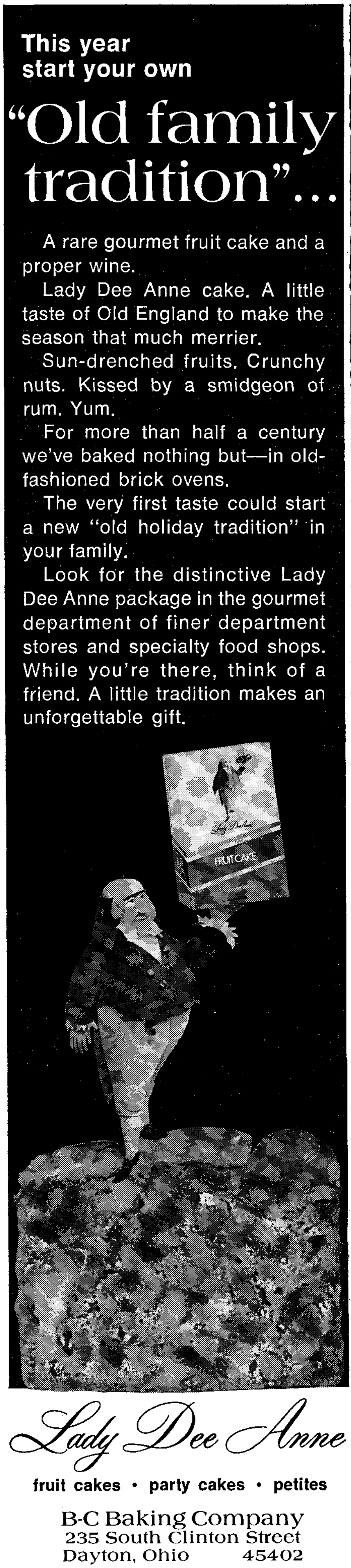

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docile and obedient until their son was born.

Omar knew the *fqih*. Once, in a similar emergency, he had used the man himself. Musa, jogging along beside the mule, was encouraged to hear that Dawia had not demanded anything out of the ordinary since 1962.

"I have not found the girl," Omar said after the men had travelled for a while in silence. "I have been looking all day."

Musa shook his head sadly.

"I have been in every village from here to Boufekrane looking for the girl," Omar went on. He did not like to use his daughter's name, now that she had been stolen and had disgraced him.

"It has been only five days," Musa said. "Allah willing, she will still be a virgin when we find her."

"For thirteen years I have bought her food," Omar began, ignoring him. "I have bought her clothes. I have even sent her to school. And now they say I am to pay five dirhams for a taxi to Moulay Idriss." Omar sighed. "Five dirhams—it is not worth it."

Musa remarked that every tin of apricot jam cost *him* four and a half dirhams. "Allah gives problems to us all," he said.

"And now who will ask for her in marriage?" Omar continued. "No one will give me a single dirham for her. I will have to lock her in the house when we find her. I will have to hire a guard to watch her. I will be feeding her until I die." Omar shrugged helplessly. "Five dirhams to go to Moulay Idriss, and that is just the beginning. No, it is not worth it. I will forget her."

The men had come to Omar's house, and Omar slid off his brothers' mule and opened the door. He saw Dawia, lying on a mat in the middle of the courtyard, surrounded by seven old women from the neighborhood. Six of the women were sobbing loudly. The seventh woman, who was the oldest and ugliest of them all, was telling them a story about a ravished innocent.

Omar shut the door immediately. "I am going to Moulay Idriss after all," he said.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21ST: Tonight, when the muezzin climbed to the roof of the little mosque in Sidi Yussef to chant the last call to prayer until tomorrow morning, Omar was hiding behind a pile of garbage just across a muddy alley from the wattle-and-daub hut that belonged to Abdeslam's Meknes wife. Although it was *hshuma* to do so, Omar had made up his mind to ask the driver for his daughter, and, from his post behind the garbage, he was listening for the sound of the dump truck, returning to Sidi Yussef from its tour of the country *souks*.

Omar had had a busy, wearying day. He and Musa had ridden up to Moulay Idriss in a taxi; he had prayed at the tombs of three saints in the *medina*; he had been to the mosque in Sidi Yussef; and he had scoured the quarter for witnesses against his treacherous friend. He had found one witness, at a little coffeehouse where the *anciens combattants* from the neighborhood met in the afternoon to play cards. This witness had never met Khadija—in fact, he had never even met Abdeslam ben Ali—but he said to Omar, to whom he owed ten dirhams, "I have confidence in you, my friend, and whatever I hear from your lips I am going to say before the gendarmes." Omar had less luck finding other witnesses. Mustafa and Mokhtar refused him; they had just received their new mattress from Bushta, and Abdeslam himself had been coming to their house all week with kilo sugar cones. Zahara had also refused, after her brothers announced that they would hang her from the ceiling by her eyelids if she did anything to cool the ardor and close the purse of her fiancé. And two truck drivers who claimed to have seen Khadija and Abdeslam together last Thursday in El Hajeb refused, on the ground that Abdeslam might then be inclined to testify against *them* if they should ever have the good fortune to make off with a young girl.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock, and Omar had been hiding behind the garbage since eight, when he left the truck drivers. He had a cramp in his foot. He was shivering in his thin jellaba. (They were saying in Sidi Yussef that the nights were cool this summer because of all the "sputniks" the Americans had been hanging in the sky on their way to the moon.) And he was worried about invisibles, who were known to frequent garbage pails. He wanted to go home, but he had promised Dawia that he would see the driver. The *shuwwaf* had advised a meeting with Abdeslam tonight.

Omar was looking up at the sky, trying to tell the satellites from the stars, when he heard the roar of a broken exhaust pipe. In a moment, Abdeslam's truck came rattling down the alley, scraping against the huts and raising huge clouds of dust and smoke.

It stopped just short of the garbage, and Abdeslam climbed out, singing to himself. Omar noticed that tonight he was even darker than a sheep's liver. His cheeks were hollow and his ears stuck out. Still, he was tall and straight, and he had a fine, thick mustache. All things considered, Abdeslam was a rather handsome man.

Omar took one step out from behind the garbage. Then he stopped, peered at the old wristwatch he was wearing, and stepped back into the dark with a sigh of relief. It was eleven-thirty—much too late for a gentleman to go visiting.

Thursday, June 22nd: In Sidi Yussef, where the Islam was very definitely not the Islam of Koranic scholars, it was generally agreed that there were four kinds of human beings in the universe—Muslims, Jews, pagans, and Europeans. Muslims were the true believers, and any Muslim with enough good points to his spiritual credit on Judgment Day would get to Heaven eventually. Jews and pagans would never get to Heaven, with the exception of Sidina Musa, or Moses, who had a close working arrangement with Allah. But Europeans had been blessed with a certain option as to whether they would get to Heaven or not. (In Arabic, the word for a European was *nesrani*—Christian—and no one in Sidi Yussef would consider the possibility that there were Christians who were not Europeans or Europeans who were not Christians.) A European who repented the error of his faith and proclaimed the *shahada*—"There is but one God and Mohammed is His Prophet"—before dying would always go directly to Heaven, whatever his spiritual standing. Dawia maintained that the Europeans were thus favored by Allah because Allah liked automobiles and was hoping that the Europeans would bring their cars to Heaven with them. Omar, however, said no, that Allah loved the Europeans because the Europeans always got to their appointments on time.

Omar had known many Frenchmen in the Army, but Musa's patron was the first American *nesrani* he had ever met. They had been friends for a year—ever since the night Dawia was lamed in her left foot by a blue, uncircumcised devil, whom she had offended by sifting semolina over a drain in the courtyard that the devil inhabited, and Omar was obliged to call in a group of Sidi Ahmed's followers to play her *rih* on their reed flutes. Dawia had danced to her *rih* and been

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cured quite early in the evening—she had a couscous to prepare for all the company and could not afford much time for getting better—but the same blue devil had also been giving Omar trouble that week, and later in the evening Omar himself had started dancing. He was leaping up and down, deep in trance, when Musa, who had been invited to the cure along with forty or fifty of the neighbors, dropped by with the American. The American had been very much impressed with the way Omar soothed the devil. He began driving out to Sidi Yussef, and by now he had spent many happy afternoons in Omar's courtyard listening to his new friend's stories.

At six-thirty this morning, Omar knocked at the American's door in the *ville nouvelle*, where there were still three movie theatres, six pharmacies, a tennis-racquet merchant, and a few thousand Europeans left over from the protectorate. Musa was with Omar, looking extremely tired. He had been up since four, when Omar had run down the alley to report on a new dream, in which he had been instructed by Sidi Ahmed himself to ask for help from the American. Omar had wanted to leave at once, but Musa had managed to keep him in Sidi Yussef, drinking coffee, until now.

The American opened the door, yawning. He was wearing a plaid bathrobe. "My God, Musa, it's six-thirty in the morning," he said.

"Praise be to Allah that it is not four in the morning," Musa said, shaking hands.

Omar also shook hands with the American. He inquired politely about the American's health, the health of his wife, the health of his paternal relatives in the city of Sneden's Landing, New York, the success of his work, and his opinion of the weather of the past few days. He called the American Monsieur Hugh, because he had never mastered the pronunciation of his friend's last name.

Monsieur Hugh, who was still yawning, showed his guests into his living room. He was a young man with blue eyes, like a Rifian Berber's, and brown hair that curled down over the collar of his robe. The fact that Monsieur Hugh's hair was longer than the hair of Monsieur Hugh's wife had always puzzled Omar, but Musa claimed that this was the custom in America.

When Monsieur Hugh, in turn, had asked about Omar's health, the health of Omar's wife, the health of each of Omar's children, and the health of his paternal relatives, the men sat down together on a couch with red cushions, and Omar began to talk about his missing daughter. He knew that Musa had already told his boss the story, but it would have been *hshuma* to acknowledge this.

"And so, yesterday, we went by taxi to the Gendarmerie Royale at Moulay Idriss," Musa said when Omar had come to his telephone problems at the Commissariat.

"And what did *they* say?" Monsieur Hugh asked.

"They said that the Commissariat belongs to the Minister of the Interior and that the Gendarmerie belongs to the General of the Maison Militaire Royale," Musa said. "And that the Commissariat policemen are not permitted to telephone the gendarmes, but that, thanks to the wisdom and generosity of their general, the gendarmes, in emergencies, are permitted to telephone the policemen."

"I meant about Khadija," Monsieur Hugh said.

"The gendarme at the door said that a woman of thirteen is old enough to take care of herself," Musa said.

"That's ridiculous," Monsieur Hugh interrupted. "Khadija's a child."

"No," Omar said sadly. "Her mother was married, and with a baby, at her age."

"And so the gendarme told us to go away," Musa continued. "But at that moment his chief walked in."

"He said to Musa, 'Ah, haven't I seen you in Meknes in the American's automobile?' " Omar said.

"And he invited us into his office," Musa added. "He said that his name was Abdelazziz ben Abdelqader but that we could call him Monsieur le Chef de Gendarmerie."

"It was a splendid office," Omar said. "It was very, very big. And there were many papers on the desk."

"He looked at his papers for a long time," Musa said. "And then he breathed very loudly"—Musa huffed and puffed—"to show us what a busy man he was."

"And *then* he spoke to the caid of Moulay Idriss on his telephone," Omar said.

"About Khadija?" Monsieur Hugh asked.

"Oh, no," Omar said. "He spoke to the caid about the caid's bicycle, which was stolen at the *musem* the same day that my daughter was stolen.

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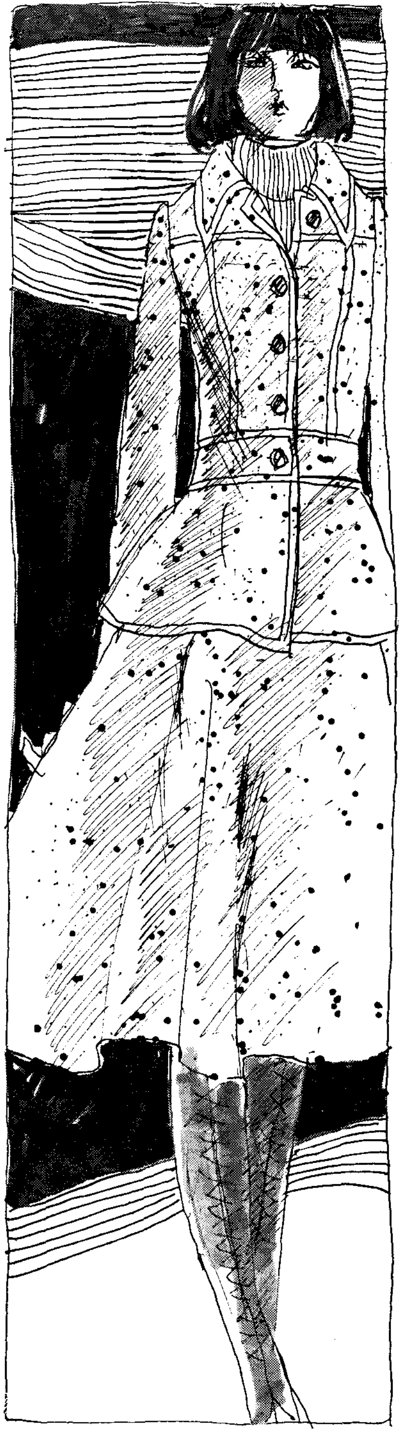

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He told the caid that all the gendarmes were very busy looking for it."

"And then he asked us many questions," Musa said proudly.

"He asked for a description of Khadija?" Monsieur Hugh said.

"No," said Omar.

"Did he ask for her picture?" Monsieur Hugh said.

"Oh, no." Omar shook his head.

"He asked us how much you had to pay for your blue Opel," Musa announced. "He said that your Opel is very beautiful, but that he, personally, prefers a Mercedes-Benz."

"He also asked us where you bought your automobile," Omar cut in.

"And then he asked for your address," Musa said. "He told us that he is coming to the *ville nouvelle* very soon to talk with you about automobiles. He says that he is an expert on all the automobiles of Europe but that he would like some information on the automobiles the Americans make."

"This is incredible," Monsieur Hugh said to his wife, who had just awakened and was walking through the living room, in her own plaid bathrobe, on her way to the kitchen. Madame Hugh, as she was called in Sidi Yussef, was a small, blond woman without much fat on her. Once, Omar had suggested that Monsieur Hugh lock her in the house for a month or two and feed her dates and sugar cones, as any Moroccan with a scrawny wife would do, but Musa had told him that not only was Madame Hugh extremely happy to be scrawny but Monsieur Hugh actually preferred her that way. Omar had not believed Musa. He had said that the woman was obviously putting aside the marketing money, in the event that Monsieur Hugh abandoned her for a second wife when she got old.

Madame Hugh came back with coffee for the men, and sat down on the couch, next to Omar. "And how is Dawia?" she asked when she had heard his story.

"She cries all day, and my house is full of women who drink my tea and eat my children's food," Omar complained. "And when she is not listening to the women, she is listening to the *shuwwaf*."

"And what does the *shuwwaf* suggest?" Madame Hugh asked.

"At first, he said that the girl was in a white hut, south of the city," Omar told her. "But later he said that she was *in* the city, locked in the house of a woman named Malika."

"I'm taking Omar to the Commissariat to swear out a complaint against

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the truck driver," Monsieur Hugh said.

"And then, before we left this morning, the *shuwwaf* said that Dawia was to burn three verses of the Koran," Omar continued. "He said that the odor of the Koran burning would surely draw the girl back to her own home."

"What if the door's locked—wherever she is?" Monsieur Hugh broke in.

"She will escape, even if the door is locked," Omar said. "Perhaps the door is made out of old wood or—"

"But perhaps the door is made out of iron," Musa said.

"Even if the door is *iron*, she will escape," Omar told him.

"Perhaps what the *shuwwaf* really meant to say was that through the power of the Koran the *police* would be able to break the door down," Madame Hugh suggested.

"That is very intelligent for a woman," Musa said, admiringly.

Omar thought for a minute, and then he said, "You are right. Monsieur Hugh will get the police, and the police will break the door down, and then exactly what the *shuwwaf* has said will come to pass."

Madame Hugh nodded. "We must attack the problem from all directions," she said. "Allah would not have made policemen unless He wanted us to use them, for emergencies."

"That is true," Musa said.

Madame Hugh sat back, looking pleased with herself. She went on talking about policemen while her husband was in their bedroom, getting dressed. Then, when the men climbed into the blue Opel, which was parked at the curb beyond her flowering-cactus patch, she called to Omar from the door to remember what she had said. Omar, however, was busy trying to explain to Monsieur Hugh that girls stolen in the country did not belong to the Commissariat.

Monsieur Hugh did not believe him and headed for the Commissariat office in the *ville nouvelle*.

"You'd better tell me everything," Monsieur Hugh said. "You're sure it was the driver?"

"I am sure," Omar said.

"That is to say, he is sure but not *precisely* sure," Musa told him. "The driver admits that he was with the girl on Thursday, in El Hajeb, but he has sworn by the saint of Omar's village that he has not seen her since then."

"He swore that?" Monsieur Hugh asked Omar. "To you?"

"Oh, no," Omar said. "He swore to my brother Mustafa when they were drinking tea together."

"Haven't you seen him?" Monsieur Hugh looked incredulous. "I thought he had a wife near you in Sidi Yussef."

"That is so," Omar said.

"Look," Monsieur Hugh said, pulling up in front of a big building across the street from an Esso station with an Arabic "Put a Tiger in Your Tank" sign. "What did Khadija say on Thursday after your brother beat her? Did she say she was—um—raped?"

"There were ten dirhams in her pocket," Musa said.

"But she would not tell her mother why Abdeslam had given them to her," Omar added. "And so her mother said, 'Well, then, you will have to be examined by someone who knows about such things.' "

"It is not wise to say that if you are in a tent and have no means of locking up the girl afterward," Musa remarked.

Monsieur Hugh sighed, rolled up his car windows, and urged Omar and Musa through the Commissariat door. Ten minutes later, they were back in the Opel. They had had an instructive conversation with the head of the Service de Mineurs about whether Khadija was a child, as Monsieur Hugh insisted, or a woman, as the policeman claimed. While they were debating the question, the policeman thought to look at the address in Omar's *hala madaniyya*. Then he sent them back to the *medina* Commissariat.

It was eight-thirty by the time the men arrived at the *medina*, but most of the Commissariat there was still closed. Eventually, they found a policeman in a back office called the Service de Résidence.

"How old is the girl?" the policeman asked after Monsieur Hugh told him that Khadija was missing.

"Thirteen," Omar said.

"Thirteen?" the policeman repeated. "So she is *old*. She can look out for herself."

"That is what everybody says," Musa volunteered.

Omar flipped through his *hala madaniyya* and pointed to a snapshot of Khadija that was glued to the back page.

The policeman looked it over. "She could be fourteen, even fifteen," he said.

"We want to make a complaint against the man who stole her," Omar told him. "We have a witness."

"Then you will have to go to Moulay Idriss," the policeman said.

Omar glanced at Monsieur Hugh and grinned.

"This man has *been* to Moulay Idriss," Monsieur Hugh said. "And, furthermore, he lives *here*, in Sidi Yussef. And the man who stole his daughter lives in Sidi Yussef. One would think—"

"Who is this man?" the policeman demanded, pointing at Monsieur Hugh. "He is a lawyer! Do not try to deny that he is a lawyer!"

"He is my friend," Omar said weakly.

The policeman grabbed the sleeve of Omar's jellaba and was tugging at it. "Why did you bring him, then?" the policeman asked him. "It is *hshuma!*" He waved toward the door. "Go away," he said. "Go to Moulay Idriss."

"Moulay Idriss is forty kilometres from here," Monsieur Hugh said. "He cannot afford to keep going to Moulay Idriss."

The policeman shrugged. "Then there is nothing to be done," he said.

"Don't you understand?" Monsieur Hugh shouted. "This man's child is missing!"

The policeman shrugged again. "She is old enough to take care of herself," he said.

"Listen to me," Monsieur Hugh told the policeman. "This man is a human being. He is suffering. His family is suffering. His daughter may be dead."

"Do you suggest that there are murders in my district?" the policeman asked Monsieur Hugh.

Omar and Musa started backing toward the door. Omar had taken off the turban he was wearing and was blotting the sweat on his head with his *hala madaniyya*.

"It will do you no good to go to Moulay Idriss anyway," the policeman said, turning his back on them. "No one can make a complaint without the signature of two witnesses."

"Europeans," Omar whispered to Musa when Monsieur Hugh lost his temper and began hollering. "They are very just, but what do they understand?" —JANE KRAMER

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

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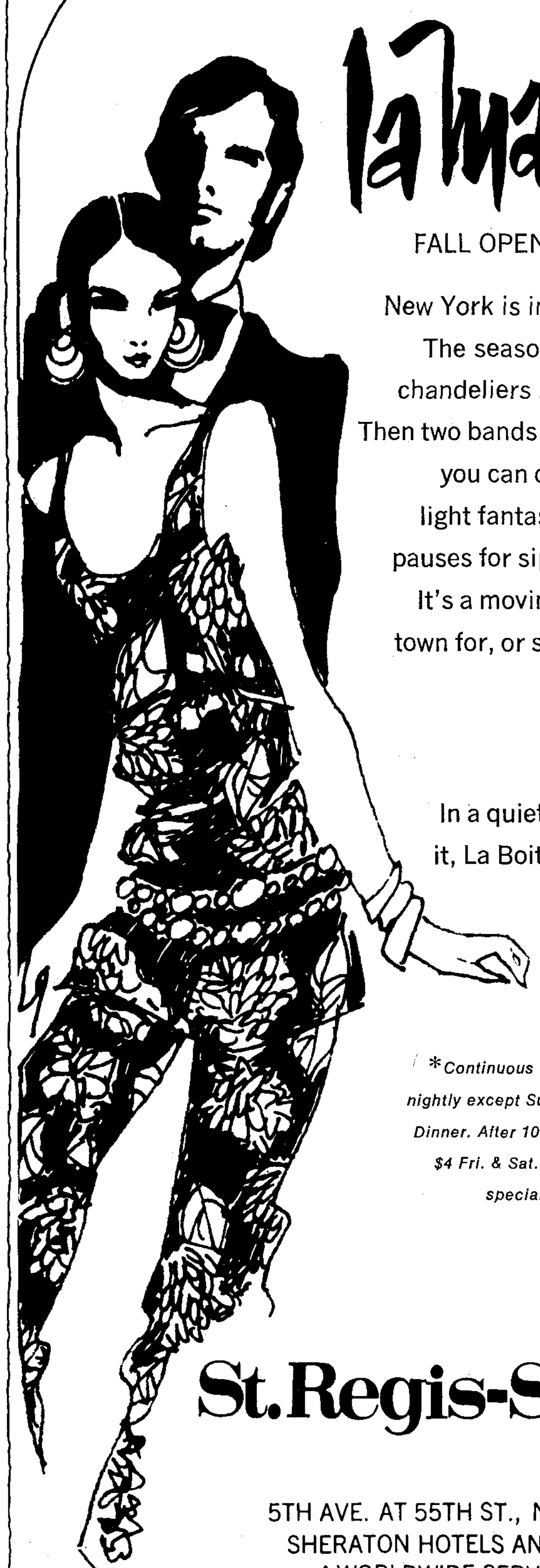

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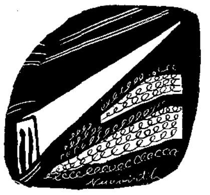
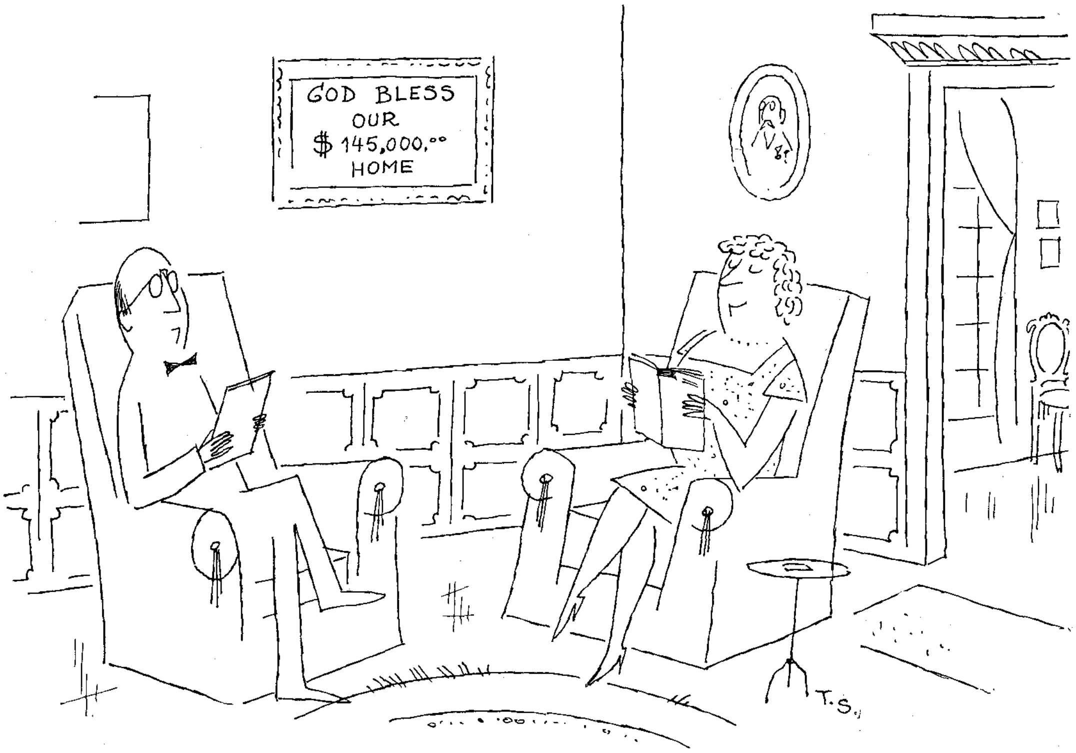


FARCE is on its back and groaning. And in the meantime some pretender is up there instead, getting obedient audiences to laugh as if it were the real thing. One used to have a fine, silly time watching complicated troubles and strategies developing from small events among people whose wits were keenly bent on survival with honor—watching men skidding in and out through hotel-bedroom doors, and pretty girls skedaddling up chimneys, and highly intelligent people in minute but knotty social situations where they would invent brilliant solutions to do with, say, the whereabouts of a dowager aunt's prize heifer, or improvise alibis as eternally useful as Oscar Wilde's Bunbury. The attention to detail mattered. In the new farces, the casualness of the characters is a great hurdle. It is hard now to find a hero with his mind on things. The director simply cuts away at the height of any dilemma, which is called being surreal, and the laughs peter out.

In the old, strict sense, farce was the obverse of tragedy. In the new sense—the sense of Robert Downey's "Pound" and Theodore J. Flicker's "Up in the Cellar"—farce actually *depends* on an aura of public calamity. If one were to remove from these two new films the underlying apocalyptic assumption that America has gone to the dogs and is about to blow up—the same received idea that foreign newspapers habitually gloat about when there is a cloud of air pollution here, or a prison riot—both would collapse. They rest on an expectation of catastrophe, and they look for custom to an audience that will laugh at the mere sight of President Nixon's face. They rely on a joky complicity between film and audience—no persuading is ever done—and on the instant, thoughtless, and so not even truly pessimistic notion that society is beyond redeeming: that modern universities have regressed to a new Dark Age of computers, that all talk is now mechanized into cliché, that all human beings are dehumanized. This is push-button Swift. It lacks the rancor to ask for better, because it has no idea of things as they might be otherwise. I take it that an implicit insistence on the existence of an option is satire's force. What we have here instead is something determinist and flaccid. When George Grosz drew the people of Berlin between the wars and gave them the looks and mannerisms of the monstrous—drew overfed magnates with backs of the neck like wads of rolled banknotes, and skunk-snouted women carrying pampered little dogs that look more fragile and more sympathetic than their owners—there would have been no great moral weight in the monstrousness unless the style of the draftsmanship had powerfully convinced you that Grosz could easily have evoked the sweeter order from which his avid grotesques had strayed. The brutality shown in Picasso's "Guernica" is a picture of grace withdrawn that simultaneously states, as clearly as the line in "Coriolanus," that there is a world elsewhere. In the same way, a Hogarth drawing of languid, unread nobs showing off in a library in front of more alert-looking maids tells us that the wrong people sometimes have the leisure and that they don't necessarily, as their underdogs might, use it to find anything out.

If one is going to raise gasps and laughs from disproportion or aberration, one needs a strong hold on what things have wandered from. Robert Downey's "Pound" is about a lot of animals who are played by people and who represent the bestial pass that people have come to. They are waiting passively in a pound for rescue or for extinction. The trouble is that the film gives you the feeling that these animal sketches reach about to the limit of Downey's ability to evoke the recognizably human. The cast includes a Sheepdog, an Airedale, a Mexican Hairless, a Pointer, a Setter, a Mutt Bitch; none of them much remind you either of people or of animals you might know. Their keeper is a large Negro policewoman in a miniskirted uniform who welcomes them to the pound with a curtsey. The film—plotless, of course, as anything with satiric intent now has to be—goes in fits and starts, like a walker spasmodically halted by an attack of sneezing. There is a parody of a Noël Coward love scene, a parody of some bygone type of soprano warbling "That Old Black Magic" to a listening black, a gag about potheads who are on McLuhan ("Nobody's into words anymore, you fool"), and even, typically, a gibe about the film itself, when a Chinese complains to thin air that there isn't an original thinker in the whole joint.

The film's theme, it begins to seem, is not so much the moral hideousness of our species as the sorry lag of most of us behind the physical standards of a Miss Rheingold. For instance, a song will tell us that "lonely people are the ugliest in the world," in Downey's particular tone of a man who is about to knock you over and crack up with



laughter, and the idle dislike of human rack and ruin will even begin to seem more or less meant when we have so often been shown the characters' faces craning up at us through distorting lenses that vilely squash and widen their features, like silk stockings pulled over the faces of criminals. The only apparent reason the proper end of the lonely and the ugly hasn't come to pass is that the supply of gas from Con Edison isn't working. (There is a visual reference to showers producing jets of gas which couldn't have been made, I think, if anyone to do with the film cared much about Hitler.) But now and again—and this is where Robert Downey's throw-away films are always booby-trapped—there is a ten-second spurt of plain, far-gone, inspired funniness. There is a pleasing character played by Elsie Downey, a helpful, Naugahyde-faced woman in a hat, who will graciously introduce herself as a Socialist and ask if there is anything she can do for anyone; she speaks like a lady almoner, though from behind bars. And one grows fond of a character played by Harry Rigby, a gentle-faced chevalier who seems rather at odds in the bestiary and who asks what he's doing here, since he's a penguin? He has, in fact, a little of a penguin's temperament, trotting about to white-tie parties in a sad, sweet-natured way and trying mildly to smooth things out. But in its other mood "Pound" has a scene about a black character in prison who is having a nightmare of not being able to get through to the New York telephone operator; this is the sort of lapse when the film gets very close to the most knowing and middlebrow and numb sort of old revue, even if it has come up from underground. Most of the other things about the movie that are not good have to do with lack of rhythm. The director doesn't seem to be able to pace jokes, or shots, or pauses. The wrong moments are allowed to run on, and the wrong moments clipped. The picture is sometimes like a tune on a harmonium that is being pumped by a drunken toddler.

TO be fair, it is exactly this atmosphere of jolly, energetic, pie-eyed muddle that sometimes makes the picture funny, but it does sabotage any sense that the director has things under control. One gets the feeling, as one often does watching these straining, punch-drunk new farcical satires, that the film is somehow muscle-bound and too big for the furniture. The new film surrealists (the outasite ones) can

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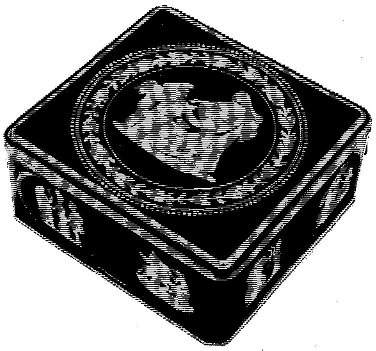
make you suddenly think of a very large, strong, cheery wrestler, with thumbs the size of most people's wrists, trying with all his might to thread a needle. The biceps bulge; the effort is visible, massive, Atlas's; but the thread doesn't go through the eye. Theodore J. Flicker's "Up in the Cellar" is like this. It is one of those campus farces that are as common now, and as deeply absorbed in a flourished sort of schoolboyish blackguardism, as shocking melodramas about prostitution were in the Victorian nineties. The hero of the film, a flop-spined lad, is furious because a computer has decided that he doesn't deserve a poetry scholarship. There seems no reason for us not to agree with the computer, but these are dissident days, so we dissent for the sake of peace. The hero himself dissents so much that he climbs up a radio tower dedicated to the ambitious college president so as to throw himself off it and kill himself (kill himself relevantly, I guess). He has already tried to commit suicide once, but he took a laxative instead of sleeping pills. The mistake has given a wealthy fellow-student the idea of creating a martyr out of him. This leads us, as you foresaw, to satirical jokes about the media making capital out of student protest, which is quite a dicey position for a commercial film to be in, but still. We also get Nixon-family jokes—the college president makes television appearances supported by a wife-and-daughter team whose nearly identical clothes and stately come-ons would probably be funny enough in revue—and there is a rather dim theme about myths of black sexuality, with the president's black mistress turning out not to be able to cope with the hero because "three hundred years of black love have made people expect too much." The president's wife (Joan Collins) is an astrology nut who likewise lands up in bed with the hero. She is dazed with the high excitement of horoscopes and not greatly moved by the boy, who is characterized as the overmothered, glassy-eyed trudger who seems to have been at the center of sophisticated film, stage, and literary farce for ages. Nicely played by Wes Stern, the character has a career of unexampled disgruntledness, masked by the opiate face and the mock-infant, aghast grin that have been worn uniformly by the young heroes of protest movies for quite a while. Farces like these specialize in going "too far," and they invite people to call them "too much," but they're nothing like enough, perhaps.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

Biscuitry



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U. S. JOURNAL: LUVERNE, ALA.

G. T. MILLER'S PLAN

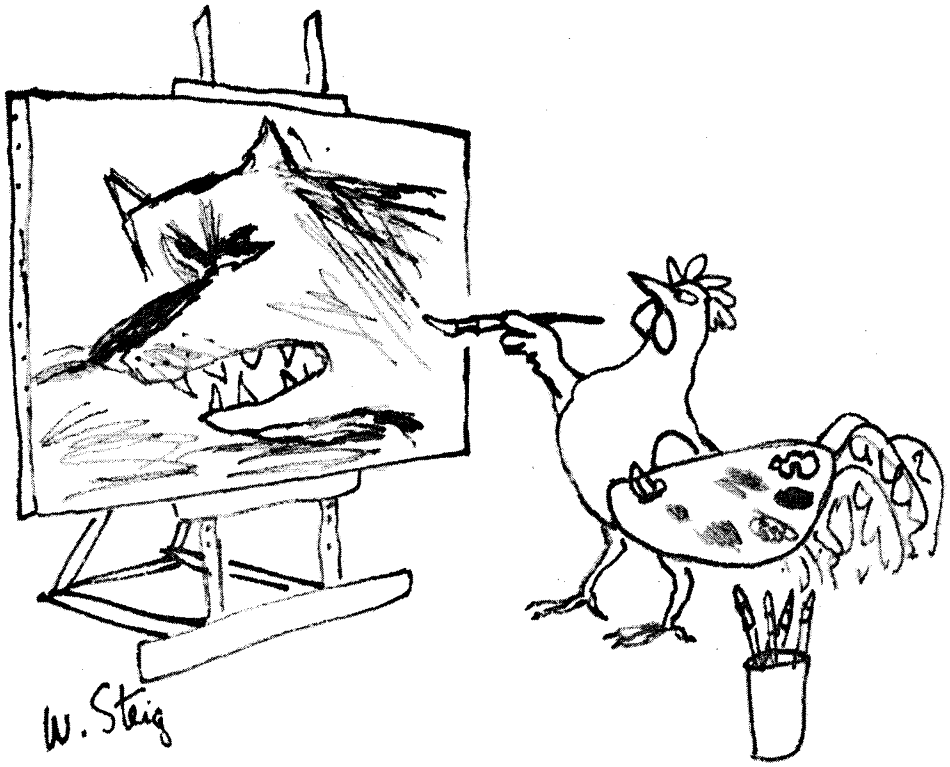
SOME time ago, a friend of mine who lives in Alabama told me that G. T. Miller, the proprietor of the G. T. Miller Feed & Grist Mill, in Luverne, had a plan to help Crenshaw County and the entire country. I've run into a lot of people at one time or another who have plans for helping the entire country—the plans usually have to do with something like going on the silver standard or signing up for Moral Re-Armament—but plans for Crenshaw County are rare. The problem is not that no one cares about Crenshaw County; it's that most people consider Crenshaw County beyond help. The one plan that most people who actually live in Crenshaw County have is a plan to get out. It's a rural county, about an hour south of Montgomery, and it has been notable in recent years almost entirely for its amazing rate of shrinkage. I figured that anybody who had a plan for Crenshaw County must be worth meeting. My friend admitted he didn't quite understand Miller's plan, but that didn't disturb me. I don't quite understand the silver standard or Moral Re-Armament.

According to my friend, G. T. Miller was a white man of about seventy who had done pretty well in business around Crenshaw County despite having had only three or four years of schooling. "He's not a racist," my friend said, "and he had some trouble with the Klan a few years ago. But he's not exactly a liberal, either. I'm not sure he'd know what you were talking about if you used that word. He might be more of a Populist, in a way, although he believes in business. And he's got a fallout shelter—a huge fallout shelter."

In rural Alabama, people who belong to organizations like the Ku Klux Klan often have a strong notion of general philosophy but get mixed up on details. It wouldn't surprise me to hear that someone in Crenshaw County might get in trouble with the Klan for, say, having a fallout shelter, or for not having one. But my friend said that the Klan had been pretty much on target when it threatened G. T. Miller and organized a boycott of his businesses. Miller had apparently refused to fire a Negro who had somehow interpreted the county's freedom-of-choice school-desegregation plan to mean that his son was free to choose the white school. Miller had even employed the son part time. Eventually, Miller had explained the issue on C.B.S. television news. "I couldn't see where I'd want to fire him because his young 'un was going to school," Miller said during the interview. "His young 'un's got a life to live, and he just as well have an education as my boy." After the program, a couple of thousand people from all over the country wrote Miller that they thought he was a hero. Some of them even sent money to help offset the losses he was suffering because of the boycott. A few of them said they thought it might be nicer if a man of Miller's courage and principles didn't use the word "nigger" quite so freely.

"WE was doin' *extra* good till the Ku Klux got on us," G. T. Miller told me. He was showing me around his feed and grist mill—a roomy, remarkably neat place that smells slightly of the molasses that some farmers like to mix with corn when they grind their cattle feed. Miller is a husky man who doesn't look his age. He was wearing his usual outfit of bib overalls, a sports shirt, and a small felt hat. Before the boycott, Miller's mill was part of what amounted to a kind of one-man, rural, just-folks conglomerate. Only the feed mill remains open, but spread out along the highway, just inside the Luverne city limits, are buildings that once held a supermarket, a cotton gin, a trucking company, and a recreation center that included a dance hall, a bowling alley, and a skating rink. Once, when Miller found himself with some time and space that weren't being properly exploited, he started raising worms and crickets for fish bait. Miller is proud that the Miller enterprises were built by a poor, uneducated country boy—the businesses built up from scratch, the buildings put together with cheap lumber from structures being torn down elsewhere—and he is quick to tell visitors of the kind of youth that most respectable businessmen would not choose to remember. He says that when he was a young man trying to accumulate capital by barbering, a conviction for moonshining gave him the opportunity to practice his trade for a while at the federal penitentiary in Atlanta. He was a Klansman for a time himself as a young man, and he acknowledges that his arguments in those days with the Klan and others included some beatings and some shootings—a couple of which he lost painfully. "In them times," he says, "a man fightin' the Klan around here had about as much chance as a one-legged man at a tail-kickin'."

Having once been poor himself, Miller has always believed in helping people by giving them jobs, but he believes he is helping himself at the same time; it is obvious to him that businessmen get back all the money they spend. "The workin' man don't keep his money but three hours to three days,"



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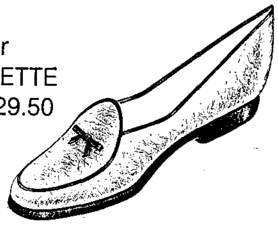

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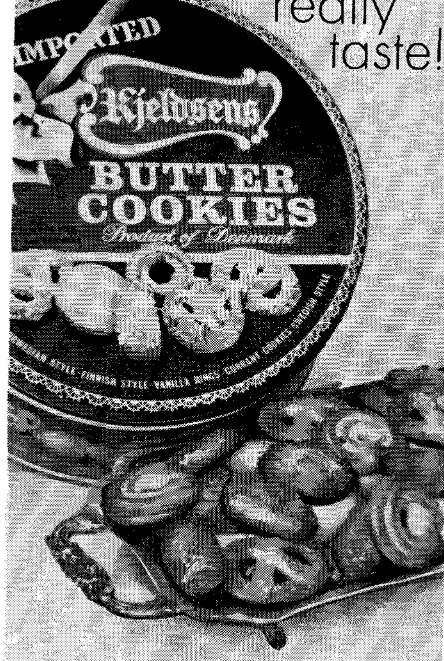

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he told me. "Some of 'em spends it in three hours; some keep it as long as three days. I did me a survey on that once. Those folks on Wall Street oughtn't to be scared to turn loose of that money, 'cause it'll be right back down there in a little while anyhow."

A couple of hours after I met G. T. Miller, I began to sympathize with my friend's difficulty in trying to explain Miller's views. Most of the people my friend and I come across—or at least the people we talk to about plans to help the country—have a set pattern of beliefs. When people tell me what they think about disarmament, I have a pretty good idea of what they are likely to think about school integration. Not G. T. Miller. He believes in school integration ("The niggers need an education, too; you can get along with a fella when he's got a good education"), but he also believes in his fallout shelter—the community's fallout shelter, really, since he built it to hold sixty-four beds. As I understand his views on the war, he's a hawk, but I'm not sure I understand his views on the war. I know he's concerned about the country's being torn apart by hatred and dissent, although I don't know whether he holds hatred or dissent to blame. "If we go on like we're goin', we're automatically whupped," he told me as we sat in his bomb shelter. "Russia's doin' nothin' but waitin'—like a buzzard on a tree a-waitin' for a mule to die."

Miller believes landowners have dealt unfairly with sharecroppers. He also believes that landowners are serving their country and helping to feed their fellow human beings when they figure out methods of more profitable hog production. When he approves of something, he often says, "Every time a man betters himself, he betters his country." When he disapproves, he often says, "That's no way to help your fellow-man or your country, either one." He has given a lot of people no-interest loans for down payments on houses, partly because he thinks they have a right to own something and partly because it's a Christian act and partly because he believes that people who own something themselves aren't likely to burn down other people's property. "Let it be *his'n!*" Miller says about housing for the poor man. "Have him pay a small down payment. If he gets into tight and can't pay it, wait on him till he catches up. When they get out demonstratin', he's not going to stick fire to that house."

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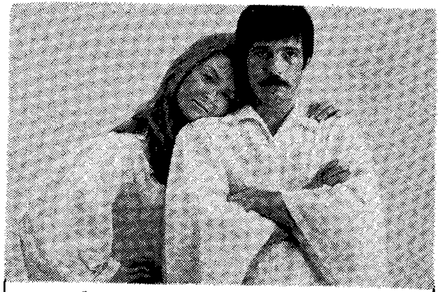

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ous issues, Miller arrives at some views that have a distinguished simplicity. He is opposed to foundations' not paying taxes, for instance, because foundations use the public roads just the way everybody else does. Being a practical man, he is not embarrassed when his Christian ventures and his business ventures overlap. He would be the last man to turn his neighbors away from his fallout shelter; he would be the first man to take his fallout shelter off his taxes. He lends people hospital beds, which he happened to get at a good price under civil-defense regulations, because he wants to be a good neighbor. He used to lend wagons to farmers, partly so they could haul their cotton to his gin, but he thought of that as a neighborly act, too. The plan he has for Crenshaw County seems to entail giving away his business.

A LOT of Miller's ideas about Crenshaw County were formed from having spent ten years or so making a film on the area. It's actually split into two films—"What We Have" and "What We Need." Miller showed them to me one day, in the living room of the modern house he and his wife live in—up the road from the feed mill, on top of the fallout shelter. He also got out his charts and his pointer and his American flags, so that I could see precisely what it had been like when he presented the films to church groups and service clubs in the area, before the trouble with the Klan started. "When we learn to love one another as the good Lord is trying to teach us to, we'll find out that our nation will move forward in a record speed," he said by way of introduction. "And at the same time we can help get poor people out of the gully, and help our nation, and accumulate a better world for all races of people." The charts—all hand-drawn—covered a great variety of subjects. One of them said, "We Need a Public Price Commission." One of them indicated the economic impact that one hundred new jobs had on a community. One of them said, "Slums Are Costly to All," and showed a kind of keyhole-shaped representation of an urban area, the round part of the keyhole being very crowded with tiny squares. "Down in the slums," Miller said, pointing to that part of the drawing, "a man becomes a kind of fanatic, due to the fact that he can't accumulate nothin'." The charts also had drawings of the recreation centers that Miller would like to see built. Not recreation centers like the one he used to

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run before the boycott. These recreation centers would be part of the plan to help Crenshaw County and the entire country. Miller has faith in the efficacy of training—he says, "I could take me a boy who don't know nothin' in the world except how to hitch up a mule, and wouldn't know that except the head's on one side and the tail's on another, and teach him to be a carpenter"—and his faith extends to the belief that people could be trained to get along with each other. "You'd have a hundred- or two-hundred-acre lot, and a good, nice tabernacle," he says. "You'd have different talks, twice a day." One architectural rendering—the one of the recreation center's dining hall—looked familiar to me. After a while, I realized that it was exactly the same as the keyhole-shaped representation of an urban area. The tiny squares that had been crowding the slums had become dining-hall tables.

As I watched the films, it occurred to me that white people in Crenshaw County had probably been more receptive to "What We Have" than to "What We Need"—although, the entertainment opportunities being what they are in Crenshaw County, I can't imagine that there would be a very large attrition rate in an audience even if a film turned out to be a laudatory biography of H. Rap Brown. The first film shows a lot of the modern farming methods in the area, but the second shows some slums and some decrepit Negro schools, and even some of the Negro sharecroppers near Selma who were thrown off land for registering to vote and had to live in tents. ("It throwed a hard burden on these people; at the same time, it throwed a hard burden on our federal government that had to give 'em welfare and support 'em.") Miller traces most of the deficiencies shown in the film to one overwhelming problem—that sharecroppers and small farmers and farmhands have had to move to city slums because of mechanization or because a landowner has found it more profitable to put the land into the federal soil bank than to farm it. His plan is to get a lot of the area's small farmers—black and white—to pool their resources and their energies and G. T. Miller's enterprise and run an operation that will allow all of them to remain.

Judith Shahn

There have never been many white people in Crenshaw County who share Miller's views; there may be nobody anywhere who shares Miller's views. But he was tolerated—and permitted to use the courtroom of the county courthouse for his film lecture—until he refused to fire the Negroes who had offended the Klan. At about the same time, it was rumored around town—correctly—that he had been guilty of overt kindness to some American Friends Service Committee volunteers who were in Luverne to work with the community's Negroes. After one of the ghetto disturbances in the North, someone circulated a paper saying that Miller's most recent lecture had been sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee and that Miller had said he didn't blame slum dwellers for rioting. The county commissioners decided that Miller could no longer give his speech in the courthouse. The Klan, with the support of local businessmen, started a boycott of Miller's businesses that was, by all accounts, pretty effective. Miller countered with a broadsheet arguing that if he were forced out of business, which seemed quite possible, the county would suffer economically. Eventually, the federal judge who had ordered the freedom-of-choice plan into effect enjoined the Klan from harassing Miller and some other citizens. Gradually, some of the farmers who had formerly brought their feed to grind at Miller's started showing up again at the mill; Miller now estimates his mill business at about a third of what it was before the boycott. Through it all, Miller says, if he saw a boycotter across the street he made it a point to cross over and say hello. The subjects of forgiveness and reconciliation are particularly moving to Miller; his eyes often fill with tears when he recalls his overtures to his enemies. "If a man is a Ku Kluxer and I know he hates me and I find out some of his folks are sick and need help, I call him, or I go to see him, either one," he told me one day. "I tell him I got a good hospital bed he can keep as long as he wants, and it won't cost him a penny in the world. You have to learn to forgive if you're askin' the good Lord to forgive *you*. So I never go to bed hating nobody. And that's the only way to win over enemies, too. You can fight 'em, but all you do is make 'em mad and worser. Our federal government needs to have a school for trainin' people on something on this same idea."

With business off, Miller spent a lot of time perfecting his plan for small farmers. He and Mrs. Miller gathered a lot of charts and documents and tables and had them run off in blueprint form, so they could make a set of scrapbooks on the plan. Tom Law, who works for an agency in Montgomery that gives technical assistance to projects applying for federal grants, sees Miller's plan as basically a marketing-and-production coöperative in poultry raising, differing from the normal co-op in that Miller's business would be included in the operation. But as described by Miller or the scrapbooks it doesn't sound that simple. The scrapbooks include Miller's ideas of what the country has and what it needs, prayers used by various denominations, and photographic layouts featuring pictures of cows with captions like "You take good care of me and I will produce you some good calves." The scrapbooks also contain detailed figures showing precisely how the co-op would work. The Office of Economic Opportunity has shown some interest in the project, and some of the people in Luverne—being in a position to welcome any kind of investment, even poverty-program investment—have decided that Miller is entitled to his ideas. One of the letters of recommendation in the scrapbooks is from the county commissioners of Crenshaw County.

Law is convinced of Miller's sincerity, but he has had some problems explaining to Miller exactly how things are done in the world of government grants—how meetings would have to be held and minutes recorded, how "checkpoint-procedure coördination forms" would have to be filed. Law told Miller that the blueprinted scrapbooks with talking cows were fine for internal distribution but might not be the best way to present the plan to Washington. Miller has some ideas of his own about how the bureaucracy of poverty ought to work. He believes, among other things, that poverty workers ought to be paid on a commission basis.

WHEN I left Luverne, Miller loaded me down with blueprints and broadsheets and letters and files. While looking through the material in New York, I happened to come across the carbons of some letters Miller had written in 1967, a year before he appeared on C.B.S. to say why he

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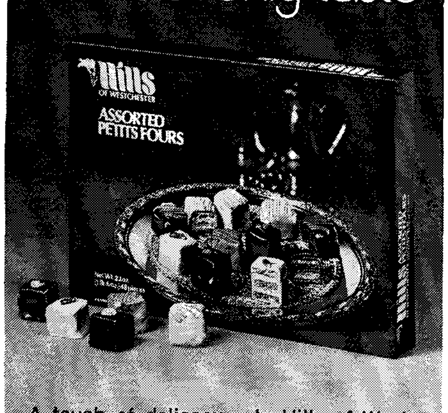
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couldn't fire the Negroes he had been ordered to fire. "Dear Sir," the letters said. "I finally had to do what you asked me to do. Stop helping the colored people and the poor people out in any way. Also had to lay off the ones you mentioned in our conversation. Yours truly, G. T. Miller. P.S. We appreciate your business in the past and hope to serve you in the future." The letters were addressed to some of the people who were later named in the injunction against the Klan. I telephoned Miller in Luverne.

"Well, we was finally forced to lay 'em off, being our business was off seventy-five per cent," he said. "We didn't lay 'em off cause we wanted to or cause they told us to."

"You mean as long as you had to lay them off anyway, you figured you might as well tell the boycotters about it?" I asked.

"Yeah. To see if the people boycottin' us would come back," he said, sounding pleased that I seemed to have caught on to the simple logic of it. "You understand how it works now?"

I told him I thought I did.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

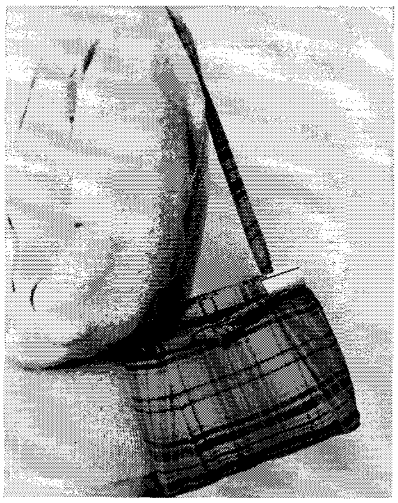
SUMMERTIME IN THE OLD BAY STATE

[*Police report in the Bedford* (*Mass.*) *Minute-Man*]

A Cambridge man drove his new Buick station wagon to work at Mitre Corp. and after parking it in the lot, went inside to do his work. About 20 minutes later, a fellow employee came running in to tell him that a lot of smoke was coming from under the hood of the car. The fire department was called and Officer Breland responded with his fire extinguisher, but the car was damaged extensively before it could be put out.

Two parachutes with a broken balloon attached floated down into the yard of an Elmbrook circle woman. Officer Callahan went down there to pick them up. The parachutes had two batteries plus two plastic bottles with an awful smelling substance in them attached to the rig. A note attached to the chutes said to turn them over the Post Office Department when found, which they were.

At 5 a.m., Officer Pickett saw a fairly new Lincoln sedan pass by him and noticed that it was heavily damaged on the front end. He followed the car into the Great Road Shopping Center and stopped the car in order to question the operator. The driver, a Chelmsford man, said he had just had an argument with his wife, so he left the house. The more he got to thinking about his wife, the angrier he became and finally he headed his car into a tree on North rd. At the last split second, he decided that he was going too fast, so he cut the wheel and bounced off the tree. After a little more discussion, the man was issued a citation for driving so as to endanger.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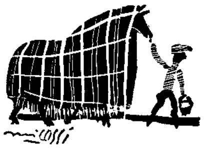
THE RACE TRACK

Super Travers

NOT since Jaipur beat Ridan for the 1962 Travers Stakes, a cliff-hanger that horsemen still talk about, has there been as dramatic a finish to this Saratoga Springs classic as there was last Saturday, when Loud beat Judgable and Plymouth. And there haven't been such surprises in the race in years. For one, Personality, winner of the Preakness, the Jersey Derby, and other big events, was fourth. For another, Twice Worthy, winner of his last four starts, two of them in notably fast time, was eighth. (Nine ran.) To continue the superlatives, it was the richest Travers in its hundred and one runnings, and also the fastest; the time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01, which is a track record. From a quick start, Judgable, who had led from beginning to end in the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct last month and in the Whitney Stakes at the Spa a couple of weeks ago, almost did it again. A furlong from home, he was still in the lead, but Loud, who had begun his run on the turn, stormed down on him, and Plymouth came up fast along the rails. Then Loud got his head in front, increased his lead to a neck, and the race was over. Cordero, who rode Plymouth, lodged an objection against Woodhouse, on Judgable, charging interference, but the stewards dismissed the claim.



Loud, a dark-bay gelding by Herbarger out of Hasty Dancer, is owned by William Haggin Perry, who was winning the Travers for the first time. The colt did not start at two, because he was slow coming to hand. Jim Maloney, who trains him, is making up for lost time, with four firsts and three seconds in ten tries, which isn't bad. Personality looked fine in the parade to the post, and was never far behind Judgable until they were well into the stretch. No doubt the fast pace and the 126 pounds he carried stopped him. I hardly know what to say about Twice Worthy. He also went smoothly—at one time, he was running fourth—until just before he came to the far turn. From there, he began to drop back. Twice Worthy hurt a knee in his only start at two, and it took Jim Conway a long time to bring him back to the races. It would be too bad if Conway had to do it all over again.

Travers Day has always been Saratoga's biggest, and this was no exception. A crowd of 27,360 bet $2,097,638. The meeting will close this weekend, with the running of the Hopeful Stakes. The form of the two-year-olds in the race being what it is, you'll need something more occult than the past performances in the *Morning Telegraph* to help you pick the winner.

FOR some time, the gentry in Albany have been absorbed in thoughts about winter racing in New York—especially its revenue-producing possibilities. But, unlike the trotters, who are running at either Roosevelt or Yonkers Raceway around the calendar, thoroughbreds can't gallop on frozen ground. The jar to their joints and the strain on their tendons is too great. A synthetic track seems the answer to the problem; it won't freeze, snow doesn't affect it, and it's easily cleared. One day last week, a number of racing officials and track superintendents from out of town had a look at the synthetic strip at Roosevelt Raceway, and some horses from Belmont Park tried it out. It is made of hydrocarbon rubber, and for trotters it has a topsoil cushion of about a quarter of an inch. For the runners, this was increased to nearly two inches. Their performances over it were pretty ordinary, but then they were pretty ordinary horses. Among the onlookers were Dick Strickland, the superintendent at Aqueduct, Belmont, and Saratoga, and Jimmy Jones, the director of racing at Monmouth Park. The chief interest was in the cost of synthetic tracks. One for Aqueduct would run into a couple of million dollars, which isn't dirt cheap.

A PROGRESS REPORT: Howard Samuels, the chairman of the New York City Off-Track Betting Corporation, has hired a marketing firm to make a study of the mechanics and the niceties of bookmaking. It will cost $25,000. I know a number of men who could tell them all about it for a lot less. —AUDAX MINOR

◆

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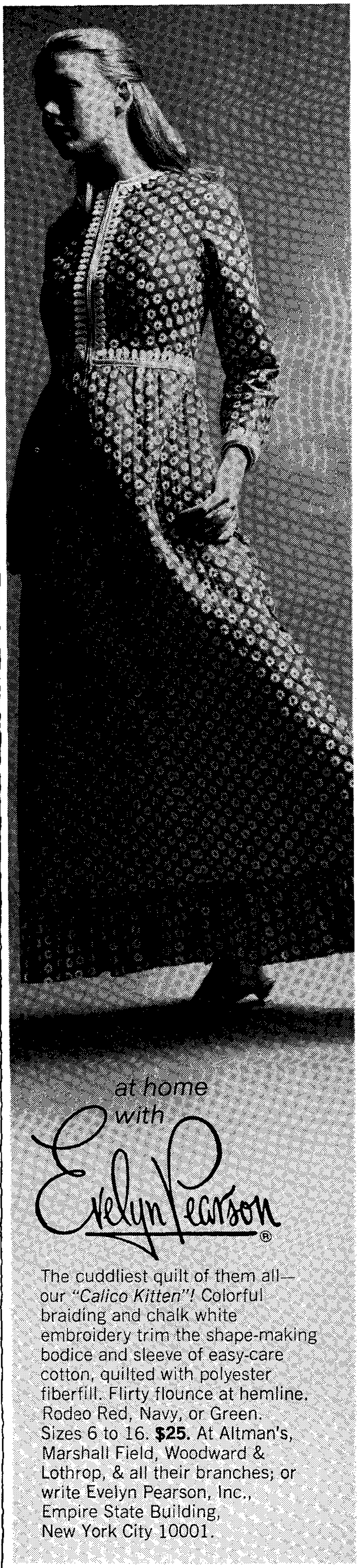

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THE SPORTING SCENE

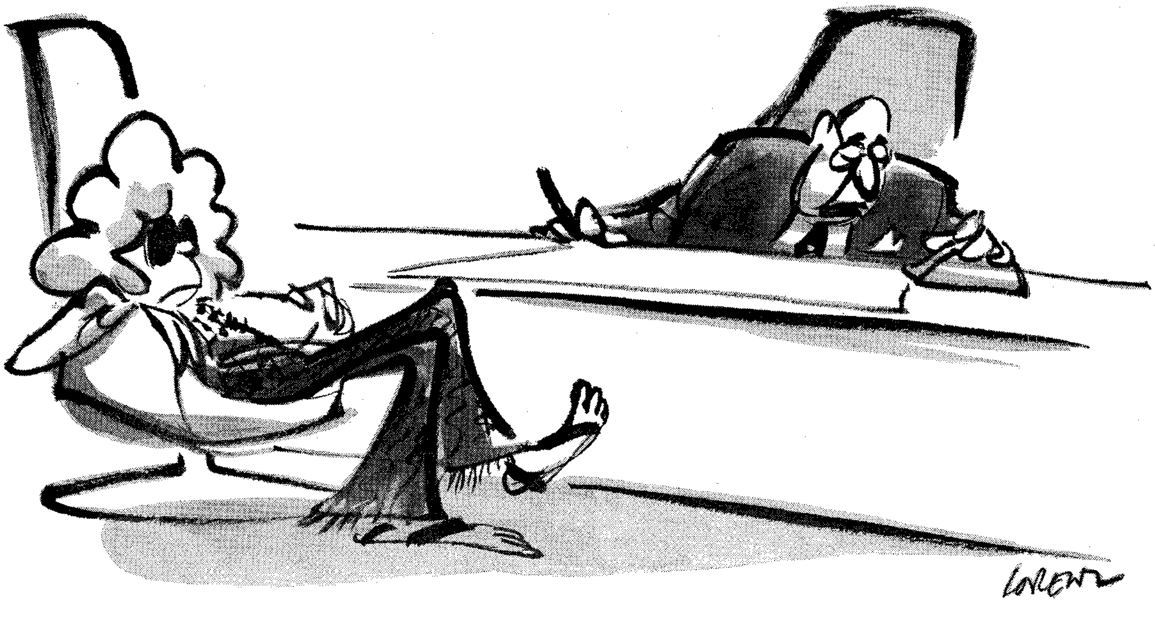
A FINE DAY FOR THE GATHERING

WHEN I was last in Scotland, I went one aimless day, out of curiosity, to visit a house in which I had spent a large part of my growing, and which I had draped in personal mythology. I swung off the bus expectantly, responding properly to stone walls that surprised me by being familiar, and then, when I clicked open the green wooden gate, I found myself gazing not at the comfortable bulk I had expected but at the woods behind it. The house itself, I ascertained, had been razed to make way for a housing estate. While this experience might not be extraordinary to anyone living in a context of perpetual building and unbuilding, it seemed cruelly odd to me in Scotland, which has a landscape and shape that I regard as perpetual, the country being sufficient of a backwater to make change appear always a surprise. In many senses, Scotland is an anachronism, one of a few small countries that appear to have been left behind by the times. Even three hundred-odd years of political union with England has done little to dent the wholly separate character of Scotland and the Scots. Wistfully, the Nationalists still invoke the possibility of independence, and in certain lights it does seem peculiar for a country with a long independent history to continue as part of a political entity with which it has made no attempt to blend. I discovered Mr. Ludovic Kennedy writing in the *Spectator:*

> To an increasing number of Scotsmen, including myself, it seems a strange thing that a country which has its own systems of law and education (both admitted even by the English to be superior to theirs), its own Church, its own unique history, traditions, language and music, should at the same time not be considered politically mature enough to run its own affairs. If Malawi and Guyana and Northern Ireland and the Isle of Man can have self-government, why in the name of God cannot we?

And yet, and yet . . . The paradox persists, and in order to understand it more thoroughly it is probably necessary to grasp the fact that Scotland itself is two-minded and two-headed, having always been temperamentally divided between Highlands and Lowlands, Highlanders and Lowlanders. Although the division is approximately geographical, based on the existence of an imaginary Highland Line that crosses the country from below Inverness, in the northeast, to Argyllshire, in the west, it realizes itself more in the varying temperaments of Highlander and Lowlander, which time has done nothing to blur. The Lowlander is pragmatic and practical, hardheaded and adaptable, and it is probably through his energies that Scotland is able to hold its own industrially; the Highlander appears to be lost in a kind of reverie, to be fatalistic and aloof, to be left behind by the flow of circumstance. Most of Scotland's population is concentrated in the south, or at least in the industrial midlands; the Highlands are stark, barren, and sparsely inhabited, the subject of endless debate and, at the same time, the symbol of a dwindling way of life. The Lowlands have more or less adapted to changing circumstances and are modestly prosperous; the Highlands have remained poor and infertile. They resemble some of the small principalities of Europe, like the Basque provinces or the Azores, that have been stranded by history and continue with an obstinate way of life bred in the bone—perpetual exceptions to the larger movement of civilization. Even so, it is the Highlands that have generated the image of Scotland we are used to on whiskey bottles and boxes of shortbread, and in the popular imagination everywhere—lone kilted figures gazing forlornly into the hills, stags at bay, brawny hammer-throwers and red-faced pipers, the mystique of frugality and self-sufficiency. The Highlands are about as celebrated, remote, and craggy as the moon, and it certainly takes a very oblique curiosity to straggle that far to the north, for parts of the region are beyond the limits of human habitation. Steadily over the last two hundred years, the Highlanders themselves have been turning their backs on their own stony acres and digging themselves in all over the globe, putting their hands to all kinds of un-Highland crafts but always retaining, in the recesses of memory, a misty, wistful picture of the homeland, which every now and again they bring out and fondle like a talisman, perhaps tearfully and sentimentally but always with awe, for the Highlands themselves are topographically so dramatic that nobody who has seen them ever forgets what they look and feel like—gnarled, fisty mountain ranges, pine forests, bare, grassy foothills, sudden stretches of water, and a sky that keeps changing broodily over the long, silent lochs and straths and the bare glens.

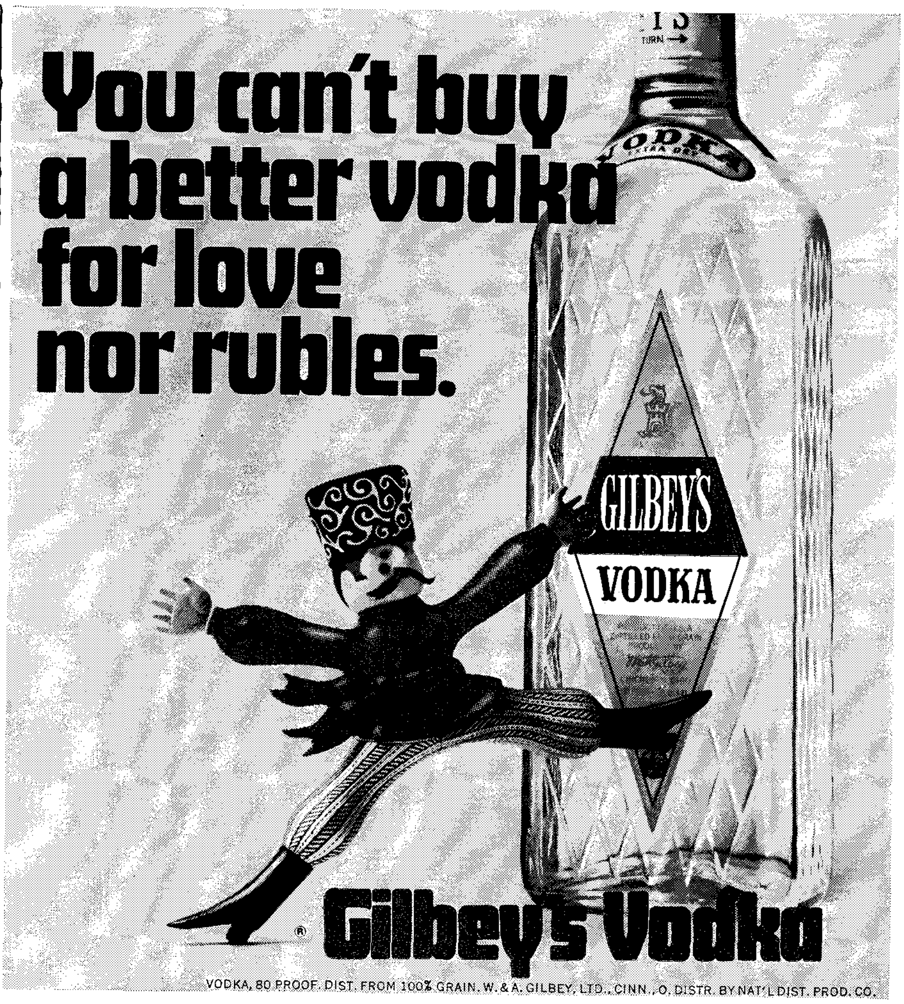
Even though I lived at one time in the south of Scotland, I was conversant with the Highlands; they seemed like another country to me, and I was just as awed by the polite, curious, soft-spoken Highlanders as any foreigner could be. Of course, I knew their history by



"Cancel my appointments for this afternoon, Miss Runcle. I'm rapping with my son."

heart, and suffered over it, for it is a conspicuously cruel one. After the massacre of the remnants of Prince Charles Edward's army at Culloden Moor, in 1746, the English, alarmed by how nearly successful the Young Pretender's rising had been, set out systematically to break the Highlands. They forbade the wearing of Highland dress and the bearing of arms, they deprived the clan chiefs of their hereditary powers, and, by an Act of Parliament passed in 1747, they wiped out land tenures and, indeed, the whole social structure of the Highlands—"the old ways," as they are still called. Worse came during the early nineteenth century, when absentee landlords, seeing little point in maintaining the small crofts that yielded them next to no revenue, turned the land over to sheep raising and began a cruel series of forcible evictions known as "the Clearances," viciously driving the crofters into exile and deliberately depopulating vast tracts of moorland. As a child, I mourned over the Clearances and grew used to the word "depopulation," for it cropped up whenever the Highlands were mentioned, evoking the slow seep of despairing crofters to the cities, to the south, abroad. The problems of the Highlands have been a thorny concern to the British government for the last fifty years, and yet every attempt to deal with them has been a thumb-in-the-dike one. Crofting as a way of life is hard and unpractical, but it has been perpetuated; new industry has been hard to establish and slow to develop among such a scattered population. The remoteness of the region seems to defeat every scheme designed to make it prosper; there appears to be no solution but to treat the Highlands as a no man's land and to begin again. "The old ways" persist as reminders of a mournful past, the Highlander himself as a tragic figure left behind by time.

The last faint hope held out for the Highlands these days stems from a sudden wave of tourism that has been taking close to a million visitors northward every year recently—and yet tourism confirms the Highlands as a folkways museum, peopled by local custodians. Folkways and the Highland image are really a kind of curse, for they perpetuate the Highlands as a sentimental relic more than a living, though desolate, place. The cult of "Scottishness"—in fact, the cult of national characteristics in general—always has an unfortunate effect on any reality, but tourists insist on it, and Highlanders are not above assuming their own legendary natures on occa-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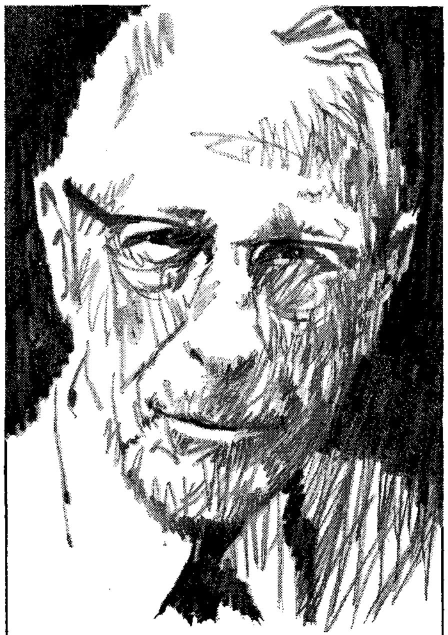

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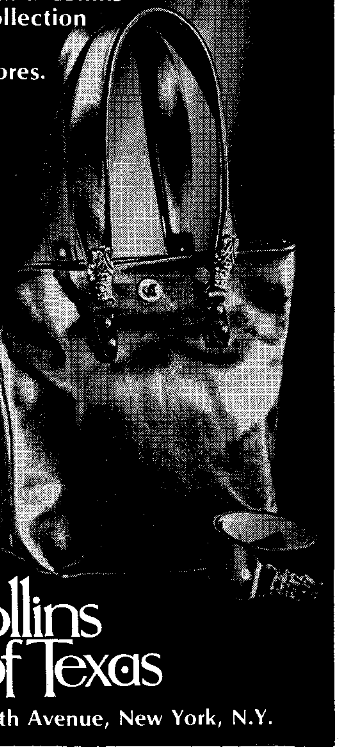

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sion. What really distinguishes them is that they have remained truly local—that is, true to a locality—and even though they are prone to headshaking over their own plight, their nature is both fateful and proud. Besides their natural courtesy and grace, they have a wry, oblique humor, which makes them, to me, about the most agreeable company in the world. Their pride has kept them not just apart but self-contained; in fact, the Highland croft is the essence of self-sufficiency—isolated, with its own crops and animals, possibly miles from a village or a town. But it is always the humor that shows—a sly, outlandish teasing that is prone to self-depreciation but that invariably wins in the end. I have listened to long, gleeful tales of the outwitting of some party of Sassenachs in the Highlands for the shooting, and I have felt faintly sorry for the Englishmen in question. Actually, it was Queen Victoria who led the invasion of the Highlands from the south and who perpetrated the predominantly romantic nineteenth-century exploitation of the Highland mystique, which she plucked fully kilted from the pages of Sir Walter Scott. Prince Albert found Scotland more to his taste than England, and she respected his memory to the point of spending her "favorite part" of every year at Balmoral and giving a royal nod of approval to the Highland scene—a nod that immediately put romantic Scotland in the forefront of fashion. Royal patronage of Scotland—which still continues—smacks more of feudal overlordship, of shooting and fishing, than of anything else, but Queen Victoria was genuinely enchanted by the beauty of the landscape and made Highland life both her hobby and her preoccupation. In 1849, she extended her patronage to the Braemar Highland Gathering, and made of that event a small, theatrical microcosm of Highland life.

HIGHLAND GATHERINGS were by no means the Queen's invention, although they certainly gained both fame and momentum as a result of her enthusiasm. As annual events, they actually date from the late eighteenth century, but they are compounded of very ancient elements indeed—trials of strength that must derive originally from clan war games; ritual dances like the Sword Dance, with which the tempestuous Caledonians are supposed to have astonished the Romans; and the kind of amiable self-entertainment that distinguishes the Highland *ceilidh*, that exuberant eveningworth of local song

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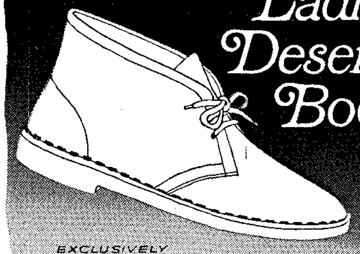

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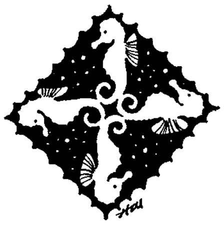
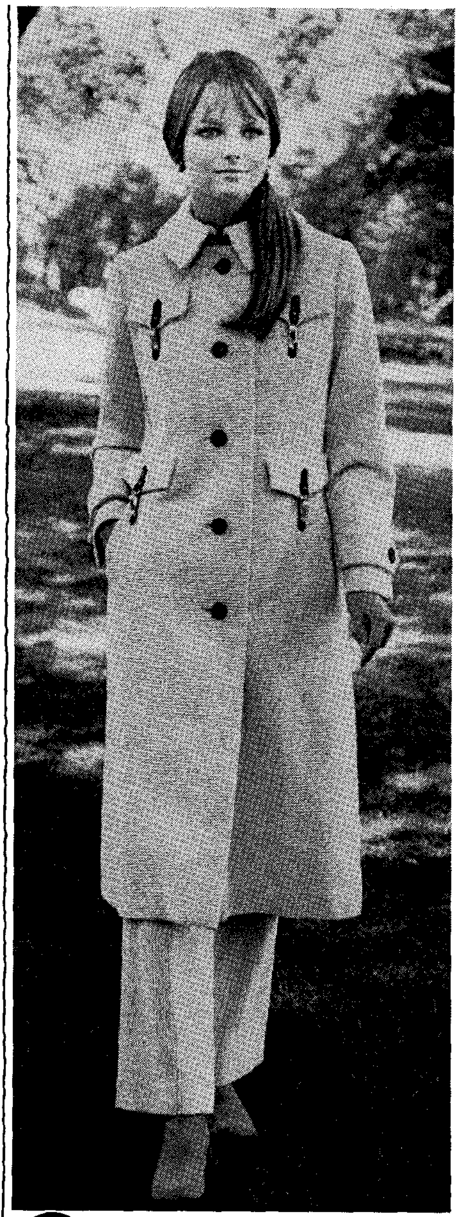
and storytelling that occurs spontaneously in the north. The formal Gatherings were started up after the Forty-five Rebellion by the more conscientious clan chiefs (in defiance of the English Parliament's attempted eradication of Highland ways) in order to keep alive some of the indigenous sports and customs and to provide an annual feast day for their clansmen and tenants. There are nowadays some forty-odd annual Gatherings in Scotland spread over the summer, and Heaven knows how many overseas versions wherever Highlanders have taken root. I was recently in a department store in Austin, Texas, on a bright fall afternoon when suddenly my unbelieving ears picked up the faint skirl of "Green Hills," a tune that I used to practice to death on the chanter and that I unaccountably still love. Outside, I ran into the biggest, beefiest pipe band I have ever seen in my life, puffing and wheeling in the plaza outside the shopping center. They had come to town for the Texas Scottish Gathering and Highland Games, one of the pipers told me, but I had to leave later that day and could not attend, which was probably just as well, for they must have been a veritable Highland Olympics and in all probability would have made the herculean feats I remembered from my boyhood shrivel in my memory.

When I was in Scotland last, I looked about for a Gathering that would not have the pomp and pretension of Braemar or Cowal—Gatherings that are both professional and national—but that might have retained some of its local character. Happily, I found that the Strathpeffer Annual Gathering was to take place in a few days, coinciding with both my plans and my aspirations, for Strathpeffer is a hamlet in the vicinity of Inverness and I would be able to drop in on some of my Highland friends there. A couple of days before the Strathpeffer Gathering, I drove north, more or less up the spine of Scotland. What is staggering about that miniature country is the extent to which it can change utterly, sometimes within as little as twenty miles. The low, grass-covered, sheep-sprinkled hills of the Border country give way to the smoky pall hanging over Edinburgh, which always seems too leisurely to be a proper city. North of it comes the Firth of Forth, spanned by the elegant arc of its new road bridge, alongside which the old Forth Bridge, well known to readers of children's encyclopedias, still stands like a sturdily devised spiderweb. Then across the hideous industrial belt of central Scotland, through the drab, slag-heaped wastes of places like Skinflatts (a name that ever since my childhood I have felt to be a synonym for desolation), and, finally, breaking free of breweries and coal mines, one comes into the opulent Perthshire hills. (Birnam Wood, I was glad to see, had grown luxuriantly back.) Signs of the times began to intrude—new inns and guesthouses, ubiquitous placards promising Bed and Breakfast, and a seemingly endless string of house trailers joggling behind cars, either going to or coming from the great unpopulated north. Here and there was a hiker, a cyclist, a clutch of tinkers, and, to my astonishment, the road was a real motorway—no longer the bumpy, rutted ribbon of my earlier journeys. So I swept easily into Inverness-shire, and civilization quite suddenly fell away behind me. Whole valleys stretched to the horizon, bare of houses, nibbling at the edges of a loch. Hawks circled. Rain would spatter down for five gray minutes, and then the sun would appear through a small chink in the sky, turning the roadsides a luminous green. In the distance loomed the Grampian Mountains and, beyond them, mysterious and cloud-headed, the great peaks of the Cairngorms. The landscape seemed alternately to open and shut, the road to squeeze through steep-sided mountain passes and then almost to lose itself across the enormous expanse of a broad, flat valley, the mountains to loom and recede, the sky to keep building up and disintegrating in alternate rain and sunshine. Once the Cairngorms had receded behind me, I pulled into Aviemore and had my first sight of the possible fate of the Highlands, for it had been transformed from a small, sleepy village into a spick-and-span, Swiss-looking ski resort, with a smart modern shopping block, chalets and parking lots, and a kind of Aviemore Hilton. The postmistress told me that it was never empty, and she looked flushed with her unexpected prosperity. One window of her shop bulged with tents, crampons, skis, and sleeping bags, and, outside, half a dozen Swedes were unloading rucksacks from a station wagon. Well, at least there was room for them, I thought as I set off north again, eventually crossing the drear moors of Inverness-shire (among them Culloden Moor itself, neatly identified





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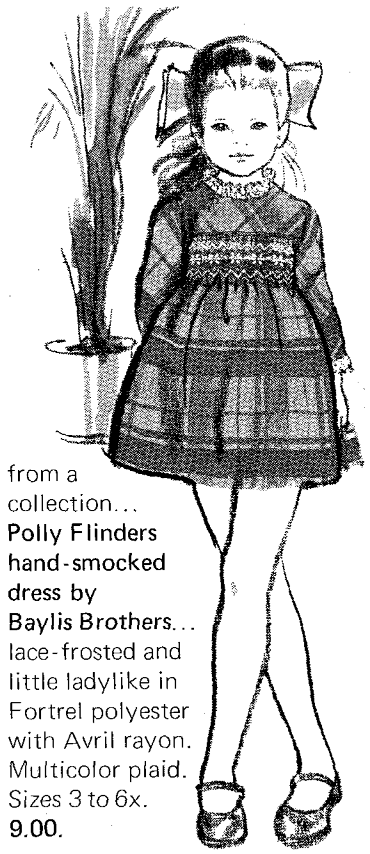

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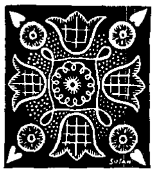
by a new signpost, but still bleak and bitter to the memory). Inverness, at the head of Loch Ness, is the acknowledged capital of the Highlands, and that evening it was fairly seething with people and traffic—a bustling contradiction to the empty moors I had left behind. I caught the little ferry over the Beauly Firth—a parody of a boat which nevertheless carried me steadily across to Kessock, churning crabwise against the tidewater. Kessock is on the Black Isle, which is not an island at all but a peninsula of vast and rich farmland with a view almost all the way across Scotland to the west coast. ("If it werna' for the hills, we could jist near enough see tae America," volunteered the ferryman, without, however, showing much interest in the prospect.) I was staying with Neil Gunn, the Scottish novelist, and I found him waiting at his gate to greet me. "The sky is not to be trusted," he said, waving a hand at the piling clouds. "We'll have a fine day for the Gathering, you'll see. Whatever the signs, that day always turns out well. Now come away in, and we'll have ourselves a dram."



We spent the evening talking, and for me it was like tuning in on a wavelength I had forgotten—a subtle, whimsical, gentle talk that hinted rather than stated, and an accent as beautifully cadenced as any you might hear. (Inverness speech is always cited as the purest English spoken in the whole country, but it is really the background of the Gaelic that gives it its tuneful softness.) Eventually, we got around to talking about Highland Games, and Neil began to bring back some of the occasions from his youth, when the local Games were the high day in the year, looked yearningly forward to and wistfully back on. "We used to be weeks at running before the Games," he said. "We'd run to school and back, or we'd practice long jumps until it got dark, for all the small Games had one section of local events for the folk in the neighborhood, and open events for itinerant athletes and pipers. You see, there'd be a bit of cash going in prize money, and these fellows would make their way all around the Highlands in summer, from one Gathering to the next one, picking up what they could and doing pretty well for themselves. So they kept a section of events local, for it was more important to us to beat the lads we knew, especially if they were bigger than we were. That way, you see, you'd be able to bask all year in any glory that came your way. Oh, yes, and then there'd be all the goings on, the dance at night—we always got to stay up late for it—and the tales we'd collect to tell all week after, for the night of the Games was a rollicking one, all right. It'll have changed a bit, but not all that much, as you'll see." We took a walk along the shore, where the curlews wheeled plaintively over the seaweed, and although it was eleven at night, the sky still had traces of high daylight, and the trees were only beginning to go from dark green to black. In late June in the Highlands, there is hardly any dark but, instead, a perpetual twilight that, when I was a child, stubbornly opposed me to sleep.

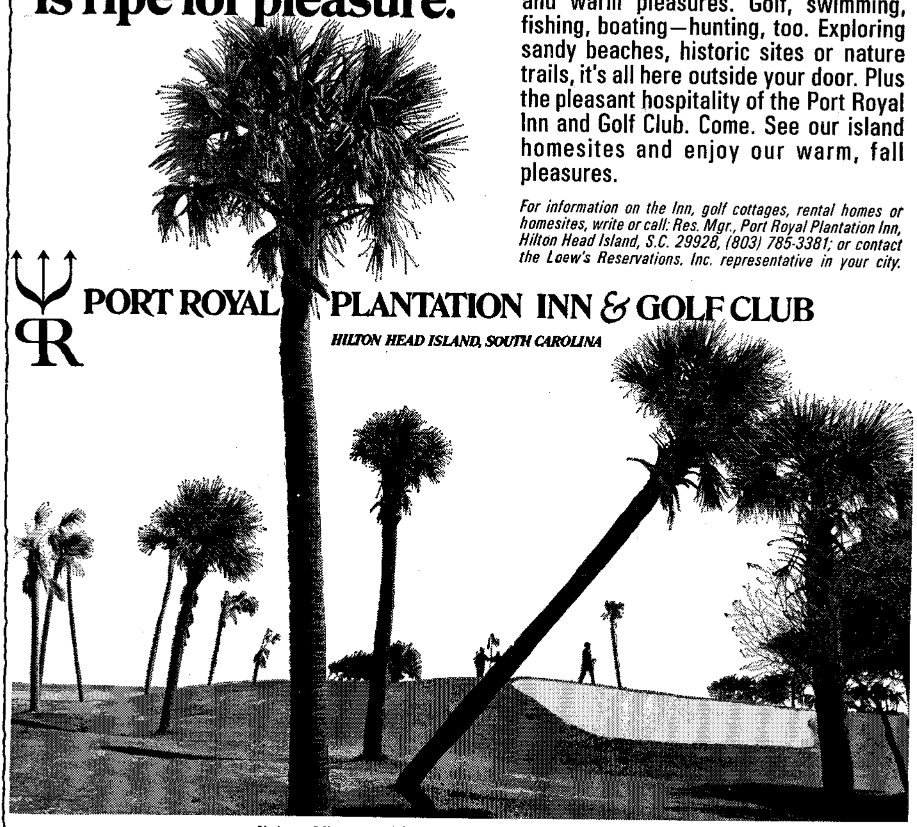
The morning sky looked ominous to me, but Neil laughed at me. "Man, we have as great a variety of weather in a day here as the rest of the world has in a year. Besides, this is Kessock, and you're going to Strathpeffer, and there's a valley of difference. I've had rain falling on my house and not even on the wood beside it—*personal* rain, you might call it. And whiles I watch rain drift across from Inverness and miss us by a few hundred yards. But the Games will be fine. You'll see." Neil himself begged off from the Gathering. "I must have seen many more Gatherings than my seventy-odd years, and I can see them all in my head without stirring. You go along. I have a bit to do in the garden, and I've to find the moles that are at my lawn. Give my respects to the Convenor; he'll think I'm writing a book or something."

So I set off across the Black Isle, the loam almost black, the oats and barley already ripe. I drove first into Strathpeffer itself, which I discovered to have been a recognized and popular spa for some two centuries—in fact, up until the First World War. It had a spa look to it—a kind of thermal elegance that is very far from being my cup of tea. A mile or two out of Strathpeffer, I came to the grounds of Castle Leod, the seat of the Earl of Cromartie, who not only was the presiding laird but had also lent what must have been his paddock as the *situs* for the Strathpeffer Games. I turned in, and left the car in the car park. A step or two, and the hovering smell of crushed grass had me in a faint of memory. Equally, the raw-cut, temporary wooden fences, the cardboard signs, the lapel ribbons of the officials all smacked of a thousand sports days and Highland shows, fairs, and fêtes that I had blundered through as a boy.

I trudged toward the fenced-off oval of the competition ground and found it already ringed with a truckle of caravans, unfolding themselves one by one to reveal such legends as "Gipsy Wilson, Oldest Living Gipsy in Scotland, Formerly of Epping Forest—Palms and Crystals," then an unbelievable (and un-Highland) "Tanya the Tattooed Lady." "Hamburgers" suddenly appeared—a word that seemed linguistically out of place here. In the ring, things were beginning to happen, and I took a place close to the perimeter.

Although it was barely noon, the Gathering was in progress, but in a desultory way, for the Open Competitions did not begin until later and only the local events were being run off. As yet, the crowd was sparse, the attention laconic, eyes as much on the clouds as on the oval of the paddock. Small, gnarled, pine-capped hills enclosed us, and the weather was still anybody's guess. On a fir-bedecked dais in the middle of the field, a solitary piper was playing a lament almost to himself, parading around in a graceful slow march. Off under the trees, another set of pipes would whine into sound, then another, and another, as the waiting contestants suppled their fingers or ran over some complicated grace notes. From the officials' small, green-painted pavilion, the loudspeaker crackled, coughed, then told us, "The piper you are hearing is Mr. Duncan McFadyen, of Glasgow, and the tune he is playing is the 'Lament for Donald of Laggan.' " Poor Donald of Laggan. The lament had a strangely eerie effect on the piper, who seemed oddly lost in it, and on the two judges who sat on a bench listening to him, hunched over their crooks, deep in an ancient reverie. At one end of the field, the relay race for boys under twelve was being readied, and someone had been sent to find two missing boys, who were discovered having a last ice cream before the race. Down the center, where the heavy events took place, two kilted local farmers were whirling the light hammer—a lump of iron on the end of a wooden pole—loosening up for the event. The starter's gun set the boys off, and the first two puffed past, one running in his socks, the other barefoot. A little fellow with twinkling legs took over the baton and opened a wide gap between him and his fellow-runner, who was a head or two taller than he, inspiring us to a ragged cheer. The sun came out suddenly, the lament dwindled away, and the piper stepped down, mopping his jowls.

I went into the pavilion to have a



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word with Mr. MacLintock, the Convenor of the Gathering. "Glad you were able to come," he said genially, shaking my hand. "We're expecting a good turnout, and the weather's going to be just right. You know, we still all look forward to the Games, even though they don't vary all that much from one year to the next. It's a cheery affair. You see people you haven't set eyes on since the same day last year, and you get some rare fun. Where would you be from, now?"

I told him I was born in Wigtownshire.

"Is that so, now?" he said, in the soft Highland tone. "Well, I was there for my holidays last year, and it's a bonny part of the country. Well, you've come a long way, now you find yourself in Strathpeffer. Come back in a wee while and take a dram with us."

On the table at his elbow stood a pride of silver cups, which was to dwindle away steadily in the course of the afternoon. The Earl of Cromartie, Chieftain of the Games, leaned on his crook and received the respects of some of the locals. I felt that, coming from the south, I should have produced some sort of passport.

By now, the enclosure was filling up as cars bumped in over the turf to the edges of the ring and unloaded families, picnics, athletes, clutches of girl dancers in weird tartans apparently of their own devising, and whole kilted families, well buckled and sporraned for the occasion. Horse boxes trundled in, and more caravans unfolded along the perimeter, selling candy floss and tartan bonnets; a pair of bookies took up their positions for the horse races that were to follow. Another piper circled the dais in a slow, somnambulist's walk, skirling over the heads of seven or eight cyclists who were pushing and panting through the one-mile open handicap. Two spreading marquees were busy dispensing lunches and sandwiches; a third was a bar, already well filled and boisterous, with pipers wetting their whistles and a pair of reminiscing shepherds adding to the ruddiness of their complexions. "That will do, now, John," the barman admonished one of them. "You are talking through the drink."

"Indeed, and why not?" the other replied. "It's the truth I am telling you."

The sun suddenly spattered the inside of the tent with the shadows of leaves. True to prediction, it was bathing the whole valley, greening the field and lending a sudden gaiety to the

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afternoon. From over our shoulders, along the track leading into the paddock from the road, came the first sounds, swelling as we listened, of a pipe band, and instinctively we all turned to the entrance to watch it approach. On the marchers came, kilts swinging, red tunics and red cheeks puffed out, immaculate white spats all in step, a forest of busbies, bonnets, bagpipes, and battering drumsticks, and a concerted sound—they were playing "Scotland the Brave"—that tightened the scalp and made the blood tingle. The pipes may well make people shudder, but, in truth, they have more to do with the pulse and the heartbeat, the landscape, nostalgia, an ancient exuberance in the blood, an antique grief, than with music. Pompous as parrots, the band blew and battered its way past us, wheeled into the arena, stormed once around the oval of the field, the pipe major resplendent at its head, and came to a gasping halt outside the refreshment tents. Unslinging kettledrums, letting the air out of the pipes, shedding their bonnets, the bandsmen turned suddenly into human beings, to our astonishment, and, finding ourselves back on the ground, we gave our attention again to the Games.

The kilted girls were waiting in a chattering group for the Sword Dance competition to begin, taking one another privately over a few steps. The loudspeaker crackled: "We are calling now for competitors for the high jump, for which the Fraser Cup will be awarded. It is interesting that the judge will be Mr. Fraser, who gifted the Cup, and who himself won the high jump rather more years ago than he cares to remember." By now, in the center of the field, the heavy events were getting going, and eight or nine giants in singlet and kilt, such as we had been accustomed to seeing all our lives on packages of porridge oats, were stretching themselves in readiness for a series of trials of strength—throwing the heavy ball and the hammer, tossing the caber, wrestling, and a culminating tug-of-war. The pipes whined into life and caught hold of a tune, and the first quartet of Sword Dancers began to untwirl the dance, which was punctuated by an occasional falling high jumper and the thud of a weight on the grass. Four small boys came around the edges of the crowd carrying a sheet, into which we all rained coins. "What's it for?" asked a suspicious soul behind me. "It's for a good cause, sir," one of them piped, and they were off, lurching under the weight of their booty. The sun was strong now, and the kilted giants wiped their red, perspiring faces, puffed, and reached for the hammer.

We were half an hour from the horse races that were to cap the afternoon, and, unable to contain my curiosity any longer, I ducked into the tent of Gipsy Wilson, Oldest Living Gipsy in Scotland. The inside was gloomy and smelled of mothballs, and I had to blink a bit before I could make out the figure of Gipsy Wilson herself—wrinkled as a raisin and wearing what appeared to be a tartan turban—crouched over a green-baize table. She waved me to a stool opposite her. "Now, kind sir," she began, in an accent elusively marked by travel, "you have not come here by chance. Destiny has brought you before me. There is the simple palm reading at five shillings, but you may want to have the secrets of the crystal revealed to you as well. The ordinary crystal will cost you ten shillings extra, and the American crystal one guinea." Unwilling to distract her from my future by probing this bizarre distinction, I settled for the standard (presumably Scottish) crystal, and, placing it on my palm, she began to peer and mutter. She proved to be a mistress of subtlety, especially where syntax was concerned. "Would I be mistaken, sir," she began, "if I were to suggest that you were no stranger to adversity?"—thereby allowing herself to field a yes or a no from me with equal agility. After that, we got down to it. She did not, fortunately, tell me I would soon cross water, for she must have been aware that there was a fair chance of my crossing soon from the Black Isle to Inverness by the Kessock ferry. I admired her for that, and a bit later, when we had dispensed with a couple of dark ladies, a long journey, and some financial troubles that ended luckily in an unexpected blaze of riches, I began to feel quite good. Noticing this, she let me off with a few last gnomic utterances. ("People will always be seeking you out, sir, and what you are doing, you will do yet more.") Assured, finally, of a long and mellow old age, I asked her about her travelling life. "I'm a Romany, sir, and no tinker, as you can see. My old mother was crowned Queen in Epsom before you was born, and I've been travelling all my life—no houses, no places, just the road. Summers, I always comes back up north to go around the Gatherings, as my mother did in her good time. They treats us rough in the south, sir, nowadays, but here in the north is where kindness comes from, be

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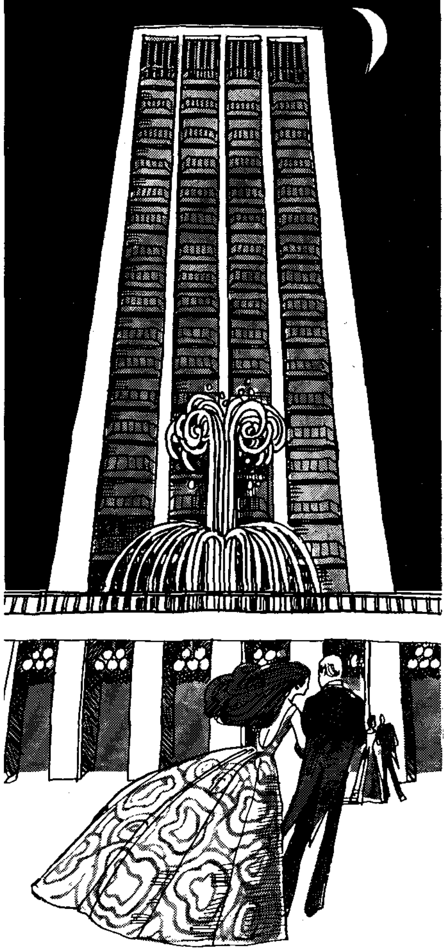

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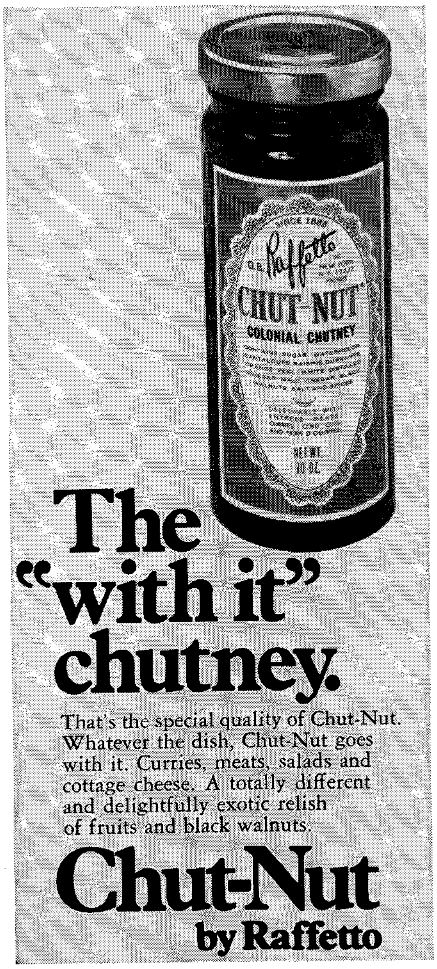
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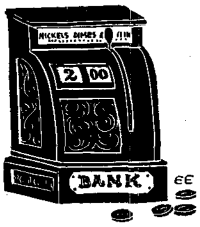
sure. Now then, sir, go lucky, and, as like as not, you'll remember me again one day. Now here's my hand on that wish.”

Stepping from the tent into the bright sunshine brought me back to earth. The sky had gone suddenly blue and brilliant, and the farmers in the bar tent had carried their nips of whiskey into the sun. In the paddock, the crowd was thick around the rail, and no wonder, for the games seemed to be reaching a climax of activity all at once. Out of the woods on my left burst seven horses, their manes streaming, thudding past us hell for leather, their riders half eager and half terrified, as though undecided whether to whip them on or rein them in. The divots flew as they thudded away out of sight, and the wail of the pipes floated over to us again. A crop of girls over fifteen were joggling out the Sailor's Hornpipe, eyes down, lost in the intricacies of their own footwork. The heavyweights were now stretching themselves prior to tossing the caber, the event that always seems to epitomize Highland Games.



Nobody has been able to throw much light on, or to agree even approximately, where the caber competition came from, beyond acknowledging that it antedates the Highland Gatherings themselves. The caber is nothing more than a thick, slightly tapering log, some sixteen feet long and weighing about a hundred pounds. The log is raised to the perpendicular (at Strathpeffer this required the combined efforts of three panting officials and a boy), and the competitor bends down, locks his hands underneath it, hunches his shoulders, and lifts the caber waist-high, propping it against his shoulder to keep it perpendicular. When he is properly balanced, he staggers forward to gain momentum, and then, throwing his hands upward and outward, he attempts to send the log end over end, with the object of having it fall away from him in a straight line. The first difficulty is to time the throw so that the caber does in fact land on its other end and fall forward; the second is to give it the right impetus so that it does not fall off to one side. Watching a throw is a slow suspense—the raising of the caber, the balancing, the stagger forward, the heave, the thud, and the anguished moment when the caber seems to hang before falling forward, or sidewise, or backward, with a turf-shaking impact. Prodigious and legendary caber-throwers from the past are still spoken of in hushed voices—the great Sandy McIntosh, who at the age of seventy-one was still able to toss perfectly a caber weighing well over two hundred pounds, and George Clark, who in recent memory treated the largest and heaviest cabers in all the Highlands with easy contempt, sending them thudding perfectly and cleanly again and again. Strathpeffer had no such giants available, however. As often as not, the caber landed on its end, hung in space for a moment, and then thundered back toward the thrower. The crowd groaned. “They're brutes, yon cabers,” said a little, bonneted fellow beside me. But at last, under increasing clouds, two throws in succession tumbled end over end, and the giant responsible beamed and waved.

Curiously enough, during the afternoon I went through a kind of metaphorical transference in my memory to the time, three or four years ago, when I lived in the French Basque country and there attended an afternoon of Jeux Basques. The Basques have the same ancient wisdom, the same “old ways,” the same pride, the same historical uniqueness as the Highlanders, and they have clung even more tenaciously to their localism, to the point of resisting any attempt to regard them as Frenchmen or Spaniards. The Jeux Basques, which I attended in Mauléon, the old capital of the Basque province of Soule, resembled the Highland Games in that the events were peculiar to the region and unlike any other sporting events. I recall an incredible relay race in which the contestants had to run while carrying a live, squealing pig by ears and tail. There were also heavy events, the most dramatic being one in which pairs of contestants first sawed through a huge log and then climbed on top of the two halves and chopped them neatly through with huge axes. The Jeux Basques were a triangular competition among the three French Basque provinces of Soule, Labourd, and Basse-Navarre, and they had a partisan edge to them that the Highland Games lacked, but the attendance was similarly local, the costumes were characteristically regional, and the good humor and the setting—Mauléon lies in a valley ringed by the foothills of the Pyrenees—were strangely analogous to the day in Strathpeffer.

As the clouds met and joined ominously together, the events at the tail end of the afternoon were jostled

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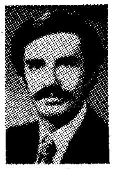

John C. Bruno

along in haste. Two tug-of-war teams were pawing the ground like bulls about to charge, and five diminutive ponies were being nudged into position for the last race of the day. A rumble sounded somewhere in the sky over the Strath Conon Hills, and the teams leaned back to take the strain on the rope. "Hup! Hup! Hup!" they went, heaving and bursting with effort, while the ponies, instead of following the course, took off in all directions, ignoring their young riders. One piebald ended up in the car park, with a small blond girl sobbing despairingly in the saddle. The tug-of-war rope began to yaw in one direction, and the eight burly men on the wrong end of it toppled over heavily, like so many human cabers. A few large spatters of rain fell, and, looking anxiously up, we missed the second successful tug. The band donned drums, bonnets, and bagpipes, and began to form for its final round. The teams took the strain for the last tug of the afternoon. The ponies were rounded up by a burly woman who looked as though she might have tossed a caber or two in her day, and then, just as the drums rolled and the pipes wailed, down came the rain—no ordinary rain but solid gray walls of wetness, curtaining off the hills, clearing the field of officials, competitors, judges, ponies, and spectators at a stroke. In vain did the Earl of Cromartie seize the microphone to thank everyone for coming and wish them all well, for there was hardly anyone left to hear him. I watched the pipe band retreat in rollicking disorder to their tent, from the inside of which, nobly enough, they tuned up and played us to shelter. From under the canopy of the refreshment tent I took a last, long look at the field, which had the appearance of an abandoned picnic. The judges and guests had gathered boisterously in the pavilion and seemed to be careless of the weather. Gipsy Wilson had folded her tent and magically crept away, unnoticed by me, perhaps forewarned of the rain by her crystal. A few bedraggled souls were stowing away their wares, but by that time not much mattered, not even wetness, for the Games had been observed, the sun had shone by tradition, and not a face showed anything but satisfaction.

I struggled to my car and drove off toward the Black Isle. Hardly five miles from Strathpeffer, the roads were bone dry, the sky was open, the sun was staining the hedges. I thought again of Gipsy Wilson, for the changing Highland weather must have been second nature to her. When I got back to Kes-

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sock, it was as fine an evening as you could ever have wanted, with hardly a ripple on the mirroring firth, and the midges hanging in clouds under the still trees. I found Neil laying mole traps along the edges of his lawn. "Now, what did I tell you?" he said, smiling, when I told him of the rain. "Their timing was a wee bit off, that's all. Now come along in and we'll have a dram."

THAT evening, a few people dropped in on their way back from the Gathering, and the talk outdid itself, even for the Highlands. Some of the tales were uncommonly tall, and Neil caught my eye at one point. "The trouble with us in the north," he said, "is that we get carried away by our own imaginations—carried away until we ourselves believe the things we're telling. Robert there, for instance. If you asked him point-blank whether any of these things really happened, he'd be astonished at you for intruding even a mention of reality. And he'd insist that if these things hadn't actually happened, they certainly *should* have. And they might even happen yet. But remember, we're telling *ourselves* these stories, as much as anyone. A fact never kept us awake at all—what might be is as much a part of our setting as what is. You might say we're prone to making a willing extension of belief. That's more like it. People are forever asking me if things in my books really happened—of of course they happened, dammit, or they wouldn't be there. But *really* happened, *really*—now, that's a word I wouldn't be wasting much time over."

An American painter who was present that evening told me afterward about his reaction to Highland conversation. "What kills me is the crazy way they have of *reassuring* you about everything," he said. "You'll ask them if some place is a long walk away, and they'll say, 'Och, it's just a wee step,' and it'll turn out to be ten miles. They somehow just want you to feel good—I guess it's really that they're telling themselves that everything's all right. And, come to think of it, it is."

Not a few of the stories that flowed that evening were about Highland Gatherings, and there was one in particular which I carried away, and which I still tell myself with a measure of delight. It is a true story, although it seems churlish to mention the fact. It concerns one of the Highland lairds, well known in the north of Scotland, who, inordinately proud of his lands, his ancestry, his position, and, indeed, the whole tapestry of Highland life, tends to overplay his role to the point of self-parody, although taking himself most seriously. The peak of his year is a private Highland Gathering that he stages for his tenants, within the confines of a small, isolated glen on his estates. To it he invites an assortment of important guests, who watch the proceedings from a raised dais overlooking the field. The laird himself, acting the part of a storybook clan chieftain, and kilted from head to toe, directs the proceedings pompously from the dais by means of a microphone. On one of these occasions, his guests included, by some mischance, a rather haughty young Englishman who knew nothing of the Highlands and who watched the afternoon unwind through amused and disbelieving eyes. While the dancing was taking place, the young man turned to his companion and remarked, in a penetrating and delighted voice, on the conspicuous anatomy of one of the female dancers. Unfortunately for him, the microphone, which was close by him, had been left switched on, so that his remark boomed over the valley, convulsing contestants and spectators alike. The effect on the laird was terrible to behold. He purpled visibly, from his bonnet to his bony knees, and then, stamping three times with his shepherd's crook, he glared witheringly at the young man, pointed a trembling finger at the stony horizon, and roared out, in a voice that reverberated round the rocks, "LEAVE THE GLEN!" Facts falter beyond this point, but I carried away a vision of the young Englishman, uncomfortable in his well-cut tweeds, clambering bewilderedly Englandward over the southerly rim of the valley and turning his back on the Highlands forever. —Alastair Reid

• •

The closing of the Bar Harbor Municipal Beach located next to the town pier because of the possibility of pollution and infectious diseases, does not mean an end to swimming to the summer visitor.

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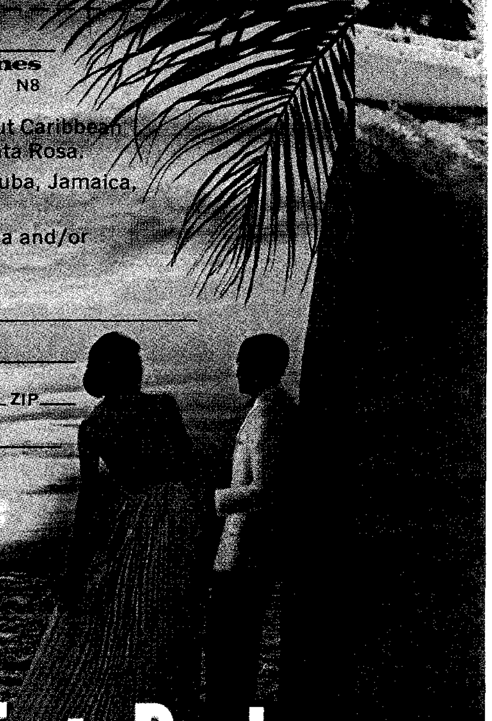

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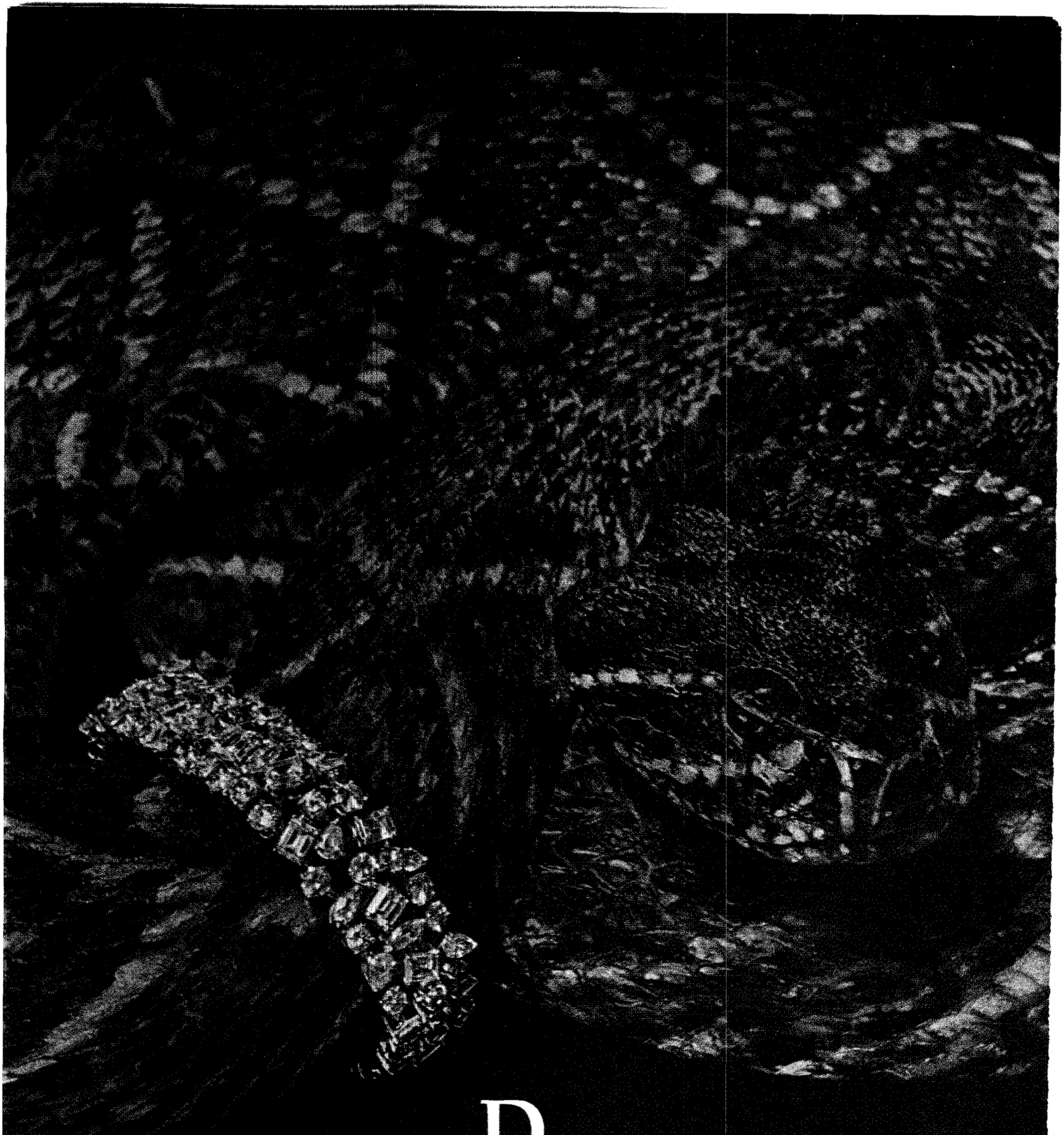

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THE PIER GLASS

CLAUDIUS LASALLE was French—one of the New Orleans French who went back beyond the Americans. For all he knew and sometimes suspected, the Claudius came down from Roman times. Secretly, now and then, he repeated to himself the phrase that was famous from somewhere: "I, Claudius. I, Claudius Lasalle."

Now that he was over fifty, Claudius was beginning to be amazed by the longevity of his mother. Mme. Lasalle had come as a bride from the Teche country, and never used English if she could help it. She liked her way about things and must be given it—*little* things, like tea and medicine, yet taking most of her son's day and a part of the night besides. Who could give a dose of Pepto like Claudius, she said, but repetition had taken the freshness from her praises. Who indeed? They had run through twenty or so Negroes over the years (not many of them would wait on people anymore). And Mme. Lasalle did not like the positive white servants of New Orleans—husky German girls, who scoffed at her scruples and apprehensions. "What will he do, eh, after your time? He will do very well. You would be surprised." An unfeeling lot, these, his mother said, and besides, six dollars a day. Six dollars would buy a nice little roast from Solari's, a bunch of grapes. Or better yet, it could be put with the Oregon money, that fund for the future that must be added to whenever possible. In the event that anything happened to her, Claudius was to go to Oregon to live near his only brother, who had a business head. He had agreed to accept the management of Claudius's modest estate, would find an apartment for him and see that he met people. Regularly, once a year, the brother wrote to Claudius alone, and this, Mme. Lasalle said, was only right, they being the principals in the matter.

Claudius could imagine himself in Oregon already, among the high ferns, his new friends chuckling with him in the fog. He knew that he would like it. Old families must be at a premium out there. But the years were running on. His mother was weaker and thinner, though she still was able to venture out to early Mass on mild, dry days. Claudius proceeded with her down handsome Henry Clay to Holy Name of Jesus. He held her left elbow while she used a cane on her right side. He had learned to keep step expertly with her tiny, uncertain legs, feeling panic only at the curbs. She must get down and then up, but once they were across the street a whole block stretched ahead, along which he might admire the shows of hibiscus—for it was always morning—and the uptown dogs out for their exercise, their leashes held by pompous maids. It was a time, these trips to Mass and back, when his glance no longer turned inward upon himself and he saw the world as a freshly prepared and somewhat benign place opened up to let him have a look.

Claudius doubted whether anyone realized the sacrifice and patience it took to live with his aged mother. Her clothes were her major concern—the going-out clothes, which must not be marred by wrinkles or unseemly lint. Then the around-home clothes, comfortable and plain, but always getting into the wash too early or too late. When something was swept away beforetime, Mme. Lasalle would go about in her robe, the lace front of an old gown crumbling out the V of the neck. "Claudius, a personal matter, dear. Would *Maman* embarrass you if she asked you to hunt for her day dress? It's the dotted one, with the blue on the white."

It never seemed quite proper to Claudius to go straight to the clothes hamper in the bathroom, where it undoubtedly was. A period must pass first during which the garment was pondered—raised to mind, so to speak, from its state of having vanished. His mother wouldn't lose things, he thought, if she didn't go around the house with insignificant worries on her mind. As a matter of fact, she need concern herself with only one. They had to decide what to do about the pier glass. Over the years, they had given away to nieces and nephews—suitably married ones—the old Lasalle silver and many objets d'art. In this way, the children, who would be the family's Orleanians, might carry on tradition. But nobody wanted the huge pier mirror, and why they didn't know. It stood over ten feet tall, its cupids were gold leaf.

The pity was that the farther people wandered west the lower their ceilings got. There would be no place for it in Oregon, and yet it was magnificent. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Claudius,"

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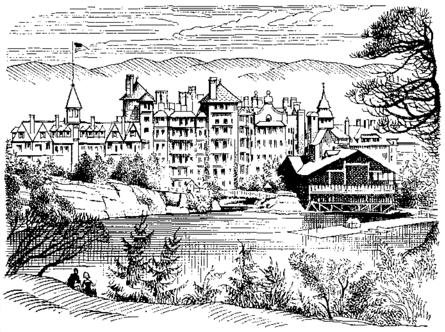

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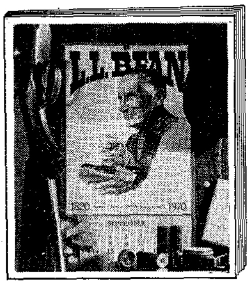

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his mother said. "We'll ask *le bon Dieu* to find a home for it and then let me live to see it safely there." Claudius wondered why he couldn't handle it when the time came, but his mother had a way of depending only on herself in certain matters. She had referred on several occasions to mysterious aberrations in his character—the unevenness of his attentions, that was it. It was lucky for them, she said, he hadn't had a wife and children. He would have smothered them in love one day and neglected them the next. He was so interested in his daytime serials was the trouble. Before the invention of television, he would have been fine. And he was fine now, a splendid son. She would have no other.

Mme. Lasalle's eyes were failing, and she liked to have the want ads read aloud. There was a chance that someone was asking in the paper for a pier glass. Gradually, as he read, she ordered him to skip certain categories of furniture and appliances. Then she objected to his pausing while he screened them out. "What's the matter, Claudius? Do you tire so soon of reading?" He became nervous hurrying over the things she didn't want to hear. Then one day, at the end of the miscellaneous wanted column, there was the very ad for which they had been hoping: "Wanted, handsome wall mirror. Private buyer."

His mother was not as excited as he was. How odd they wouldn't give a phone. Nevertheless, she had him write to the classified box a detailed description of the mirror. Mildred Lee, daughter of the great general, had dressed before it to attend the Comus Ball in 1884. That ought to convince whoever it was that this was no ordinary mirror. It wasn't easy to deal with strangers; still, they would let the letter go.

Claudius was a little fidgety waiting for an answer. He hoped his mother would not put the price up too high. And that she would be lenient about the manners of the buyer. He could only wait and see. The mail came at nine o'clock, while they were off at Mass. Mme. Lasalle had it brought to her on a little silver tray as soon as they were home. She was unable to see clearly, and Claudius tore the letter open—a pink envelope, lined in a doubtful Paisley. The advertiser would like to come at once, and gave her telephone number so that a convenient hour could be arranged.

Mme. Lasalle's eyes seemed more than usually sunk in her head, and there was a droop to her cheek. Claudius knew that he must hurry and call the number before she changed her mind. He was dialling when he remembered he hadn't helped his mother off with her church clothes and opened up the armoire, which had a heavy door. He rushed to do these things, then dialled again. The voice that answered *sounded* cultivated. He gave the address—foolishly, for it was already set down in his letter and there was no need to continue the conversation. "Thank you for your interest. Thank you very much." He had a habit of clearing his throat after each phrase, and he knew he ought to quit it. It made him sound old. When he started for Oregon, he didn't want to have any annoying habits. He stood on tiptoe so as to stretch himself and begin again afresh, watching all his mannerisms, getting rid of bad ones.

HIS mother had her rosary and her missal safely on the dresser. Her hat and stick were in the armoire, and she let him close them up. She hadn't imagined the person would want to come today. The parlor wasn't dusted. Claudius assured her he would dust it himself, what was left there, for the Knabe had been given away to a nephew who was an accompanist, the rosewood whatnot to his double first cousin who had five little girls. Of all the heavy things in the room, only the sofa remained, and of course some chairs, clustered around the pier glass. He got down on his knees and wiped the cypress floorboards by the curved gilt feet, touched the cupids' tresses to be sure.

After he had served his mother's eggs and toast—all she ever took—he sat down to watch his television serial. Two women he was worried about were discussing the misfortune of a third, whom he knew even more intimately than they. The absent one was shown now in a fainter picture, superimposed on the screen; she was quietly sobbing. Ordinarily, it would have been the high spot of his day and he would have sat this way and that on his chair going through it, but now he was tense, listening for a car door, a knock (the bell had been broken during a hurricane in the forties, although how in the world wind could get *under* a house, where the wires were, had always been a mystery). There it was, a knock, and he had barely heard it over the surge of the music.

"Claudius!" called his mother from

the bedroom. "Claudius, come here." Mme. Lasalle was in the wrong direction, but he had to go. "It's the people," she said. "They are here. Hurry, because I've kept my church shoes on."

When he finally got to the front door, a tall, vividly made-up woman confronted him. Did one introduce oneself on such an occasion as this? She couldn't have got here if she hadn't known who he was. Still, there was no harm, and he extended his hand, smiling graciously. "Claudius Lasalle." She said Marge something; he missed the last part. When he led her into the parlor, her first comment made him hopeful. It was a beautiful piece. Later than Federal, but, despite the cupids, not really Victorian. She sounded as if Victorian was bad. "*Anything* reasonable," he said in a low voice. "I am going to have to move, and it's too big to carry." He heard himself clearing his throat. "Just wait here, if you please. I'll go and get my mother."

When he reached the bedroom, Mme. Lasalle had risen from her chair and was standing on her painful feet just inside the door. "Quite unsuitable," she said, "judging by her voice."

"But she thinks it's beautiful," he said. "She's thrilled with it." He walked behind his mother toward the parlor, instinctively keeping step. "I don't think we will find anyone to appreciate it more."

Mme. Lasalle came to the point immediately with the stranger. The piece was of some historical interest, as they had mentioned in the letter. Under the circumstances, it should bring at least five hundred dollars.

Quickly, as if she had expected it to be even more, the visitor opened her purse. She started to write a check, and Mme. Lasalle asked Claudius in French to explain that she did not take money, that her son would be glad to receive it. The movers should come in the next day or two, though, while it was still convenient.

As soon as the stranger had left, Claudius went to his mother's room and knelt down to help remove her shoes.

"It will leave a spot on the paper," Mme. Lasalle was saying. "It won't be faded like the rest. I suppose we can't help that."

While his mother was resting, Claudius went in and looked again at the familiar pier glass. It seemed more important somehow, sold, more secure in its own shape. All of a sudden he began to feel downhearted. What had they

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accomplished really? Just because the mirror was disposed of their life would not be changed. But what had his mother meant, while it was still convenient? Hadn't he heard of an old person lingering until some last thing could be done or taken care of? He glanced at the clock to see how much longer it would be until "The Secret Storm." There was time to go and look behind the mirror at the heavy gilded screws that held it up. Sure enough, just as his mother had predicted, the paper wasn't faded. He would leave the draperies open to the morning sun. It wouldn't take it long to even up. —BERRY MORGAN

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

LABOUR MP
EXPLAINS

By Our Political Staff

Amid cheers from the Conservative front and back benches, Mr. William Price, Labour M.P. for Rugby, yesterday in the Commons managed to make a personal statement to correct an injustice that The Times unwittingly committed against Mr. Terence Higgins, Conservative M.P. for Worthing, in a report of Tuesday's Commons debate on a prices and incomes order.

Mr. Price, on a point of order, explained that remarks had been attributed to him in The Times. He asked the Speaker if he could point out that "these remarks were not directed at the hon. member for Worthing."

The remark was made during a noisy scene in the Commons, and The Times reported a cry: "Go back to the bar, you drunken buffoon." Mr. Price was anxious to make clear in the House that the words were not aimed at Mr. Higgins, who was trying to intervene in the debate at the time.

•

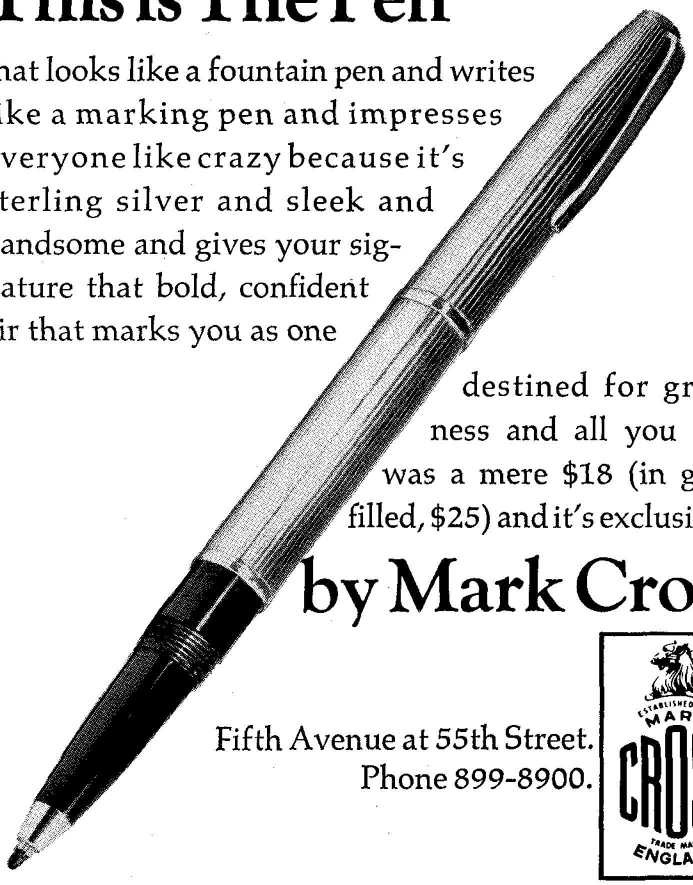
DEAR FRIEND:

This is what is called a "follow-up" appeal letter, which you were chosen by our computor to receive. If the selective process of this unfriendly complex machine is correct, you support CCCO and its work, but did not respond to our Spring appeal letter. And so we hope you will do so now, to help us through what is always a long hard summer financially.

We are very uneasy living with our computor. None of the staff has seen it, but we nonetheless feel dominated by it. It sends "drop" letters to contributors on occasion, and appeal letters to persons called "4-15-OCO1000" or "8-1-9-C10000," with no further address. And sometimes makes three labels for one person and none for the next two.

—*Letter received by a woman in Bronxville.*

Why not get rid of it and live with a girl?



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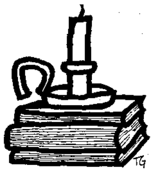
BOOKS

The Two Merlins

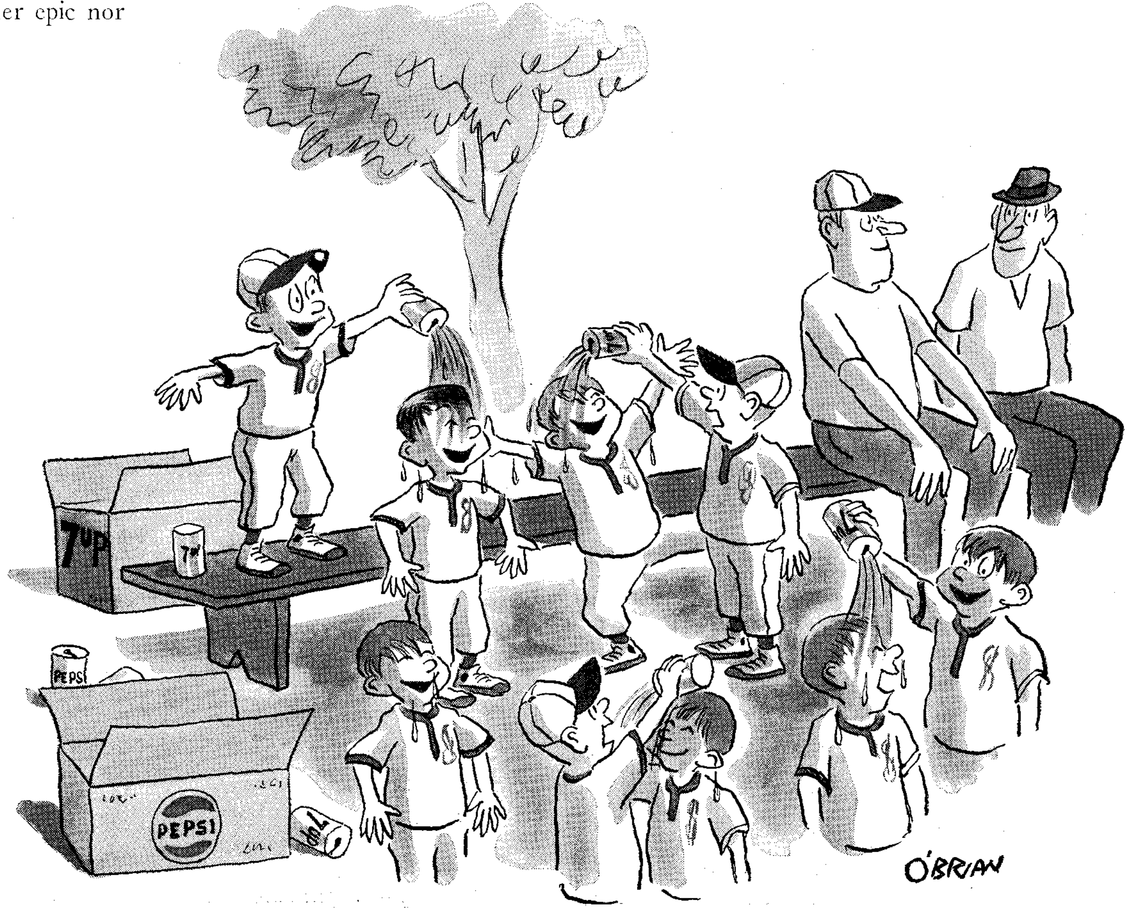


V. S. PRITCHETT'S "George Meredith and English Comedy" (Random House) is a series of five lectures delivered at Cambridge University last year, and it is therefore written to be heard. And I would think that those who heard it must have been afraid to look around the room or cough or alter their position or twiddle their thumbs or even breathe for fear of missing something they could ill afford to miss. The lectures are that brilliant.

"There is a great gulf between us and all the Victorian novelists," Mr. Pritchett says. "We have to read them with a translator's effort, for compared with the Russian and the French, they are unique in their morality and—in many ways—parochial in their class-consciousness." Meredith represents the start of a breakaway into the psychological novel, and he not only got into difficulties, he had a certain vanity in creating them. In his role of contriver and explainer he is insistently and blatantly intrusive. And he had Shakespearean longings: he wanted to mingle realism and romance. For this, his characters must be Great People, who then had to be juggled into a contemporary scene that was neither epic nor great. He had even more than that on his mind. He wanted to say something about the state of England. Meredith's greatest difficulty as a writer was how to pull together his conflicting interests. How to move successfully from lyricism into the comedy of manners, into thoughtful laughter. How to get from there into the grotesque. How to present women, whom he fervently admired, as moral entities as well as objects of desire. How to show that Nature, which he felt as a headlong force, is identical with the sanity that Comedy teaches us. How, since he is only half himself when he is a realist, to cut the rope free and find his own reality and his own seriousness. This all but impossible performance is to be brought off by a skillful use of styles and a new view of narrative. "Narrative can no longer be a straightforward, chronological arrangement"—the words, all these words, are Mr. Pritchett's—"of stirring events in an exciting plot. It must first be oblique. The exciting *scène à faire* need not be faced. It can be foreshadowed, rumoured, evaded, commented on by the guesses of several different witnesses afterwards. Climax may be conversation. No one will quite know what happened, and though the reader may be maddened the suspense is thereby increased. And anyway it is like life. Time is open, as it was to become for novelists like Proust, Virginia Woolf, and Ford Madox Ford. . . . As he said in 'Modern Love,' 'passions spin the plot.' That is to say plot is a *web* and not a mechanism."

The ways in which Meredith failed are hardly to be wondered at; they were doomed to failure by their own inherent difficulty or by a failure of taste on Meredith's part. His successes are now a part of the tradition of English fiction. Consider, for example, this high-flying description of Carlyle's prose style: "a style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation, so loose and rough it seemed, a wind-in-the-orchard style, that tumbled down here and there an appreciated fruit with uncouth bluster, sentences without commencement, running to abrupt endings and smoke, like waves against a sea-wall, learned dictionary words giving a hand to street-slang, and accents falling on them haphazard were slant rays from driving clouds; all the pages in a breeze, the whole book producing a kind of electric agitation on the mind and the joints." It ought to be from "Orlando," which was published in 1928, and instead it is Meredith—it is from "Beauchamp's Career," which appeared serially in 1874-75.

Every novelist has in mind the perfect reader, who isn't, of course, the same reader. Meredith said he wanted a reader who would feel, from some slight hint of the strains, the winds of March when they do not blow. Nothing would be trivial to him, because of his visual awareness of the invisible conflict going on around us. Knowing how everything hangs together, he would not be surprised when the train of gunpowder laid in the lifting of an eyebrow burst upon the field of thousands. Such a reader Meredith has found in Mr. Pritchett, who in his



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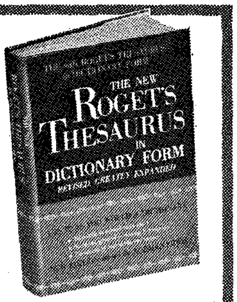

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own practice of the art of fiction makes similar demands upon the reader. He has steeped himself in Meredith's novels, and presents Meredith's difficulties with such understanding that one would almost think they are his, which they distinctly are not. But it isn't enough to say that as a critic he is brilliantly aware of Meredith's intentions and effects, sensible, lucid, lively, imaginative, and just. It isn't even enough to say that "George Meredith and English Comedy" is a shining example of what literary criticism can be when it isn't in the hands of the very dull dogs who for the most part have a corner on the market. Only when you try to alter Mr. Pritchett's text, when you try to say what he says in a different way, do you realize the full nature of his accomplishment. How would you successfully summarize or paraphrase this sentence: "If Meredith's country houses and cricket matches float in the air, his bye-elections are very real; if his people are inflations their sensibilities and the content of their minds are not." Or this: "It is a paradox, but Meredith, the interminable talker, was made interminable by his passion for compressing, for crystallising, for the economy of telescoping his ideas, and for the abrupt transition from image to image." I would sooner monkey with a landscape by Constable. It is a question of the kind of literary labor that doesn't show. You cannot lift a phrase out of context, or alter the order of sentences, or remove one sentence from those that go before and come after, without doing some kind of serious damage to a sustained and beautiful literary argument. What does this mean if not that Victor Pritchett, like Meredith himself, is also a poet—though to the best of my knowledge he has never published a line of poetry. And that this rare and perfect book is simply one enchanter talking about another?

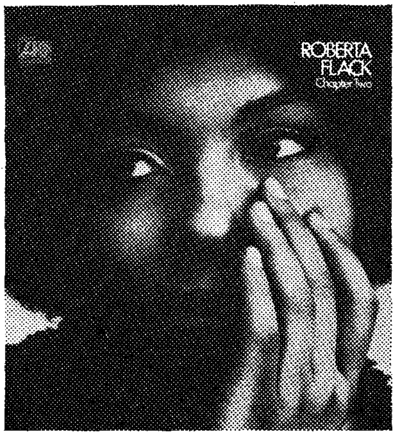
—WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

MEMOIRS: 1885-1967, by André Maurois, translated by Denver Lindley (Harper & Row). All sorts of enchantments. First, French history not so much written as lived. After the war of 1870, the author's family moved their textile mill, with its workers, from Alsace to Normandy. Maurois' picture of life, education, and society in a staid provincial town in the days when the Third Republic was still young is

Roberta Flack
CHAPTER TWO



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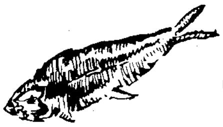

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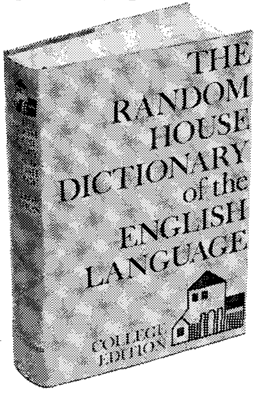
charming. Along comes the First World War, in which the author, an early Anglophile, served as a translator-liaison officer and one-man Entente Cordiale with the British forces, and, by the bye, published his first book, "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble." In the interwar years, Maurois worked for Anglo-French (plus American) solidarity and wrote the fiction and biography for which he became famous. (He was never blasé; he was frankly thrilled to be elected to the Académie Française, and his descriptions of its meetings are affectionate and informative.) The years of exile in the United States during the Occupation were hard, the return so joyous that it is positively bubbling to read. Maurois was dreamy and impractical about women; hence his two marriages (his first wife died) were delightful romances. He was immensely sociable and wrote very well about everyone he knew—famous acquaintances from Pétain to Blum, and closer friends, like Gide. And then, of course, there is Maurois himself: resilient, frank, talented, clearheaded, and openhearted. Ten dollars.

THE CHALLENGE OF WORLD POVERTY: A WORLD ANTI-POVERTY PROGRAM IN OUTLINE, by Gunnar Myrdal (Pantheon). This indispensable, absorbing, truth-telling book recapitulates some of the themes of its author's "Asian Drama," adds more recent information and criticism, and makes a number of flat-out recommendations for the governments of underdeveloped countries and for the governments of countries, like our own, that wish to help them. Mr. Myrdal thinks there are many things that poor countries should do and are not doing (reform agricultural tenure), and insists that rich countries should stop doing many things they are doing—Americans, for example, should not count military assistance as foreign aid. (In fact, he wants us to stop supplying weapons to the Third World.) Mr. Myrdal is exceptionally enlightening on how the United States has got itself euchred into supporting any number of utterly inadequate governments. Our policymakers ought to find his afterthoughts on Latin America particularly usable.

J. M. BARRIE: THE MAN BEHIND THE IMAGE, by Janet Dunbar (Houghton Mifflin). A few years of struggle followed by one success after another might appear to sum up

Presenting The James Michener Dictionary.



James Michener is a writer. A great writer. (*Hawaii, The Source,* and *Iberia,* to name only three of his many best-sellers.) He's probably written over a million words in his life. As a matter of fact, words *are* his life.

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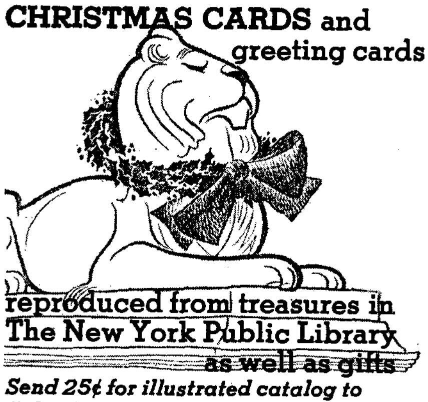

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the simple annals of this rich and famous writer, whose "Peter Pan" still stays in the repertory. But that is only a part of his story. As Miss Dunbar remarks in her preface, Barrie was a "complex personality." His public glories were accompanied by private anguish owing to sexual and psychological problems that brought unhappiness even to those he loved. While Barrie was writing charming or whimsical or romantic comedies, his life was nothing to laugh at, nor was it even especially romantic; it was a tangle of tragedies. Miss Dunbar, who has had access to intimate documents, recalls this unhappy career with tact and sympathy. She does not make a case history out of it; instead, she fascinates the reader by presenting a man whose achievements and sufferings were notable.

JAPAN: THE STORY OF A NATION, by Edwin O. Reischauer (Knopf). This short introductory history (its author, a Harvard professor, was the United States Ambassador to Japan from 1961 to 1966) does two things exceptionally well. First, its account of ancient and medieval Japan demonstrates that Japanese originality and Japanese nationality were both developed early and firmly—that Japan has not been, as some writers have asserted, an imitation of someplace else, like China. Second, the book's longer modern section describes and explains contemporary Japan very clearly. Mr. Reischauer naturally devotes a lot of space to Japanese-American relations since 1945, but he also talks about such matters as Japan's highways and Japan's local political-party organizations—a vivid picture of up-to-date Japan inhabited by up-to-date Japanese.

INTERROGATING THE ORACLE, by William S. Peterson (Ohio University Press). An entertaining and witty history of the London Browning Society (which brought Delphic stature to the poet in his last years), from its founding, in 1881, to its collapse, in 1892. During that period, English intellectual life was enlivened by the verbal duels that Frederick Furnivall, the Society's leader, fought in his hero's cause, and by the brief history of a women's auxiliary, at Girton College, Cambridge, which was alleged to have disbanded abruptly and converted its treasury into chocolates for the girls. Illustrated. Ten dollars.

LENINGRAD, by Wright Miller (Barnes). A short but sharply focussed portrait of the most European, and (coincidentally) the most beautiful, of Russian cities. It is also a city that lends itself superbly to literary depiction: it was founded (by Peter the Great, in mid-May, 1703) from scratch; its growth was ordered by a comprehensive plan that assured its architectural excellence; it is topographically interesting (nineteen islands, sixty-eight canals, six hundred and twenty bridges); its history embraces a treasury of art and artists ("Anna Karenina," Tchaikovsky, Dostoevski, Pushkin, Diaghilev and the Imperial Ballet, Bakst's designs, Stravinsky, Scriabin, Prokofieff, Rachmaninoff, Nijinsky, Pavlova, Babel, Kandinsky, Chagall, Shostakovich); it was the capital city of Imperial Russia and the birthplace of the Revolution and the Soviet Union; it endured, for nearly three years in the Second World War, one of the grimmest sieges on record. In Mr. Miller, a frequent British visitor, it has found an understanding appreciator: "I go to Leningrad from Moscow with the same sort of exhilaration as I go . . . from London to Oxford or Cambridge . . . for the concentration of intelligence and architecture and youth in a city which is neither metropolitan-hectic nor backwater-provincial, but brimming with life." Photographs and maps.

NOTE: "Baby, It's Cold Inside," a collection of thirty-two of S. J. Perelman's recent sword thrusts, has been published by Simon & Schuster. All but a few of the pieces first appeared in this magazine.

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A meeting was held in the morning between Penn Central officials and representatives of the Fire Department. Afterward a Penn Central spokesman said that the meeting had brought "understanding of continued and close cooperation, with emphasis placed on safety for all concerned and less convenience for commuters."—*The Times.*

What else is new?

•

SANTA ANA, CALIF. (UPI)—Johnny Whiteriver, an unemployed clown, was arrested Saturday after police found him sharing his 35-foot trailer home with three 150-200 pound bears, a burro, a wallaby, an ocelot, a bobcat, three goats, two opossums, a monkey, three peacocks and his wife.—*Bangor (Maine) News.*

Quite a wife, if you ask us.

fashion in Ireland isn't just fisherman sweaters knit from home-spun Bawneen.

There are marvelous buys in Ireland. For sure those comfortable, rugged Aran Island sweaters. But surprising fashions as well. Like those of Clodagh—one of Ireland's many talented couturiers. (That's Clodagh below with three of her models, fair colleens all.) There are history-ripened antiques. Georgian silver. Waterford crystal. Fine paintings both modern and old. If you're really an ambitious shopper you can even buy a castle. There's the Design Center in Kilkenny where craftsmen from around the world have settled into studios converted from stables. See new designs in fashions, fabrics, silver, glass. It's all in sophisticated Ireland where you'll find a style and elegance that may surprise you.

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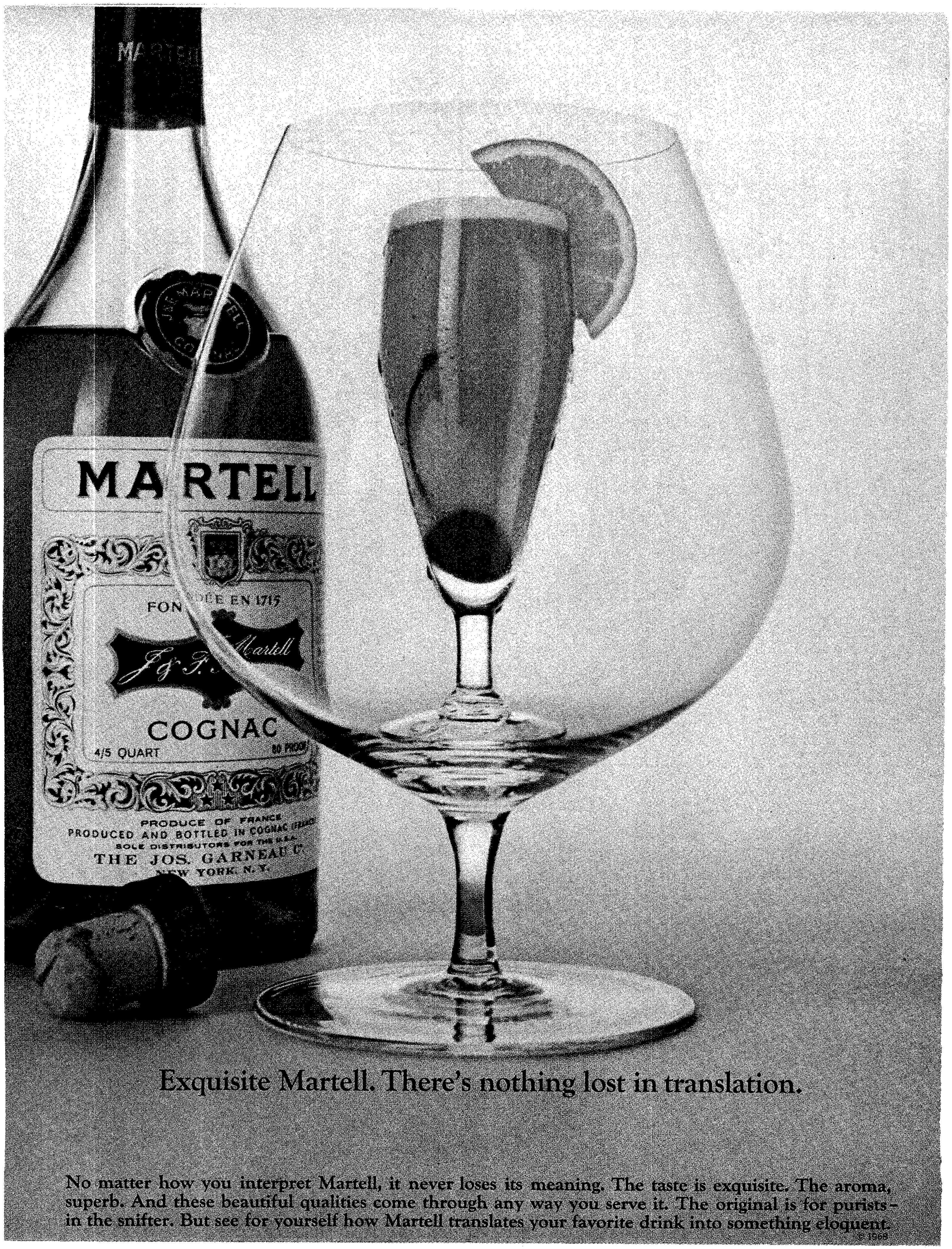
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